





THE TOWER LIGHT



OCTOBER, 1934



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

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VOL. VIII

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No. 1

Privilege

(From Antioch Notes)

PRIVILEGE, in its unethical sense, is the taking of any advantage—in power, wealth, or opportunity—which is not justified by essential worth or by service rendered, and which is to the disadvantage of society as a whole.

Privilege has burdened human society, as fleas have infested dogs, from time immemorial. There are few better measures of real civilization than the degree to which men free themselves from this age-old incubus.

THE HISTORY OF PRIVILEGE

"The little fleas that do us tease
Have other fleas to bite 'em,
And they in turn have other fleas,
And so on, ad infinitum."

Wherever life occurs, other life strives to prey upon it. Freedom from parasites—which word is a good synonym for privilege—is not a return to nature, but a move forward to new and unprecedented freedom.

Society always has been burdened with human parasites who demand more than their contributions justify. Such favored position, or privilege, always has intrenched itself in law and custom as vested right. The elimination of privilege is a radical undertaking in human history, and will create a new level of social well-being. Success is yet far from being achieved.

TOOLS OR PRIVILEGE

Adequate and necessary equipment for doing one's proper work may be designated as tools. The carpenter does well not to give away his saw and plane, for they are instruments by which he makes himself effective. For a banker with large operations, a hundred million dollars may be as necessary tools as hammer and saw for the carpenter. Whatever one rightfully possesses and necessarily uses for doing his proper work should be considered as tools, not as privilege.

For a carpenter needlessly and ostentatiously to enlarge his own house, while his neighbors sorely need his services, would be turning tools into privilege. For a banker to use vast resources to incur unnecessary

personal expenditures, and to use his financial power to make other men pay him tribute for his personal ends, also would be turning tools into privilege. Clearer ethical discrimination is needed to lead men to refrain from using tools as privilege. This is true under either capitalism or socialism.

PRIVILEGE OR STABILITY

After all reasonable demands of social and economic efficiency have been met, after the forceful man has insured himself a favorable environment in which to work, with powerful and adequate tools in the form of money, plant, or organization, and with abundant reserves, it still remains that many men in addition demand privilege. They would avoid the common lot. They provide themselves luxury denied to other men. They would use the lives of men to maintain a scale of expenditures not necessary for personal or social well-being, in conspicuous contrast with prevailing standards. This is privilege.

In the usages of some labor unions and in many workmen's customs, there are habits of getting pay for work not done, and habits of holding to preferred positions not justified by services rendered. This also is privilege. Privilege is not a characteristic of any one social class, any more than animal parasitism is characteristic of a single species. Many men would keep the present social order unchanged to preserve the privileges they possess, and they smother with denunciation any person who questions any phase of it.

Desire for stability is desire for orderly production and distribution of goods, desire that one may reap what he sows, that labor may have its own reward. Desire for privilege constantly hides behind this desire for security. When attacked, it cries that order and security are attacked. Privilege dares not defend itself openly for it is indefensible. It deliberately confuses the issue between privilege and security, and then denounces the common man for being confused and for attacking security.

Privilege is thus the greatest enemy of order and security, for it draws upon them the attacks of men who resent privilege. The flaunting of privilege embitters men. In so far as men of great power are sincerely guardians of that power for the public good, and are willing to share the common lot, to that extent radicalism and bitterness have no permanent hold.

LIFE WITHOUT PRIVILEGE

How would life be without privilege? Great men would have great tools: power, money, influence, conveniences. Small men would have small but appropriate tools. Genius would have necessary leisure and freedom.

Beyond supplying tools and maintaining well-being necessary and appropriate for wholesome living and effective service, possession of wealth or power would not be turned to private benefit, but would be held in trust for society as a whole. Men would not consume resources simply because they had inherited or had seized them. Surplus resources would be available for improving the common lot, and for seeking out ability and worth wherever they might appear and giving them opportunity for development.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Arthur Morgan of the TVA was formerly president of Antioch College.)

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Triad

In
Autumn,
Dancing leaves
Sway and caper
In the ecstasy
Of the tune of the winds.

A
Tremor,
Pulsating,
Ascends gayly,
Rustling bough and leaf:
Each a theme of music.

The
Forest:—
Home of trees
Ever singing
Leafy tone-poems,
Nature's works unequalled.

H. B., *Senior III.*

Youth

My eyes lingered on that face!
I knew she once had dreams
Of happiness unmarred
By petty things—or scarred
by Life.

And yet she stands here!
Dreams tumbled about her feet!
She has but an empty shell,
But one could not tell
by her face.

Visions have clouded.
Life has not proved too kind.
Yet perhaps she's happier
Than I with these dreams of mine,
awaiting Life.

Age

She was old!
Silver hair,
Sweet face,
Hearing almost gone.
Yet, there throbbed a heart
I knew had done its part
for others.

She drifted back.
Seemed quite sad.
Her life had been
Just one of little things.
Rejoice! The big things are for self.
The little things bring wealth
To others.

Life

Love's warm tender glow;
Intelligence's lightening of time;
Friendship's ever sweet understanding;
And Eternity's whispering softly of the Divine.
All are Life.

Why Should I Think I'm Great?

I can stand up tall on tiptoe
Arms stretched very high
But I cannot reach the sky.

I hear the organ's full rich tone
And know my voice is but a reed
Which cannot reach another's need.

I feel the sod beneath my feet.
Within that sod there's wealth untold
I have no power to unfold.
Why should I think I'm great?

ELIZABETH MCINTYRE.



Maturity

A child I was, and full of faith in life,
Real faith in God, and man, and you, who held
Unknowingly, the strings to open up my heart
To all the beauties of a golden world.
With soul as trusting as a mother's eyes,
I placed into your waiting hands my love.
Real love it was, pure, true, and full of hope
That I might make my very life your own.
You smiled and all my baby dreams came true.
I breathed those days of ecstasy unknown
Since that sad night so many years ago,
When you kissed my cheek and left me there alone.
"She's just a child," I think I heard you say—
But God was kind—for I grew up that day.

AN ALUMNA.



"Writing is like laughter. To be genuine it must come from within a man. The power to write well cannot be handed over to us by the best teachers; it cannot be extracted from any or all of the books in the library. It is simply the expression of ourselves, the externalization of our minds, imaginations, hearts."

Some Eastern Shore Families

IT is very noticeable that in the more southern counties of the Eastern Shore, estates, manors, and grants are connected more conspicuously with families even than in the upper counties.

Dorchester county is the largest county in land area on the Eastern Shore. This section has several old families and family manors surviving. In 1740 Henry Hooper built a home at the junction of the Choptank and Warwick Rivers. He called it "Warwick Manor." The homestead was inherited by Henry Hooper, the son. He divided the estate and sold it outside of the family. The original Col. Henry Hooper who built Warwick Fort Manor House, as it is now called, is the ancestor of the Maryland families of that name.

Above Cambridge on Shoal Creek, Col. Thomas Ennalls was given a tract of land. He called his property "Eldon." Descendants of Thomas Ennalls are branches of the Goldsborough, Hooper, Steele and Bayard families. The oldest dwelling remaining in Cambridge is "The Point." It has been added to by people who have lived there. For many years it was in the Goldsborough family. James Steele bought it from W. Goldsborough. It passed into the hands of Mrs. Eliza Hayward, widow of William Eccleston.

"Glasgow" has been the ancestral home of the Tubman family. The old estate is now owned by Mr. Robert E. Tubman of Baltimore. "Hambrook" is the tract which was given to one branch of the Henry's. Families of Dorrington, Hambrook, Caile and Steele have been associated with the property. In 1662 Stephen Gary received a grant which he called "spogot." It has been continuously in the family and it is now owned by three Radcliffe brothers, the eighth generation descended from Stephen Gary.

In Wicomico county the Ben Davis house is noted. The manor is said to have been the parsonage of Green Hill Church. The property of course was in the Davis family. Next oldest to the Ben Davis house and the Green Hill Church is property belonging to members of the Handy family. "Cherry Hill" has been the home of the Somers and Gunby families. These families have intermarried and retained the old homestead.

Col. Isaac Handy was a very prominent gentleman of his day. He was the forefather of the Somerset family of that name.

Somerset, Worcester and Wicomico were considered originally as the Eastern Shore. "Beckford," in Somerset, is on the tract patented to William Stevens. It was sold many times. It was in the Dennis-Jackson family for many years. In 1886 H. F. Lankford bought the place.

Teakle Mansion at Princess Anne is on a part of the Beckford grant. It was bought by Judge Teakle from George Jackson. This home is the mansion referred to in "The Entailed Hat." The old brick house, "Makepeace," housed the progenitors of the Roache, Gunby, Atkinson, Sterling and Cullen families.

Worcester is the most eastern county in the south of the Shore. Dannock Dennis who settled here was the first Maryland settler of this name. His grant of "Beverly" has never been out of the family. Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Dennis make the old manor their home.

A little south of Berlin is the birthplace of Stephen Decatur. Although his parents were not Marylanders, he was a most patriotic son of the state as history reveals. There were vestrymen at Snow Hill Parish delegated to establish Protestant religion. Members of this group were Mathew Scarborough, Thomas Selby, Edward Hammond and others.

The "Chase House" is accepted as the birthplace of Samuel Chase. Kingston Hall was the home of the King-Carrol family. The estate was bought by a member of the Somerset branch of the Dennis family. His descendants have held the property for many years.

These families are of colonial heritage. The scions of the old names are more prevalent in these counties however than they are in the upper five counties.

E. WILSON, *Junior VI.*

The Social Calendar

ON Thursday, September 6, the Freshmen were entertained at a Tea Dance in Newell Hall Foyer. We might say we hoped it helped them recover from the effect of the morning entrance tests. We would like to thank a male member of the Freshmen Class, who helped this occasion to be a successful one, by furnishing the music.

The Campus Frolic, or "Newell Hall Foyer Frolic," on September 12, was a big success in spite of "old man weather's obstinacy." We hope the Freshies enjoyed it as much as we upper classmen did.

We feel that Campus Play Day on September 26 brought us all closer together. A fine school spirit was indeed evident. Although some of the results of the day were stiff legs and sore arms, we enjoyed it.

E. G., *Senior VI.*

Lycopodium

IT is a very easy matter to go to your favorite apothecary and ask for five cents' worth of lycopodium, which is often used as a dusting powder for chafed skin. Do you know what this lycopodium is, what its uses are, and where it is found?

Lycopodium is a club moss known scientifically as a cryptogamous plant belonging to the pteridophyta or fern group. The powder, which the druggist sells, is the spores of the lycopodium plant. Each plant produces thousands of these spores—each one the same relative size. The individual spore contains 50% fatty oil (olein) 3% to 6% nitrogen and 44% to 47% of carbohydrates. A lycopodic acid found in the fatty oil crystallizes, becoming silky needles, and is doubly refractory like quartz. The spores are not wetted by water, yet when boiled they sink to the bottom of the container.

Formerly this interesting powder was used as a decoction and employed in cures for rheumatism, and diseases of the lungs and kidneys. It is used now on chafed skin, even when better grades of powder are available. The pharmacist uses it to facilitate the rolling of pills. Often, in homeopathic medicines, when they are pellets, lycopodium powder is to be found in the container. The spores are used in rockets and fire works and light up the zenith with their glare. The inflammable qualities of this powder can easily be seen when a little is thrown upon the flame of a match or candle; it explodes with a brilliant lightning-like flash. As a result, it was often used back stage when a storm was in progress—you know—the crash of sheet tin, the din of rolling balls, the shriek of the wind machine, the lightning-like flash of the lycopodium!

This interesting plant is to be found in Europe, Asia, and North America. It grows very abundantly in Maryland. Its dainty green adds color to many Christmas wreaths. The commercial lycopodium product is collected in Ukraine, Poland, Switzerland, and Germany; it is shipped in bags to us from Danzig, Hamburg, and London. Why buy it? Go collect it. Most of us will brush it from our clothes after a tramp through the woods, and promptly complain about "the lack of rain to keep the (yellow) dust down."

EARL H. PALMER, *Senior III.*

Chemistry Prof.—"What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given the world?"

Frosh—"Blondes!"—*Cougar's Paw.*

Library and Librarian

A NEW face greeted us this year upon our first visit to the library. Yes, Miss Osborn, or Mrs. Odell, as she later became, is gone, and in her place has come Miss Hiss.

Miss Hiss has had varied experience at teaching. She has taught in the schools of South Carolina and also in Maryland, both in the elementary and high school departments. Her study for library work was done at Columbia.

I was, in a way, already familiar with Miss Hiss, since she taught at the high school from which I graduated, but I never realized she was so shy about telling of her experiences . . . she just didn't seem to think anything she might say would be of interest. I'll wager that before the year is over we will find out many interesting things about her.

We are fortunate this year in having several departments improved in the matter of books for reference use. There are a series of Smithsonian Scientific study books that should prove valuable to those students who are now, or who will later take science courses. Then, there are several dozen more of Meredith's Hygiene, of which we all know there was not enough last year. Smalley and Gould have been added to those growing lists of hygiene references.

Among the fiction, "Stars Shine over Alabama" will afford several hours of pleasant reading for any interested. Dorothy Canfield Fisher has her latest book on the fiction shelves.

There are many more new books, in all departments. Just take a few minutes off some day and you will be surprised to see all of them. I'm sure the alumni have little idea of the growth of the library in the last few years. I wonder how many of us realize we have here at Normal the largest collection of books dealing with Education of any college below the Mason-Dixon Line.

We wonder why such a spirit prevails in the library every day! It is not unusual to find every available chair and table space being used for some study.

We wonder just how many books are checked in the course of a week, or even a day. There is much about the library work at which we may wonder. There surely must be something intriguing about it. It seems to hold those who do such work under a spell. Certainly it draws a splendid type of person.

By the time for the next issue of THE TOWER LIGHT we have been promised several good reviews of new books. Don't wait for THE TOWER LIGHT, read enough to make your own reviews.

T. JOHNSON, *Senior Sp.*

A Few Notes on Music

HAS any one of you ever stopped to consider what good music really is? Many people, especially we moderns, do not care about the music written by the great masters. We think only of the present with the hot-cha blues songs, the whirling tempo of the dance tunes, and the syncopating rhythm of the jazz music. The popularity of these songs lasts but a few days, then a new song catches the fancy of the modern public.

On the other hand, however, the music written by the great masters has a lasting quality. For several centuries, this music has been sung and played, and yet it always seems to have that certain something which holds the interest of the public. The masters seemed to have put their "Everything" and their whole life's toil into their works. They really discovered new tunes and strove for originality.

Today's writers, or rather composers, are vastly different in regard to their mode of composing. There is no originality whatsoever. A modern composer takes an old song, quickens the tempo, adds a few simple words and juggles the notes around a little, and presto, he has a new song-hit! This song-hit enjoys popularity for a little while and then a new one takes its place.

I leave the question with you. Which is the better type of music, the type which has lasted through centuries or the type which enjoys immense popularity for a short time and then passes into complete obscurity?

CHARLES A. HASLUP, *Freshman VII.*

What Do You Think?

WHAT is your opinion of music? Do you like it, are you indifferent? The great majority of us like it as far as we can understand it. Let's skim through the pages of history to find what various outstanding characters thought of this fine art.

Confucius, the Chinese sage, claimed that he could tell how well a country's government was run just by listening to its music. Martin Luther is quoted as having said, "I verily think, and am not ashamed to say, that, next to divinity, no art is comparable to music."

There is deep meaning in the following lines of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" where Bassanio is about to choose one of the three caskets:

PORTIA: "Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music . . .

. . . He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subject bow
To a new-crowned monarch; such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage."

John Milton wrote: "Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."

Queen Elizabeth said she could "shun melancholy" by means of music of virginals.

I've often wondered just exactly what George Eliot meant when she said, "Music sweeps by me as a messenger carrying a message that is not for me."

On the other hand, we find the austere Puritans emphatically against music. At one time, they sent a petition to parliament:

"A request of all true Christians . . . that all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms from one side of the choir to another, with the squeaking of chanting choristers. . ."

However, we can't much blame the Puritans' attitude when we find that the average New England congregation knew only about five psalm tunes (which each person sang, nasally, in his own individual way).

The following poem was found—written on a pew:

"Could poor King David but for once
To—Church repair,
And hear his psalms thus warbled out,
Good Lord! How he would swear."

Overstreet says that music is what we would like life to be.

Some time ago, I heard a man on the street say he never trusts anyone who has a "fishy" handclasp, or who dislikes music.

Music is a beautiful art: to some people it is religion. You don't have to be a Wagner or a Galli Curci to enjoy it. It is as free as it is varied in its effects. It is a gift given us for our enjoyment. It is a splendid, worthwhile way to spend our leisure time.

What do you think?

EDWARD MACCUBBIN, *Senior III.*

Rural Club Report in the Assembly on September 27, 1934

Mr. Meyer, a reporter for THE TOWER LIGHT, interviewed Mr. Wheeler, a member of the Rural Club.

QUESTION:—*What is the Rural Club and what are its purposes?*

ANSWER:—The Rural Club is an organization to further the children's welfare, to preserve and develop nature, and give justice and fair play to humanity.

QUESTION:—*How does the Rural Club realize these purposes?*

ANSWER:—There are many different ways these purposes are realized; some of the following are outstanding:

1. By travel-study trips.
2. At the regular meetings people who are active in carrying on community, state and national work, describe their work to the club.
3. Through various projects, especially the Glen Project.

QUESTION:—*What is the Glen Project?*

ANSWER:—We are interested in making a part of the campus a preserve for wild flowers, plants and birds. This will be used as a laboratory for study and recreation by the Normal School students. And, as a little secret, I'll tell you this, they're planning to put benches under some of these trees!

QUESTION:—*What social functions are planned by the club?*

ANSWER:—We are now planning a trip to Hagerstown. Then we have delightful tea dances which are open to the whole school.

QUESTION:—*Who is eligible for membership to our Rural Club?*

ANSWER:—We want anyone who is interested to sign up for our club. We try to have every county in Maryland and Baltimore City represented.

“Dividend Returns”

“Rekindled imagination” is furnished by books of fiction, literature, biography and fine arts.

“Refreshed mentality” in books of science, business, foreign languages and history.

“Peace and serenity” in books of philosophy and religion.

One-fifth of this reading was done by children under fourteen years of age.

ARE YOU SHARING IN THESE DIVIDENDS?

Los Angeles Public Library.

Assemblies

DR. TALL

What is there about certain places and things that make us want to return to them; to know them better? Why do we want some experiences to become vivid and personal? There are places in our own city of Baltimore that history has stamped. Dr. Tall in the first assembly of the year invited us to visit these places. Visit the docks at Locust Point and Canton and other places of interest and really know your city.

Our principal illustrated this by recalling places in Europe which she had visited this past summer such as Lubeck that were of the type that you wished to know better. Find the places in Baltimore that you wish to make live in your memory. Don't neglect becoming acquainted with them. Do it now!

MISS MEDWEDEFF

Jinrikishas, Shanghai, Singapore, Waikiki Beach, deck games, typhoons, Theatre Street. We were given a fleeting glimpse of these places and things of our dreams by Miss Medwedeff who took us around the world in the course of two very interesting assemblies hitting the high spots of her trip this summer. We saw coolies with bent backs planting rice in muddy fields. Clumsy water buffaloes assisted in the process. We saw the very modern city of Tokio, as well as the surf beating on the white sands of Waikiki. Our ambitions grew and our dreams became more vivid. We saw ourselves on board a ship—going—yes, going around the world. And when Miss Medwedeff concluded her talk by quoting the never too much quoted "Sea Fever" by John Masefield, I am sure that we all were more inspired, much better informed, and much firmer in our intentions some day to answer the call of the sea. May Miss Medwedeff have another opportunity soon to continue her work in spreading this contagious "sea fever."

MR. MOSER

Faculty members have romance. But what is romance? There are Indian trails weaving in and out of the mountains of Western Maryland and following the rivers' winding courses. There is a little deserted village near the Monocacy where glass was manufactured in the United States for the first time by some German settlers. There is a rich treasure buried somewhere on one of these mountains by General Braddock. There is an old homestead on the side of a mountain where a farmer in ambush behind an ancient cherry tree held off a group of Confederate raiders. These buried treasures and bloody battles and Indian trails and deserted villages are romance.

(Continued on page 17)

The Tower Light

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MARGARET CLARK

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RUTH HALE

THOMAS JOHNSON

Music

SARENA FRIED

Humor

GENE BENBOW

\$1.50 *per year*

20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Interested?

PERHAPS it would be interesting to note the possibility of an addition to THE TOWER LIGHT this year. Heretofore our magazine has not contained a fiction column, but due to numerous requests it has been decided that one is to be established if possible. Now whether or not we can have this, rests entirely with you as a student body. To enable this possibility to materialize we decided to have a contest every month, from which the best article is to be selected and published. As

a reward the winner will become an honorary member of the fiction department and there will be a fiction column with every regular issue of THE TOWER LIGHT.

The judging is to be done by members of the faculty on an entirely fair and impartial basis.

The following is a list of the topics, about which the contests are to be centered:

November—Exposition

December—Description

January—Essay

February—Poetry

March—Play

April—Short Short Story

In May this column will be devoted solely to the publication of the names of the winners.

We will appreciate your fullest cooperation. REMEMBER THIS IS FOR YOU.

E. TURNER, *Senior IV.*

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The Freshmen Express Appreciation

The freshmen class take this opportunity to thank the students and faculty for the wonderful welcome and initiation they were given on their entrance to "State Normal." The usual treatment of the freshmen as the least important part of the school body was totally lacking in our first days at school, for we were shown every consideration of equality and respect.

To one who has not had the opportunity to witness such a ceremony, the Induction Services were most impressive and beautiful. We, as a group, will do everything in our power to fulfill the pledge that was given, and help State Normal to grow in the estimation of the country at large.

The Freshmen.

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Assemblies

(Continued from page 15)

But how do you go about finding romance? Forget civilization. Go off the beaten tracks into the unknown. This was the advice given us by Mr. Moser who this past summer really found romance in our own Western Maryland. Take this advice and with the true definition of romance, as given to us by Mr. Moser, in mind, go out and see if you too can't find romance.

H. ZIEGLER.

The Power of Speech

How mighty is the power of eloquent speech. How wonderful it would be if we could use words to make our world more meaningful and beautiful. Lovely words can even add glamour to geography. Mr. Walther said in talking about Chile, "Let the children visualize the rugged Andes Mountains being lashed by the waves of the Pacific. Let them see vividly the clouds of mist coming across the mountains, the tiny streams trickling down the mountain side and drying up at the bottom in the arid land. Let them picture the people digging nitrate in the dry land."

Miss Munn says, "Simplicity of expression and talking to the point are the things that count. If you try to find a job, when the employer interviews you, it's the person who expresses himself well that has the best chance. Don't flaunt big, meaningless words. Arrange simple words in an interesting fashion. Do you remember Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg? There are no unusual words there, just an interesting arrangement." Few people are artists, few are musical, but we all do talk. Let's talk well.

A. WILHELM.

Musical Moods

COMPOSERS, through their compositions, induce various moods into our emotional life. Naturally, some of us are more subject to this type of hypnosis, if we may call it that, than others. Some of the following composers, in certain of their works, create the atmosphere or feeling noted beside the master's name.

Beethoven.....	Restless aching and longing.
Wagner.....	Feeling of masked power.
Schubert.....	Simple, but highly dramatic.
Haydn and Mozart.....	Simple grandeur.
Verdi.....	Free, soaring, mixed emotions.
Liszt.....	Many moods ranging from the ponderous dirge to the light fantastic.
Greig.....	Haunted, restless feeling.
Chopin.....	Freedom and verve.
Sullivan (with Gilbert's librettos).....	Varying effects. from the hauntingly beautiful to the grotesquely assinine, many times in sharp contrast.
MacDowell and Nevin.....	Soothing tranquillity.
Scriabin.....	Eerie, lost feeling.

MACCUBBIN, '35.

Nicky, My Dog

NICKY is one . . . year . . . old . . . ! It all happened Wednesday amid gala festivities at which we shouted the appropriate song, gave him a piece of the becardled cake (which under ordinary conditions he shouldn't have) and at last bestowed upon him the gifts. You have never seen in all your life a happier young one, despite the fact that Daddy gave him (I blush at the thought) a muzzle. Nicky's carefree attitude was probably due to the fact that even then he was planning how he'd tramp home from a subsequent excursion, his license tag jingling from the shiny new collar, his ribbon although a bit dejected looking as though slightly drooping at the corners of the mouth, still tied securely, and the obnoxious gift . . . gone.

Nicky always has had an air about him. Even when after his bath he rolls in the mud or frisks with the fuzzy raggle-taggle down the street, he seems to bear in mind his Doberman ancestry and eventually shakes his fuzzy friend as he does his muddy thighs. But now, with the passing of Wednesday, Nicky's whole bearing has acquired a maturity which is truly admirable. As a consequence, we love the new Nicky not exactly more, but differently from the Nicky we found at the fireside on Christmas morning. The only trouble is, that now, if on one of his frequent, subsequent excursions, he should encounter a venerable S. P. C. A. officer, we, and he also, will wish he hadn't been quite so crafty.

M. S. L., *Senior Sp.*



The mother had discovered her small daughter, Betty, aged three, busily engaged in washing the kitten with soap and water.

"Oh, darling, I don't think the kitty's mother would like the way you are washing her."

"Well," Betty seriously replied, "I really can't lick it, Mother."

* * * *

Pedestrian (to boy leading a skinny mongrel pup)—"What kind of a dog is that, my boy?"

Boy—"This is a police dog."

Pedestrian—"That doesn't look like a police dog."

Boy—"No, it's in the secret service."—*Kingston Standard.*

School News

YOUR correspondent, who is by no means a Freshman, has some sentiments concerning our beginning. We have started over again. With the Freshmen has come an opportunity to make new impressions, to do things we wish we had done last year. The vacation was very pleasant, but who among us will say he is sorry school with its renewed opportunities has started?

The Freshmen seem to be a promising lot. The girls are beautiful; the boys, handsome; and both seem to be adjusting very well. Despite the good job done by the Big Brothers and Sisters, there are many of the more intimate places on the campus to which the Freshmen have not been introduced. May we suggest the tower, the power house, the laundry, the kitchen, and the Campus Elementary School? (Not to mention parts of the glen.)

Some faces are gone. Some have graduated. Some have married. Some have decided they will be happier elsewhere. We miss them all, even if it is selfish of us.

Do you know:

That it is a good thing every issue of THE TOWER LIGHT is not a first issue? Your correspondent would be tempted to resort to verse and one Herman Bainter of the poetry department might object.

That being a Freshman has its advantages? "I'm sorry, Miss Sperry, I did not know that," is a very handy sentence to be able to say with conviction.

That one of the Senior men has had his nose renovated? He expects big things of it. Who is this Apollo by the art of the scalpel? Ask Teddy Woronka.

That a term of student teaching makes a great difference in people? Observe the chastened aspect of the Seniors. ("What! Even Senior III?" Well, hardly chastened, but they "ain't what they used to be.")

That the Elementary School children have devised a shield for their school? It is worth walking over to their vestibule to see.

That conditions have been so good the Student Council has been put to the necessity of thinking up work, which is good news! Few people have been hurt by thinking.

That the old elementary assembly room (Room 24 to you) has been equipped with a stage and a radio? When will some soul be brave enough to use these fine facilities?

That the Men's Room has been garnished with greens? We have heard words of approval. We hope the plants live.

That for the year 1932-33, the total cost per Towson Normal School student, making no allowance for the service rendered the 270 pupils in the elementary school, was \$368.00 for each day student and \$786.00 for each resident student?

The average payment for a day student was \$21, the average for a resident student \$194. The state met the difference. Since then the tuition has been raised to \$100 for each student, and a boarding student pays \$216 in addition.

Hits and Bits

The Ursinus Weekly, publication of Ursinus College, announces the shattering of a new record. The radio was listened to for one full hour without the familiar phrase, "We're Not Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf," being heard.

A system of adult education by radio by means of listening centers in the Kentucky mountains has been inaugurated by the University of Kentucky.

The Crimson White tells us of a certain professor at Wisconsin State College who recommends the old institution of cramming, because it represents concentration of the highest order. He further asserts that modern psychologists believe knowledge gained more rapidly will be retained longer.

The Morrow Dormitory at Amherst has been presented a library of 3,000 volumes by Mrs. Dwight Morrow, wife of the late ambassador and trustee of the Union Theological Seminary. This will be the third dormitory library at Amherst.

Forty of the 70 candidates who reported for the football squad at Notre Dame in 1933 had been captains of their respective prep school teams.

Fraternity houses at Rutgers University employ 140 students, whose combined yearly earnings are \$26,300. Most of these men work at washing dishes and waiting on tables.

According to a professor at Washington University, students who aim for "A" grades are barren of personality. Those who get "C" are the ones who move the world.

BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE

Hamilton College, also, produces miracle plays. As a part of the Christmas celebration last year, they acted out three plays from the old Chester cycle, which was written down in 1600. The originals were presented by the guilds of the painters, glaziers, and vintners.

SARA LEVIN, 34.

WESTERN UNION

TO:

FRESHMEN, JUNIORS, ALUMNI

GIVING DANCE OCTOBER 12 STOP SOFT LIGHTS SWEET
MUSIC STOP FLOOR SMOOTH DECORATIONS SWELL STOP
WILL YOU BE THERE STOP SAVE ME A DANCE

SENIOR CLASS

❖

Recital by Mr. Jackens

WE have started our assembly concert season well. On Tuesday the 18th, Mr. Robert Jackens, basso, gave us a program of songs. The selections were:

Death Island (Die Toteninsel) Hugo Wolf
The Wanderer (Der Wanderer) Schubert
The Double (Der Doppelgänger) Schubert
The Bowl of Roses Robert Clarke
I Love You Truly Carrie Jacobs Bond
Aria of the High Priest, Sarastro, from the
"Magic Flute" Mozart

Mr. Jackens sang the first three selection and the last one in German. His singing is characterized by excellent tone quality, enthusiasm, and dramatic power. Mr. Jackens was ably accompanied by Mr. Leo Dooley, pianist.

Mr. Jackens is connected with the Baltimore Civic Opera Company, which gives Baltimore attractive operatic performances. We are hoping that we shall become better acquainted with these before the year is over.

❖

"I hear your son's at college."

"Yep."

"How's he doing?"

"Pretty good, I guess; he's taking three courses. I've just paid out ten dollars for Latin, ten dollars for Greek, and a hundred dollars for Scotch."

* * * *

The last word in aircraft:—Jump.

* * * *

Coquettish Co-ed—"How do you like my new hat?"

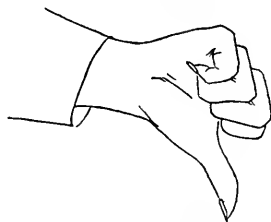
Cadet (absently)—"Fine. But you have a run in one."—Skipper.

* * * *

New Definition—A monologue is a conversation with the professor whose course you are flunking.—Siren.



- ... on the vista from room 202. Have you noticed it?
- ... Miss Bersch's amazing croquet ability.
- ... on the free time given us through the absence of assemblies. Let's put it to good advantage.
- ... on the Senior Specials that have adjusted themselves to "Normal" life.
- ... on the Freshman boy that so deftly plays the popular tunes—after lunch in room 223.
- ... on those particularly mellow tones which issue forth from a basso Senior Special.
- ... on the undreamed of comfort and convenience afforded the girls—on gym day, by such an apparently insignificant item as a pair of socks.



- ... on the Safety Pylons on York Road.
- ... on people who persist in walking on the wrong side of the road.
- ... on the endless striking of the tower clock at noon.
- ... ON THE STUDENTS WHO HAVEN'T PAID THEIR ACTIVITIES FEES!

Revelations I; 34-35

THERE was a time (when we were freshmen) that we envied the editor of this column. But nevertheless we offer to you this month's findings with the hope that the extra-curricular activities of the student body will be a little more obvious and a great deal less serious from this time on.

We can't help but wonder if a Mr. Kulacki would be flattered to know that it has taken three men to fill his place; namely, Frank Zeichner—orchestra, Myron Mezick—soccer, and Melvin Cole in the dormitories. We wonder.

Who can deny that Fost has not been faithful to the Eastern Shore? Surely, Edward is an honorable man. Do they live near each other, Ed?

We wonder, too, if the dormitory advocates of the fourth year for the I. A. are growing or diminishing in number?

It has been brought to our attention that one girl, a freshman, lost five hats last year. We might suggest that that is much healthier than losing your head but once.

If you would put to test the proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" keep an eye on Schwanebeck and Johnson, and if you be disillusioned, turn your attention to Benbow.

And we offer as a model of clandestine love, R. and M. Who would have guessed it?

Cheer up, Malcolm! We overheard a freshman exclaim of a boy who grew up in three years. We wanted to console Harper with this but the case seems too hopeless.

Looks as though Ed Turner is out to put the "Big-Brother System" on its feet again. Those in charge of next year's registration might do well to observe his technique.

We would be grateful if Wheeler would make up his mind. Or has he lost it?

There are a few who cannot understand why Charlie Meigs omitted the Richmond Hall Parlor on the Map of Play Day. Or wouldn't he know?

The fact that a salamander took leave of the science room might prove some mighty interesting things about . . . salamanders, of course.

Assuming that there is a Baltimore Safety Council and assuming that it is competent—how, then, did it overlook Mr. Minnegan's car?

What will the twelfth of October bring to Ed Brumbaugh—or better yet, whom will Ed bring the twelfth of October?

We understand that the president of the school orchestra has been conducting a symphony along the railroad tracks. Just an old, old story in a modern setting.

And we know of the young man, who, when accused of philandering, thought that it meant some form of philanthropy. As we look about us we are prone to agree with him in no small measure.

Can it be that those two masters, or rather mistresses of the terpsichorean art are unaware of the comments they bring forth each night in the Newell Hall Foyer?

Our best wishes to Jimmy Tear, who, we hear, has been confined to the sofa in the Parlor for the past two weeks with a sprained ankle. We would like to use it ourselves sometime, Jimmy.

❖

Glee Club

Do you like to sing? We do, too. That is why we are in the Glee Club. A song in our hearts and a song on our lips do wonders toward making us happier persons.

Last Commencement day our hearts sank a bit, when our forty-eight trained Senior Glee Club members walked up to get the diplomas that were to take them from us. But though we miss them now, and shall never forget our past comradeship in troubles and triumphs, yet we are all inspired by our new organization. We have two "old" fourth year Seniors with us again, Frances Fanton and Mary Rogatchoff. Besides we have our four year Senior, Mr. Johnson, who has just joined the Glee Club ranks, and Mr. Mezick who has come to us as a fourth year senior from Salisbury. We have forty "old" Seniors, two new Juniors, eighteen "old" Juniors, and last, but not least, forty-nine new Freshmen, thirty-two girls and seventeen men. Our total enrollment is one hundred and thirteen. Counting out the student teachers, this means that our Assembly Glee Club group numbers between ninety and one hundred. We are strong in numbers, and in ability and willingness to work. Miss Weyforth is bristling with songs for the coming year, and everyone is certain of hard practice, but of happiness, too.

Our officers are:

EMILY ROSS.....	<i>President</i>
DOROTHY LORENZ.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELINOR WILSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ABRAHAM BERLIN.....	<i>Librarian</i>
EDWARD MACCUBBIN.....	<i>Accompanist</i>

The Orchestra

So far this year the Normal School Orchestra has devoted its energies to reorganization, since we were so unfortunate as to lose by graduation nine members, several of whom held key positions. We should like to keep all of our good members indefinitely but that is not the way of schools. However, we are fortunate in that several dependable members are still with us to assist in the reorganization. So far our membership is as follows:

FIRST VIOLINS

Frank Zeichner,
Concert Master
Morris Hoffman,
Asst. Concert Master
Malcolm Davies
Louise Wenk

CELLO

Herman Bainerd

CLARINET

Harold Goldstein

ORGAN

Eleanor Loos

CORNET

Eleanor Sterbak

MELLOPHONE

Barbara Bartlett

SECOND VIOLINS

Helene Davis
Pauline Mueller
Frances Waltmeyer
Hilda Walker
Martha Holland

DOUBLE BASS

Charles J. Hopwood

SAXOPHONE

Ruth Kreis, E flat
John Klier, C Melody

TYMPANI

Rebecca Howard

PIANO

Charles Haslup

Several freshmen students are trying out for cello and violins. The successful ones will be admitted to the Orchestra later on.

As a part of the instrumental activities, a string ensemble has been formed of violins, cello, and bass. Two or three combinations of instruments are possible in this group, sometimes all, sometimes only violins and with or without piano. This ensemble provides further opportunity for more advanced players.

On Sunday, October 7, Frank Zeichner played the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria for the Y. W. C. A. candlelight service.

Japan

Japan is a country far across the ocean. The people that live there are very different from us. Their skin is yellow. The rich people wear long silk kimonos. The poor peasants wear clothes made from coarse cotton. They wear a bright sash called an obi. They wear wooden shoes which they always take off before they enter the house. They do not sit on chairs like we do, but sit on cushions. Instead of writing with

a pen they write with a brush. Some of the people still use jinrikishas for traveling.

LOIS SHOENHEIDER, *Grade Three.*

Hamilton School.

❖

Welcome

TIME marches on! After a delightful summer vacation came September and the beginning of another year at Normal. Accompanying this new year came new hopes, new ideals and new enthusiasm in the mind of each student at the Maryland State Normal School.

The returning Seniors and Juniors quickly found their places as they had left them in June but to the Freshmen this new situation was more difficult to meet. It is to these that we wish to say "Welcome." We desire above everything else that *you*, Freshmen, feel your places of importance with us. May you begin, at once, to take an active part in all the school activities and may your list of friends be increased through association with new acquaintances here. We are all members of the Student Body working together as one unit.

The year is ahead of us. May our growth continue and our hopes be realized!

RUTH KREIS.

❖

The Campus School Banner

WHEN the Campus School was built, the children wanted a design for a shield to stand for the Campus School. Before the designs were made, the school chose maroon and gold for the school colors. It seemed to everyone that the colors should be used in the shield.

Each child in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh grades was given a chance to design a shield. After a week or two the best shields from each grade were given to the committee. The shields were displayed on the bulletin board for everyone to see. After awhile the Student Council selected the best designs. The Seventh Grade worked the five designs over in the school colors on large sheets of white paper. Then the children voted for the design that they thought best represented our school. I was very proud and happy when I learned that my banner had been chosen.

My banner has a maroon background with a gold torch on each side. On the upper left side is a globe, and on the lower right is a book. I did not make my design because I liked to draw, but because so many people liked it that it made me think of putting it into the contest.

The world stands for the places we study about. The red stands for sunlight that makes boys and girls healthy. The torches guide and lead us. The book stands for our heroes. BILLY BENSON, *Grade VI.*

School No. 63
Baltimore, Md.
September 14, 1934.

Dear Miss Rutledge,

Our class wants to thank you for your charming talk on England and for showing us all those lovely things.

This morning a girl from our class brought in some more nice things from England. Among them were the British flag and some old, old, English money, some dating back to 1701. Another child brought in a couple of plates made in England. One is over a century old. One little girl found out how much your theatre ticket and program cost. It was \$1.82 in our money. We hope to learn more things too.

I'm sure we all hope to see you again real soon and have you talk on that *very* interesting country, England.

Sincerely yours,

BLOOMA KANTER, 6B1.
Miss Herman's Class.

❖

Laughs

"Do you know how to tell a professor from a student?"

"Oh, all right, have it your own way and tell it."

"Ask him what 'it' is, and if he says it's a pronoun, he's a professor."

* * * *

She—"I don't think that English course did you any good. You still end every sentence with a preposition."

Schoolmaster—"This makes the fifth time that I have had to punish you this week. What have you to say for yourself."

Pupil—"I'm glad it's Friday."—*Exchange*.

* * * *

I recently got twenty dollars for a collection of poems.

Yeah, from whom?

The Express Company—they lost them.

* * * *

Priscilla, what does B. C.—A. D. mean?

"Be careful—after dark."

* * * *

"It isn't sanitary," protested the traveler, "to have the house built over the pig-sty like that."

"Well, I dunno," replied the farmer, "we ain't lost a pig in fifteen years."—*Automobilist*.

* * * *

"What model is your car?"

"That's no model; it's just a horrible example."

Sports Slants

THE new school year seems barely to have started (?), and already the coming sports season is underway. The two fall sports—soccer and hockey—of course, hold sway.

What are the prospects of the Varsity soccer team? The "Maryland Collegiate Champions of 1933" have a team that is practically intact, Leonard Kulacki being the only player missing.

The present varsity season appears to be just as successful as that of last year when the team remained undefeated and untied through twelve games. Already the squad under the most able tutelage of Coach Don Minnegan, sports two victories. After defeating the All-Stars of the Baltimore Soccer League 2-1, the Normalites pounced on the Maryland Training School for Boys 3-0.

The encouraging element in the new season is the fact that there are a number of freshmen who have had experience. Coach Minnegan reports an ample supply of reserves making it possible for him to show two players for each position. The newer faces include Mezick, Smith (Towson), and John Wheeler on the forward line; Bennett, Ubersax, and Resigno, halfbacks; Tipton and Doug Meigs, backfield, and Lerner and Fischal.

Notice: (A reminder in case they have forgotten or do not know is herewith tendered to the male freshmen: that it is the custom of the members of their class to challenge the upper classmen in sports).

What have the girls been doing in the way of sports? New faces, as well as old, are seen in the well-known game of hockey. Competition to make the teams will be held the first week of November. It should be keen.

The freshmen are showing up well in practice there being 45 out. The seniors, although two classes are student teaching, number about 20, five more than the juniors, the majority of whom are from the first or second team of last year.

One of the interesting reports handed out states the fact that soon a hockey league for men is to be established in Baltimore. Those members of the male sex who think that the sport is strictly feminine and uncomplimentary to their "rough and readiness" should try it. Many of the girls might testify differently as to feminism.

A good number of the Varsity soccer games will be played at home. Those who recall last season, remember the large crowd that thrilled at our success over Western Maryland College. Let the team know we are behind it by being present on the field. The schedule provides for a meeting with some of the leading college teams in the state.

THEODORE WORONKA, *Senior III.*

FAIRFAX BROOKS, *Senior III.*

Blues Win on Playday

BLUES Overwhelm Reds by Score of 150 to 130." However the result may be stated, the important thing is not mentioned. The fact that everyone participated in an enjoyable afternoon, spelled success to the fifth annual play day in the history of the Maryland State Normal School.

On Wednesday, September 26, at 1:30 P. M. both students and faculty joined in the exercises which included singing, cheering, marching, and dancing. Who does not recall the lining up of the two factions, the cheers that were given by both groups, the marching about the fields—or the dancing. Led by the booming drum of lanky Ed. Turner, the Blues and the Reds marched up and down the field in military-like fashion. To the accompaniment of the music of members of the Orchestra, everyone then sang "Stand Up and Cheer." The new members of the school acted like upper classmen as they formed in large circles with the others and played "Looby Loo" and "Did You Ever See a Lassie." The freshmen men especially proved themselves apt.

The dispersal of all participants signaled the start of sports activities; indoor baseball, volley ball, tennis, kickball, touchdown pass, dodge ball, horse-shoes, miniature soccer, hockey, etc. Faculty played just as enthusiastically as students, so the events quickly got under way.

Before all had been concluded, new champions were crowned, new friends had been made, and old friendships renewed.

THEODORE WORONKA, *Senior III.*

Who's Who in Good Posture

GOOD posture is an asset that everyone should strive to attain. Unfortunately the number who maintain this seems to be small. We hope all our students have the knowledge of how to walk and stand well, but the following are the few who seem to do so habitually. We hope that there will be other names added to this list soon.

SENIORS

Betty Barnwell
Carolyn Gray
Claire Piehler
Catherine Riggs
Eleanore Sterbak
Virginia Wilson

JUNIORS

Doris Middleton
Miriam Vogelmann

FRESHMAN

Edith Jones
Ruth Spicer
Elizabeth Trott

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TOWSON, MARYLAND

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"I hear your sister's to be married."

"Oh, yes."

"June Bride?"

"No, April fool."

* * * *

Why do you speak of your husband as a theory?

Because he so seldom works.

* * * *

"How did you get that black eye?"

"I started through a revolving door and changed my mind."

* * * *

A. O. Pi—"I'll have you know that I'm related to the Boones."

Kappa—"Now I remember, your grandmother's name was Bab."

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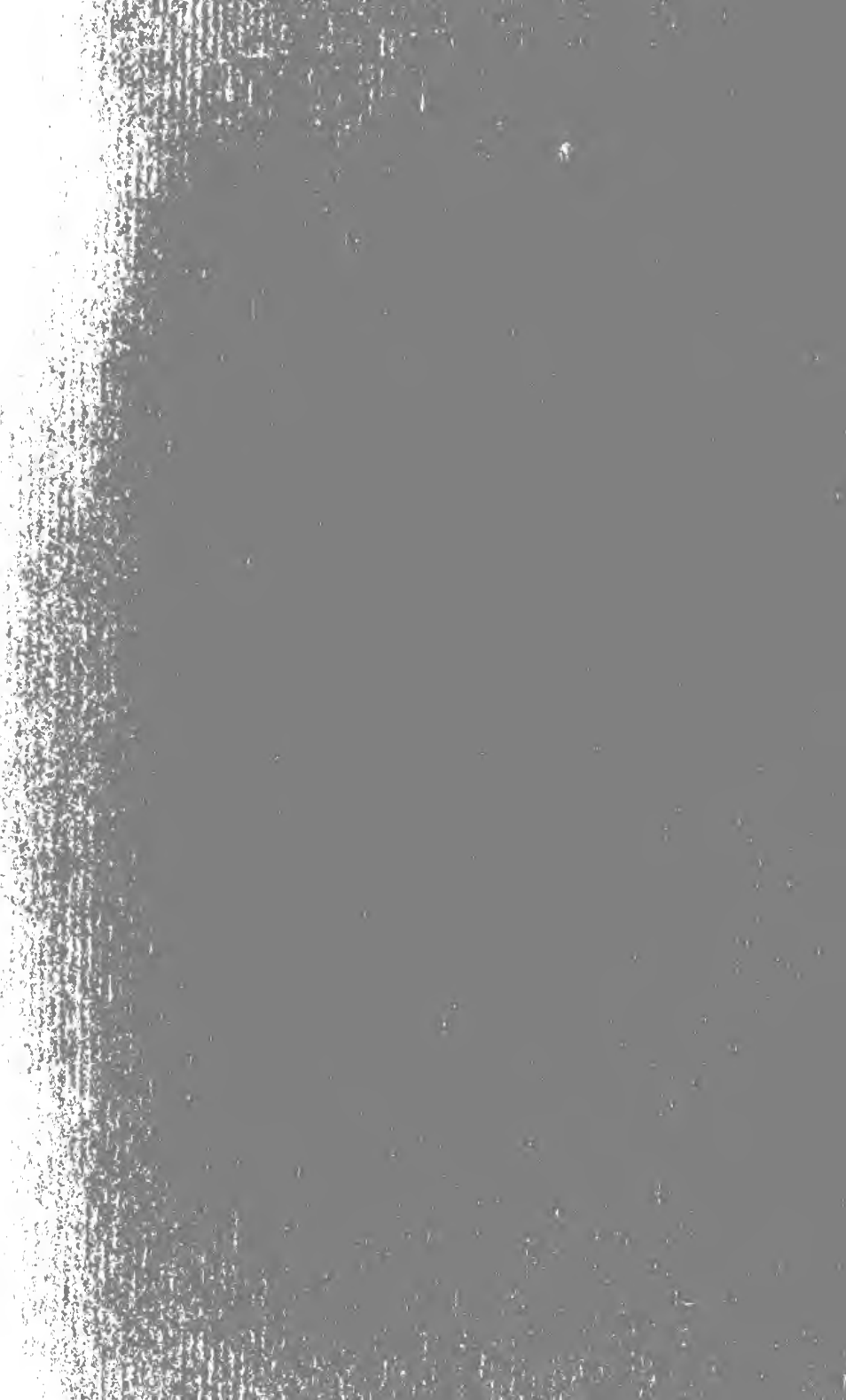
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Towson, Md.



THE TOWER LIGHT

NOVEMBER, 1934



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

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The Tower Light

VOL. VIII

NOVEMBER, 1934

No. 2

The Poets' Autumn

"... But nature whistled with all her winds
Did as she pleased and went her way."

EMERSON.

"Autumnal frost enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful."

STEVENSON.

"... And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and
the crimson keeping time . . ."

"... See the frosty asters like smoke
upon the hill . . ."

BLISS CARMAN.

"... The woods this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color . . ."

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

"... A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above
The freezing stream below."

P. B. SHELLEY.

"Noon descends, and afternoon
Autumn's evening meets me soon.
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunsets radiant spring . . ."

P. B. SHELLEY.

"... Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the Autumn breezes sing..."

J. KEATS.

"... Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

T. GRAY.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness...
Close bosom-friends of the maturing sun."

J. KEATS.

"... All around
leaves sere and brown,
brown rustling
over the ground.
As they move
like scuttling mice,
a whispering sound—
Everywhere
trees tall and stark
blackly etched,
of leaf-dress bare
Piteous creatures
Shivering in
the frosty air."

ELEANOR L. BOWLING, '28.

... Then twilight pink and amber
And a passing promise of snow
Is whispered through the velvet wood,
When the autumn moon is low."

DELL RALEY.

"The banked dark clouds in stern array
Where evening meets the night."

LILLIAN SUNDERGILL, '29.

"O wild west wind, though breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes."

SHELLEY.

No

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no 't'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
No go—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness—no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees.
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds.
November!

THOMAS HOOD.



All Saint's Eve

Black and orange streamers
Lend an eerie air:—
Pumpkins, broomsticks,
Goblins, sprites,
Witches
There.
Weird
Dark . . . grim
And grotesque
Hallowe'een world:
Shadows glower; lights
Flaring, flicker . . . then dim.

H. B., *Senior III.*

Metamorphosis

Night—
Empty of students, desolate,
The silent school
Gazes anxiously for the Dawn,
Alone—.

Dawn—
The eyelids of the morning
Open cautiously
To view a grim building,
Promise—.

Morning—
Pulsating with life,
A vibrant Normal
Stands upon the campus,
Rejoicing—.

LEONARD WOOLF, *Freshman IV*.



November

A rustling,
Of little frightened things
Before a wind.

A thin cry
The line of thin trees stark to the sky
The swift line of wing, sharp to the sky.

And in the hush
The troubled hush
Deep,
Deep
A bleeding.

M. DOUGLAS.

Prelude

Hands of men builded of brick and stone
A school—and placed it clean in the wind
On a hill.
Deep silence followed clamor.
The school looked quietly out
On the hills hugging their purple,
On the shimmering green of summer mists;
Felt the tingeing of autumn leaves,
And held close the deep joy of nights alone.
Outside—nature.

Inside the long new halls—a loneliness.
Echoes of the first footfalls—thin and hollow.
Soon came a thronging of echoes,
Came work and children's laughter.
Something began to stir within the building—
A slow clumsy awakening to a spirit.
All loneliness fled.

It seemed as though in two great kind hands
Was held a low light-shielded.
And a voice from the mists of all Beginning
Cried, "Here is a building.
You who are rich with understanding
And wise in the ways of beauty
Make of this a holy place."

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, '34.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In a letter of Joy Elmer Morgan, Editor of the National Education Association Journal, to Miss Rutledge, we pridefully note that in the American Education Week packet for kindergarten-primary teachers, Marguerite Simmons' lovely poem, "Prelude," is being used. It appeared in a previous *TOWER LIGHT*, but is again quoted so that we may enjoy it once more.

November

Autumn in gay and daring brilliance
Flaunts her magic pennons.
All the world is sanguine,
And to its song there's dance and laughter.

November, bleak and cruel, strips nature of her loveliness
And leaves a gaunt remnant of a former glory.
A piercing wind wails a low lament
To proclaim the end of a dreary task.

SOPHIA LEUTNER.



Night of Nights

Soft breezes blew—and the stars shone through a hazy mist—
Oh, lovely night of nights when we first had met.
The stars shone brighter, the air was filled with sweet perfume.
Silent, beside me he stood—youth and strength.

E. GOODHAND, *Senior VI.*



School 99, Grade 5B

BRIEF SCIENCE FACTS

We have a balanced aquarium in our room which has in it fish, plants, snails, and a tadpole.

The oak, sycamore, and honey locust are trees we have studied.

On a science table we have some fruits from the trees we have studied.

Last week we made some leaf prints.

We have studied all the parts of the marigold and zinnia.

Edward Burkhardt made a collection of insects during the summer and we have it in our room.

In our insect box we had a praying mantis and some grasshoppers.
A turtle also lives in our room.

From *The Chatterer** Room 28.

*An experiment at newspaper writing being carried on in Miss Deppenbrock's Fifth Grade class.

A New Course

HAVE you been wondering at the significance of the table in the main library captioned *Education 400*? This table was reserved by the Fourth Year Senior Specials for exhibiting material of their Educational Elective Course. By the time this article appears, the table may be labelled *Capitalism*, or *Fascism*.

The Educational Elective Course was a new one, designed for a new group—students voluntarily returning for a fourth year. It was felt that this group would be mature enough to benefit from an elective seminar course, such as is offered graduate students of all higher universities. Such a course designates the meeting of a group of faculty and students, to discuss vital questions.

The outcomes of the first meeting, were that all the students wholeheartedly declared in favor of the course, and that meetings were to be held in the form of informal discussions guided by chosen problems. Now what were these problems to be? No intelligent person can today glance at a newspaper, turn on his radio, or simply watch the ordinary flow of life about him, without being literally engulfed by the present and future issues of the world.

The first problem we attacked was this: *What effect do Capitalism, Communism, and Fascism have on the schools in the countries in which these types of government exist?* This is a big order. It necessitates much reading, sane thinking, and interpreting, but we find it to be a significant problem, and a challenge.

That we may both understand the big movements of the day, and be able to apply our understanding intelligently, we have included attendance of special meetings, movies, radio programs and outside speakers in our scope of activities. We have tried to base our discussions on the results of sane research, rather than on the coloring of our personal emotions and attitudes. In studying the Communism of Russia, we considered the Russian background geographically and historically, through talks given by Mr. Walther and Miss Bader. An insight into the first and second Five Year Plans, gave us a basis for interpreting the present trends of Russian education and mode of life.

Can you see a value in such a course? Do you feel it is a good thing for a teacher to be well-informed and *sane* concerning the burning problems of a seething, and nigh topsy-turvy world—problems that must be faced, either hysterically or sanely?

We invite you to talk to us about this course, and to look over our material which may be found in the library and in the browsing-room. We find it stimulating!

Big Bugs in Biology

It's a long way from amphioxus
It's a long way to us
It's a long way from amphioxus
To the meanest human cus.
It's goodbye fins and gill slits,
Welcome skin and hair.
It's a long way from amphioxus
But we came from there.

And so you see how some of the biology is learned at that one and only place, Woods Hole, Mass. All you Freshmen in Science 101 would be delighted with your course if you could just but know some of these delightful people that write your books about Mitosis and Maturation and Cleavage and all those most awful processes you are striving to understand.

The students of the Marine Biological Laboratory learn to know such people as Wilson, Parker, Conklin, Morgan, Newman, Stockard and other textbook friends. They are real friends to them. And they sing in this strain about them.

There are bugs that make us happy
There are bugs that make us sore
There are bugs that spoil our dispositions
Till we never want to see them more.
There are bugs so very complicated
That their heads from tails we cannot tell
But the bugs that fill our hearts with sunshine
Are the bugs from the M.B.L.

Like all of us, these big bugs do funny things and have very interesting experiences. Did you know that Dr. Morgan who did the work on *Drosophila*, the fruit fly, won the Nobel Prize last year? You should hear him tell about his trip to Stockholm last spring to receive the prize. It is nice to know a man who has had such a distinction bestowed upon him.

I can tell you a funny joke on Dr. Parker. At Woods Hole your appetite is simply tremendous and you are always eating between meals. We were all going off on a collecting trip on the laboratory boat. Dr. Parker was standing on the wharf eating a 10c pie, watching us get started. "My, but this pie is tough!" he said. We all laughed when we looked up and saw he was biting through the paper plate, pie and all.

Here's to Conklin with his rep
He lectures with a lot of pep
He tells the origin of life
And shows us how to choose a wife.

Would you think this bug would spend most of his summer rolling stones—I mean big rocks—building stone steps and walls, chopping down trees and incidentally and accidentally cutting off his foot with the axe? He is delighted when his three-year old grandson Edwin Grant, shows an interest in ants and they spend much time talking together.

If you would like to find out what kind of a dog you are, Dr. Stockard can tell you just where you belong. Maybe you are a lap dog or a St. Bernard according to your glands.

However, Woods Hole is the place, and if you ever get anywhere near it, call on these people and enjoy real bugs. Take it from one who knows, the daughter of Heredity and Environment.

MARY CONKLIN MASLIN.



Excerpts from the Diary of an Ex-Columnist

JUNE

Tuesday, 12—Today was commencement. And now, little diary, I see a big, "Little Man, What Now," written all over your pages. What does the next few months hold in store for me? Well, as some euphemistic idiot once said, "Time will tell!"

Monday, 19—We (the Industrial Arts class) made up the last of those classes we "missed" today. That means we are free for the summer!!

Thursday, 29—Guess what! Sammy called me up today and told me; that we are going to take a week's cruise up the James River! What was that? Is there work attached? Of course! It's an orchestra engagement and a soft one at that. Just a coupla hours each evening and the rest of the time to laze around, puff at my pipe, and dream. And they say the food is nothing short of wonderful—best chefs, delightful concoctions—oh, everything—. Gosh, I'm sorry you don't have a stomach. I—I am neither gourmet nor epicurean—. Just a hungry fellow with a well developed appetite. (I know mom calls it a "tape-worm," but then she's always kiddin' anyway.) Job starts tomorrow. Good-night!

JULY

Sunday, 1—Boy! This is the life! Plenty of good books, tins and tins of tobacco, hours and hours of time and I'm in the center of it all! Don't wake me up!

Wednesday, 4—Celebrated the 4th by shooting fireworks into the millions of stars that are visible from the upper decks. The excitement proved a little too much and 2 A.M. found me wrapped in a light coat and stretched out in a comfy arm-chair on the fore deck. The gentle swishing of the water against the prow of the boat soon lulled me into a doze from which I must have fallen asleep. I awoke about 3.30 A.M., almost frozen and slightly damp. I'm writing this as I lie here toasting in my upper bunk.

Saturday, 7—Home again! And a letter awaiting that contained an invitation to visit my bachelor cousin, Carl, in New York. Says to come up the third week of July. Hooray! At last—one week in N.Y. Secret ambition No. 5 come true!!

Saturday, 28—4 a.m.—So *this* is N.Y. I've been here since 5 o'clock yesterday eve and I believe I've walked at least thirty miles. Carl met me, checked my things, and started me "en tour." I've seen the East Side, the Bowery (where the bums sleep on the sidewalk with their heads on old newspaper or rags for a pillow). Chinatown, where in spite of my better judgment, my skin *would* go all "goose-fleshy." I've seen the business district and several millions of buildings as a side dish . . . This Carl is a wonderful fellow. He knows the cost of construction of nearly every building and the rental on any floor! Whataman! Had a late dinner at the Hotel Taft where I listened to Emil Velasquez' music as I dined . . . Finished up in Greenwich Village. Tell you more about it tomorrow . . . or should I say today?

Saturday, 28—10.30 a.m.—Dear little book, I don't know where to start. The Village is such a kaleidoscopic place. We visited nearly every place in the Village, including the *atelier* of some of Carl's artist friends . . . The last place was the "Gipsy Tavern," a quaint little place wherein you are chiseled for drinks, cigarettes, carfare . . . even your handkerchief! Everyone talks as loud, sings as loud, and dances just as he feels like doing . . . the tables are wide boards on which appear the names of many of the stage and screen . . . the walls are nearly covered with pencil and crayon sketches . . . the orchestra is the best I ever heard . . . it's all crazy, Bohemian, topsy-turvy.

AUGUST

Thursday, 2—Well, I leave for home tomorrow eve. Almost a full week in N.Y. and I've been *everywhere*. The Park Central and Joe Reichman's orchestra, the Casino and Eddie Duchin, the Waldorf-Astoria and their fifty-piece orchestra. What a place!! The Art Museum, the Museum of Natural History, the new New York Museum, the Library, Radio City and the Music Hall . . . Riverside Drive . . . the Bronx Zoo, wherein I met many charming artist people who were sketching the animal life . . . I'll bet I haven't had thirty hours of sleep since I've been here! Poor Carl! I guess he's just about done in!

Friday, 3—Surprise! I'm not going home after all!! My cousin, Mac, who has a place in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts dropped in Carl's place this morning and he's taking me up there for a few weeks! We leave tomorrow night.

Wednesday, 8—I've been here four days now and I still can't get used to the cold, cold, weather. Imagine wearing two sweaters and a coat in August! And the people laugh at the way I speak . . . they should hear some of the gals from Southern Maryland!

Gee, this *is* God's country. We're three and a half miles up a mountain side . . . and the same distance from the nearest neighbor. I run around in Mac's old Star truck. It possesses four wheels, very little brakes, and steers like a sailboat without a keel! Lots of fun going down a narrow, dirt, mountain road.

Wednesday, 22—Almost three weeks are gone and I've gained ten pounds, picked raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries, and blueberries . . . milked cows, pitched hay, chopped wood, and pumped water from a well . . . walked out two pairs of shoes and seen deer, red squirrels, mountain lions and fox . . . learned to do the Square Dance, Virginia Reel, Round Dance, etc . . . It still seems funny to me . . .

Wednesday, 29—Received mail from the I.A. gang today. Kinsey's a councillor at a camp in the Adirondacks . . . Maleski (sometimes called Mose) is a lifeguard at one of the park pools, Silverman (who had several aliases) is also councillor but at a day camp in Green Spring valley . . . Clayman is managing a barbecue lunch over at Park Circle and says he's seen numbers of the Normal School crowd there at intervals during the summer . . . Bachman is also working at one of the pools . . . Nichols is vacationing at Salisbury and Ocean City . . . Gee, but I miss the bunch . . . there never was a better gang of fellows . . .

SEPTEMBER

Saturday, 1—Well, here I am, right back where I started from. Good old desk . . . Little book, even tho' you are travel-worn, you still look good to me because within you are contained some of the best experiences of my life.

HERMAN MILLER, '34.



In Imagination

I am what I will myself to be.
Though the world make me a part of it
I am still my own.
If I say to myself,
"You are no mortal; you are a star,"
Then I am a star
And I ascend the black sky
And laugh down at the earth.

My spirit can make me the green earth too.
I cover deep mines of gold.
I am a home for a field of corn
And I am rich with yellow pumpkins,
Better than gold.
Silk-skinned moles burrow through my heart,
And I am happy because I am Life.

I can be the richest in all the world
If the world should will it of me.
I can build happiness
Or I can tear it apart.
I can make a nation
Or I can wreck it with the havoc of war.

But I would rather sit in my lonely room,
A negative among a million others
Than be of reality and buy the world.
I want no riches.
I want only my thoughts that can make of me
The Life and the Light of the Universe.

MARGARET COOLEY, *Senior I.*

“Winged Horse Sense”

IT was indeed an unusually delightful experience that the Maryland State Teachers enjoyed when Joseph Auslander shared with them some of his thoughts, exquisite in beauty; and, in so doing, revealed a charming personality, commensurate with his poetry. Before reading two of his poems, Mr. Auslander in urging us to think a little less of life in material terms said, “. . . I plead for poetic faith—in things you cannot sell or buy—things of the spirit . . . The Lincoln I believe in is ten feet tall, whose stove pipe hat brushes the stars . . . The Lincoln I believe in is lonely, sick at heart . . . The Lincoln I believe in is a lover of people, a dreamer, a poet who has made mistakes, but who saved a nation. I think we need that kind of believing more and more. We are too cynical and hard. I shall go with the children, because the child makes and lives in his world . . . The child doesn't believe in dreams; he *is* a dream. He does not have to enter the kingdom, it is within him . . . I love the pure, lovely, horizontal look that children have. When a child looks at a flower, a sunset, a toy or a doll, he is that flower, or that sunset, he becomes that toy or doll. William Blake did that, he was a child all his life. Civilization's greatest curse is—growing up. We become educated . . . The lovely identification with dreams is educated out of us. We become modern, good citizens—miserable people. Blake, on coming back from a walk on a wet day said, “I have just seen a tree full of angels and touched the sky with my stick.” And he did . . . a child would understand that; it's only we that don't . . .”

In relating his first experience talking with a group of children, Mr. Auslander told how in answer to his question, “What is Poetry?” a little girl of eight years, who looked as if “she had just finished washing her face in a bowl of star-dust—she had that star-stricken look—” said, “I think I'll tell you first what prose is . . . Prose is all straight up and down the margins. Poetry is wiggly, and when you swallow it, it wiggles inside.”

With the reading of two of his poems, Joseph Auslander closed his lecture to rush off to catch a train for New Jersey, leaving behind him an admiring audience which had become enveloped in a new and delightful atmosphere of dreams.

M. S. L.



"A Sane Way for Looking at Armament and Disarmament for the United States"

Address by DR. JAMES T. SHOTWELL

NO attempt to reproduce the fine address given by Dr. Shotwell to the teachers of Maryland on Friday afternoon, October 26, 1934 could do it justice for the clarity of thought, the sincerity, and forceful delivery of the speaker himself would be lost. Suffice it here to mention a few of the salient facts as understood by a more eager than capable listener.

Before the World War we thought peace a moral attitude. In 1914 the problem of peace ceased to be theoretic and became vivid reality. We adopted the slogan: "This War is a War to End War." How can we rid ourselves of the menace of war? The problem of getting rid of war is so new and the instrument of war so old that it constitutes the greatest problem of our time. War has built as well as destroyed civilizations. It has been the instrument by which humanity has been sure of its game. Our task lies in using the intelligence we have and awakening our powers of observation and interpretation in dealing with the problem.

The problem of armaments as we know it today developed as a result of the industrial revolution when steel became available for use in the making of instruments of destruction. The American Civil War marked the first great epoch in this transition to the use of armaments. Since then each country has been trying to win the race in accumulating more and more weapons of defence and offense. In dealing with the problem a country should ask itself, "Do I need armaments?" If you are in a situation where you need armaments you need the best.

Many people believe that the World War came out of the race in armaments. This is hardly true. The World War was the result of a situation in Europe which rested upon the thought that war was necessary in order to enforce rights. If armaments are legal, then one can draw the logical conclusion that war is legal. The World War was a school for progress in the science of destruction, for at its conclusion we had advanced centuries ahead of theretofore. Progress since then has been greater than during the war itself.

How are we to deal with this great problem of armaments? In America we tried to deal with it by dissociating it from other problems. People must stop thinking that by deciding upon arithmetical symbols

such as 3:5:3 and expecting nations to reduce their armaments proportionately they have reached the solution. The era of arithmetic in our history of armaments is contrary to common sense.

The Disarmament Conference recently adjourned and, deemed a failure by many, accomplished work of value which we have failed to realize. Although it did not accomplish the impossible in applying the arithmetical formulas desired, it did carry the knowledge of the problem of disarmament far and gave us valuable scientific technique of use in the hoped for solution.

The problem of disarmament is not yet solved because the countries involved persist in putting armaments before security. Security is a mental state. It acts like a state of health. If you have it you do not know that you do. Only those suffering from weakness of health arrive at a realization. There are two kinds of security—artificial and natural. Natural security is the healthy type of security and lies in safety from danger. The greater the distance from danger, the greater the security. In the broadest sense the United States has the utmost natural security, for with oceans on either side of her she is well protected from most foreign powers. All countries are not so fortunate. In most of them armaments must take the place of natural barriers. The degree of security becomes less and less as modern transportation and communication narrows distance. The rapidity with which airplanes make long distance flights and prove their powers as carriers at sea shows how easily they may endanger security.

Can we get rid of war? If so, then there will be no need for armaments. It is doubtful, however, that we shall ever be rid of war. At any rate, we will not stop wars by merely denouncing them. We must find effective substitutes for war. These substitutes must not fail in a crisis. The more we trust them the more instrumental they will be in preserving peace. Today there are three effective substitutes for war—diplomacy, the World Court, and arbitration through the League of Nations. To what extent they will be supported and used for the promotion of peace and security remains to be seen.

Reported by ADELAIDE TOBER.



The Roosevelt Revolution and the Counter Revolution

By WILL DURANT

WE are to use the term Roosevelt Revolution only very loosely as Roosevelt is a conservatist and his aim is to preserve the essential factors of the American Economic System of life.

We of the 20th century are viewing a four fold drama: 1st, a conflict between the East and West, i.e., a conflict between the Orient and the Occident—a conflict in which Japan is making a violent effort to throw off the dominance of Europe. 2nd, a battle between religion and atheism which is of a greater importance to every nation and every individual than the conflict between the East and West. Our very civilization is based on belief in a spiritual power. Many nations have risen and fallen during this battle but we, of the 20th century, are to see the supreme struggle of Christianity for life. 3rd, Democracy vs. dictatorship—a war of political methods. Democracy has made us rich and today it has made us poor. A dictator has spread wealth but has taken away the freedom and liberty of the people. True, men are not created equal—but all can and should have equal rights. To this end, democracy was established; today only the English speaking people stand for democracy. 4th, the struggle of Economic Systems. The Roosevelt Revolution is a result of the concentration of wealth by a few people. As previously stated, men are created unequal—some are dull, some are bright, and some are clever. The clever ones will find a way to collect the wealth to themselves and leave the others with a bare existence. The more liberty man has, the more he wants; the more equality he wants, the less liberty he can have. Russia has abandoned liberty in favor of equality. As a result of this policy, the over-balanced condition tends to destroy wealth, as does a revolution.

The main job of the President is to re-distribute the wealth of the nation; to do this it is necessary to have internal mass consumption in order to keep up mass production. Our system of production depends upon European markets, which, as we know were closed to us after the World War. Not having a market for our products produced by mass production our industrial system collapsed. Some solution is necessary; and there are only two ways out: (1) to raise the consumption ability of the American people and (2) to close the factories. Trust the Americans to do the wrong things; we closed the factories. There remains but one solution to the problem now confronting us, i.e., raise the wage of

the employees, thus increasing the purchasing power of the people. The existence of this condition is the essential cause of the Roosevelt Revolution.

Our partial recovery is due to the slight alleviation of the burden of debt, along with the increase of the farmers' purchasing powers, brought about by the Roosevelt agriculture program. However, while the agriculture program has succeeded, the industrial program has failed. The N.R.A. was organized by the government at the request of the business men for federal regulation of trade. The codes, one for each industry, were drawn up by the leaders of industry; the only exception is the abolition of child labor. These codes have lowered the highest wage and have raised the lowest wage of the people—this did not change the purchasing power of the people. The codes allow for re-employment but during the last year there has only been an increase of 4 per cent in employment. This is due primarily to the failure of business to cooperate with the N.R.A. and its codes, which industry wrote.

Now, we are watching from the side lines a Counter Revolution being waged by the leaders of industry against the new deal. Recovery cannot be successful unless it is supported by everybody. We must look upon the fact that the complaints against the N.R.A. codes are being made by the men who drew them up.

The actual situation, at the present time is this: the bankers and capitalists have refused to lend money to finance the needy industries; what happens? The industries refuse to employ. When the capitalists refuse to lend money the central government must do so. When industry refuses to employ the central government must do so—hence the Federal Emergency Relief Association, and the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Industrial Society depends on the labor of intellectual skill as in contrast to an Agricultural Society. Unless planned measures are taken to balance these two factors and to reemploy and to revive industry the American Economic System will continue in the cycle it is running through at the present time—namely; a period of rapid growth followed by a period of rapid collapse and chaos. In closing, Dr. Durant stated that every teacher, regardless of party affiliations must give his whole hearted support to the "new deal."

Reported by EARL PALMER.



"The Book Nook"

YEARS Are So Long" by Josephine Lawrence. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1934. Miss Lawrence has maintained that "rolling stones have all the sense," but contrary to her view she has remained for several years a staff member of the *Newark Sunday Call*.

We are glad that her association has been with a newspaper that devotes, in its publication, a department to the answering of legal questions. For gleaned from her newspaper experiences Miss Lawrence has written a novel of engrossing interest which presents to both parents and children a direct and vital challenge.

The principal characters depicted in "Years Are So Long" do not exist merely as one Barkley Cooper, his wife Lucy, and their five children: George, Nellie, Cora, Richard and Addie. Instead, the old couple, Bark and Lucy, are the embodiment of all old people who in their declining years have become dependent. The five children are representative members of that large class of small minded individuals whose imaginative powers reach only to colorless dwellings.

We feel genuine pity for Barkley and Lucy when we realize that the uneventful serene existence of their early life evolves into the unpleasant vicissitudes of their later years.

Barkley Cooper, at the age of seventy is no longer able to hold a position. He demands and expects his children to provide a home for him. The children listen to his paternal demands, but due to their own financial difficulties force the old man to agree to their terms of settlement.

Bark and Lucy discover none of the serene restfulness, so vital to the happiness of old people, in the homes of their children where they are forced to reside separated from each other and by turn. All of the homes lack the seclusion and peacefulness, the comfort and relaxation which all old people require.

Barkley, consequently, ceases to struggle against the forces which limit his daily life, for his ineffectual efforts are thwarted by his children. We are not sorry when he dies—the last year of his life had been too painful.

Miss Lawrence in her presentation of the conflict that exists between the members of two generations has handled her material most adroitly. The views of the old and the young people have been presented almost entirely by the use of the conversational method.

The story offers no definite solution to the problem, but the book is an emphatic treatise which urges a more careful consideration of the problem of old age dependency in the modern world.

THE REVIEWER.

Men Against Death

By PAUL DE KRUIF

MEN against death—just three small words used by all in every walk of life. That is what one first thinks, but they screen a great deal. Men against Death. Who are these mere mortals that have the audacity to go against death? Why do they? It's the old story—Life is sweet. Paul de Kruif wrote this book as a tribute to those men who have given us the chances for a longer life.

First, there are the three doctors: Semmelweis, Banting, and Minot. Semmelweis—the savers of mothers—"was only a plain doctor afire to find a safe way for mothers to have their babies." The Hungarian found it, but today's biggest medical scandal is the thousands of needless deaths every year of American women from childbed fever because our doctors fail to practice the forgotten Hungarian's simple art of keeping out blood poisoning—by cleanliness. There is the story of Banting's discovery of insulin. What stubbornness and grit! The odds he had to overcome! Then there is Minot*, who, without Banting's insulin to save his life, would never have lived long enough to trick pernicious anemia. This is the first utterly incurable ill in all history for which men have found something life saving. All three, Semmelweis, Banting, and Minot intensely hated to see so much human suffering—therefore the earnest desire to fight death.

Everyone in the United States ought to be thankful that there is a red brick building on a hill in Washington, D.C., overlooking the Potomac River. In this building we meet scientists who make us hold our breaths by the "don't-give-a-damn" way they face the most dangerous enterprises. No one in that building knows what it is to give up. We have Spencer, of the United States Public Health Service, who risked his life to find a vaccine for Rocky Mountain Spotted fever. Next, we have Alice Evans—just one of the many cow bacteriologists. It was she who removed one great danger lurking in the American milk supply—undulant fever. Pasteurization put an end to undulant fever, but it took time before the American billion dollar milk industry began to pasteurize milk. At first men scoffed at Miss Evans's findings, but the whole world was awakened to the dangers of unpasteurized milk by the prevalence of the fever. In the meanwhile, the microbes made a wreck of Miss Evans's health—taking the best years. She has never recovered. Then we have McCoy, who was a true general. This

*Dr. Minot, along with two other doctors, has just recently been awarded the 1934 Nobel Prize in Medicine for his excellent work toward curing pernicious anemia.

director of the red building showed the world he could do something besides direct. In 1930—not so long ago and right in this locality—there was a sudden spread of parrot fever. It was up to those at the red brick building to stop the spread of this fever. When those working on the disease contracted it, McCoy figuratively shoved all workers out of the lab—even the colored boys who cleaned—and went to work to stop the spread of the disease. He did. All kinds of negligible deaths have been stopped by the workers of the red brick building.

Book III gives the story of man's fight against that pale horror—syphilis. Schaudinn was the first to discover the cure of the sickness which along with cancer is one of humanity's two worst enemies. This was one time when the scientific world became excited about a discovery. Who wouldn't? This disease had caught millions and millions of people from early days to the present. Bordet spotted the pale horror's hiding place; but, as often happens, the famous Wassermann blood test was not called by the name of Bordet. No wonder the Swedes gave Wagner-Jauregg the Nobel Prize! Who would think that fever could be friendly? Wagner-Jauregg relieved those who were afflicted by setting fever going in those who were insane with general paralysis. He made those patients sane. Today we have a radio fever machine doing the work that it took Wagner-Jauregg years and years to perfect.

Lastly, there is the group of men who found that the energy of light may be death's worst enemy. Because there wasn't enough sunlight in Denmark, Finsen invented a sun machine to cure skin tuberculosis. He died before he could improve on the work he had started, but, unknowingly, the light hunter had made far off disciples. Up in the Swiss Alps, Rollier showed that Old Doctor Sun not only guards us from throat and lung diseases but also acts as a germicide and antiseptic. Ove Strandberg had the nerve to use machine sunlight on those who were in the last stages of consumption—on those who had been given their death sentence by every doctor. With few exceptions, all were cured.

Certainly, one can't help lauding these men. The biographer's use of lavish praise is readily forgiven when one knows that had insulin been discovered while Mr. de Kruif's father was alive, he would not have had to suffer so much from diabetes. I, too, give a prayer of thanks to these death fighters, for it was only yesterday that I heard my favorite uncle has diabetes—at least there will be the insulin to relieve his suffering. Paul de Kruif's point of view is wholly impartial. Where credit is to be given, it is given generously; otherwise, the author presents the facts and lets the reader judge for himself. For example, de Kruif states that Semmelweis was not the martyr most biographers paint him; in fact, de Kruif becomes sarcastic and says they are too

poetic. Chronic meningitis, atrophied brain, degeneration in one's spinal column are not the result of neglect or persecution. The biographer gives credit to Bordet for his excellent work on blood testing and explains why the world knows that blood test by Wasserman's name. There is a wealth of scientific information in this book, accurately and well written. Mystery, thrills, drama, tragedies, humor, irony—all in one book so full of interest that it grips one beyond words.

E. W., *Senior I.*



A Dream Realized

ALL "housecleaning" has begun in the Glen. The woodland has been freed from unsightly and dangerous ivies by student members under the Federal Emergency Relief Administration in preparation for the proposed development and conservation of forest and bird life.

The program, available through the Maryland Emergency Relief Administration, is under the direction of Miss Stella Brown, State Normal Faculty Adviser. Mr. Prince and Mr. Vanderploeg, representatives of the Maryland State Forestry Department, have prepared for the planting of 800 assorted species of trees, shrubs and evergreens in concentrated sections throughout the Glen; a worthy and invaluable contribution to the beauty of the grounds and to the educational facilities of the student body.

Through the geological and technical observation by the engineer on the site, facilities were discovered for the exhibition of water plants in easily accessible Botany Pools which border upon nature trails that wend their way through Concentration Gardens and over rustic bridges. Shelters, too, will be improvised for class observation of Field Geology and Natural History, where source material is readily available. Sectioned along these trails, will be preserves for wild plants, flowers and birds in their natural and appropriate setting.

Aside from its scientific value, the Glen, as a completed project, presents a background for the recreation and enjoyment of both the Faculty and the Student Body alike. Let us look forward to the forthcoming seasons when its woodland will resound to the happy laughter of the elementary student at play, its trails beckon invitingly to the undergraduate, and its mirrored pools reflect the smiles of the eldest alumni.

CARL D. STOREY, *Civil Engineer,*
Glen Project.

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

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ALICE MUNN, Faculty Adviser

Shall Maryland Neglect Radio?

AT present, Maryland is apparently ignoring what promises to become the greatest single influence in the development of our nation. That is the magic carpet in every home—the radio. It is difficult to believe that when (in 1933) twenty-eight or more states

already maintain educational broadcasting stations, a presumably progressive system such as Maryland's takes little or no action.

Today, it is easy to see the vast extent to which radio programs have affected our everyday life. Our jokes—songs—opinions—quotations—are not all these heard through a loudspeaker? True, the sound movie is a great power—but the radio is and will become a greater power! At home, while we dress in the morning, while we eat, at the corner drugstore, in the auto we drive to work, the radio is constantly impressing, repeating—ideas—music—song.

Said Calvin Coolidge, "A new social force . . . is being developed by radio waves. The time may not be far away when it will be possible to have a receiving set in the home that will produce a sound motion picture . . . Central stations may be able to receive and broadcast to the eye and ear."*

So tremendous a force is difficult to comprehend. A deep and urgent need is at hand for learning to control and use these new inventions, lest they prove of real danger in untrained hands. We dare not wait 'til the morrow. Let us begin at once! Maryland educators must not fall behind, but rather, should strive to catch up in radio education and to take their place among those who are leading the nation!

CHARLES MEIGS, *Senior III*.

**Washington Post*, February 14, 1931.



Freshmen Mothers' Week-End

THE school event that looms closest, as the TOWER LIGHT nears its November printing, is Freshmen Mothers' Week-End. No school function is probably now more fixed with us as an institution, nor more valuable. Its prime purpose is to establish understanding and cooperation between the parents of our Freshman students and the Normal School, by making a contact between the two, and giving the opportunity for interchange of ideas and points of view.

The program, as drawn up for the week-end, gives one an idea of the many-sidedness of the interests to be touched upon.

Friday, November 2

Afternoon—Welcome at Newell Hall.

6.00—Dinner at the dormitory.

6.30—Social hour and group singing.

7.00—Tour of the dormitory, kitchen and infirmary.

7.30—Personal appointments with daughters and sons.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Saturday, November 3

- 10.00—Opportunity for sight-seeing trip around Baltimore and Loch Raven or shopping in Baltimore or seeing school campus. (For sight-seeing trip the mothers are the guests of the school.)
- 12.30—Luncheon.
- 1.00-4.00—Individual conferences with Dr. Anna S. Abercrombie, School Physician—Infirmary.
Topic: The Health Record of Daughters and Sons.
- 2.00-4.00—Individual conferences of mothers and daughters or sons with Scholarship Committee, advisers and instructors of Freshman classes—Foyer.
- 3.00-4.00—Tea served in the Foyer.
- 4.00—Discussion meeting with Dr. Tall, advisers and all members of the faculty—Richmond Hall. (For mothers only.)
Topic: Fitting the Students to the School and the School to the Students.
- 6.00—Dinner at the dormitory for all Freshmen, their mothers and members of the faculty.
- 6.30—Social hour in the Foyer.
- 7.30—Personal appointments with daughters and sons.

Sunday, November 4

- Morning—Opportunity to visit the churches and meet the pastors.
- 1.00—Dinner for mothers and fathers of resident Freshmen.
- Afternoon—Farewell.

As can be seen, there will be opportunity for individual conferences, for serious group discussion, and for social recreation. It is in preparation for this latter phase of the work that the Freshmen and some of the upper classmen are now concerned. An informal entertainment, typical of recreation at the Normal School, has grown to be a part of the Saturday evening dinner and social hour. Shall we risk a preview of them now? That is a dangerous venture, when those who read will also have seen and heard between the writing of this and the coming of the *TOWER LIGHT* from the press. You will know more than the writer of this article. You will have heard the Orchestra playing from the balcony in the dining room. You will remember the singing and the stunts, so as to know how well the lady "passed by," whether Grandma's Grunts were musical, whether the Spinning Song episode and the fox hunt reached a happy ending for the fox, whether the Seniors danced as acrobatically as was expected, whether old-fashioned girls were really as charming as their modern counterparts, whether pirates are as fierce as those you read about in story books, whether—parking on park benches is as dangerous a pastime as it was in 1860; in short, you will know many things which no prophet could possibly foresee, and which words would probably fail to describe. So just check up to see how many of the above problems you can solve now that November 3 is past, and add your own comments.

The Lure of Cape Cod

A NEW England day was drawing to a close as some travelers journeying southward from historic Plymouth, came to the parting of the way. Should they take the homeward route or should they yield to the almost irresistible impulse to explore that promontory off the coast of New England, Cape Cod? The decision was made and the journey eastward began.

At once there came to mind a geographic picture of this land. They visualized a long, narrow, sickle shaped strip of low, sandy land about sixty-five miles in length and from two to eight miles in width, extending far into the Atlantic Ocean.

The historic picture might be even more inspiring. It resembled a bent arm which beckoned in the past to the European civilizations across the sea to come and claim the vast lands which lay beyond. It might seem that in answer to this call, the Pilgrim fathers crossed the perilous sea and found a safe haven in the circle of this arm. Had it not been for the rocky and forbidding shore, these pioneer settlers would have made this peninsula their permanent home.

The scenery of Cape Cod is unique. Traveling from one village to another, the rays of the setting sun revealed the beauties of a land which for centuries has been swept by fierce winds and lashed by dashing waves.

Before reaching the end of the cape, the route led directly northward and rugged mountain peaks loomed in the distance. These peaks apparently formed a barrier between the traveler and the raging waters beyond. Once the travelers had adventured this far, there was an irresistible urge to explore what lay beyond, even to the end of the Cape.

On entering the quaint village of Provincetown, with its houses almost overshadowing its narrow and ill-lighted streets, one might imagine he was visiting an old European village. This resemblance was increased when one came in contact with some of the inhabitants who are of Portuguese descent and who have retained the characteristics of their ancestors. A full moon cast a glow over the town and the unobstructed Atlantic delighted the eye with a wonderful play of color in the moonlight.

In the morning, on the return trip, some of the villages along the coast were visited. These have become noted summer resorts and are inhabited by many simple fisher folk whom Joseph C. Lincoln has so vividly portrayed in his writings. The villagers have perpetuated to a high degree, through many generations, the customs and manners of the past. Personal contact and observation of these folk add to the captivating lure of Cape Cod.

MARY C. WRIGHT, *Senior VI.*

His Last Storm

THE waves dashed unceasingly against the impassive rocks of the island. Lightning flashed and thunder roared. Never during the fifty years of his living there, had the old light-house keeper seen such a storm. It was rather befitting, he thought, that on his last night at the lighthouse there should be such a storm. It was symbolic of his life at the lighthouse.

Sadly he glanced around his room—at the old chest in the corner where he kept his few extra clothes; at the large wooden table in the center of the room; at the hard, uncomfortable chair; at his little cot in the corner. Often he had not slept in that cot because he had remained up to make sure that his beacon would lead ships to safety. He thought of the other man who was to come tomorrow, and wondered if he, too, would grow to love the place.

Slowly he climbed the steps leading to the tower. He made sure the beacon was shining and that even through the storm it would be seen by passing ships. He was sad for he would no longer be able to do his part in saving the ships. A younger man must come; he was too old; it was feared that he was no longer able to take care of his duties.

He returned to his room. He put on his oilskin and cap, and opened the door. A flash of lightning revealed the outside world to him. The rain came down in torrents; the waves dashed against the rocks in a seeming effort to break them. The old man stepped out of his doorway and was almost pushed backwards by the wind and rain. A loud clap of thunder and a brilliant flash of lightning seemed to end the world.

All was calm and serene. In the bright blue sky the birds sang happily. Never had the island seemed so peaceful. The waves broke gently against the rocks. The lighthouse, tall and white, stood majestically against the sky.

A dark object lay at the foot of the lighthouse. It was the old keeper. He, too, was calm and serene. A satisfied smile was on his lips. His whole body suggested rest and contentment. He was not going to leave the lighthouse after all.

MARY ELIZABETH MCCLEAN, *Freshman VII.*



Meteors for You

THE prehistoric man skulked and shivered in his cave; the Greek and Roman ran to the oracle and priest, and even today the savage tribes of Africa prostrate themselves on the ground at the sight of the meteor. What they saw was a blindingly, brilliant flash of light

sometimes followed by a great explosion. They knew not whence it came or where it went. Small wonder, then, that they should behold it as a forerunner of catastrophe and ruin. Even as late as 1492, the fall of a meteor in a small French village was believed to be the body of a particularly bad official who had been hurled back to earth in the form of that pitted, blackened stone.

Today the entire history of meteors is known. Meteors are formed in several ways. The majority are the remains of burned out or exploded comets. These wander through space until they happen to fall under the influence of the earth's gravity. Another source is small planetoids, remnants of some larger body which has been destroyed.

The meteor falls under the influence of gravity. A large part of the time it travels obliquely enough so that it enters the atmosphere, becomes briefly luminous, and goes out once more to wander in outer space. By spending an hour outdoors some dark, cloudless night you will be rewarded with many glimpses of these "shooting stars." Even after the meteor reaches a path to carry it to the earth certain conditions may prevent it from reaching us. The condition which most frequently occurs is that its speed causes so much friction with the air that it is burned out while still high above the earth. It may explode and fall to earth as powder or dust. And, in a few cases, it may reach the earth in a beautiful ball of fire such as was observed over Baltimore a few weeks ago.

If the meteor actually reaches the earth, what happens? It will fall in one of two forms; a huge solid mass, or many smaller masses. An example of the effect of the single, solid mass is found in the great Meteor Crater of Arizona. The huge mass dug a hole several miles in circumference and five hundred feet deep. It threw masses of bed rock weighing tons many hundred feet away, and it buried itself to a depth of over 1500 feet. An example of what happens when a group or meteor shower falls was given in Russia a few years ago. The report of the fall was heard 150 miles away. Trees were flattened and scorched in a radius of 50 miles and a herd of 200 reindeer disappeared completely. However, the chances of a human being struck by a meteor are very slim. There is only one verified report of a man dying from the fall of a meteor. Mathematicians have figured that the chances of being struck are one in 50,000,000. Even with this assurance, the sight of a huge, flaming mass racing through the dark sky causes a feeling of awe and fear to rise in our minds.

MERTON FISHEL, *Freshman VII.*



Ship Ahoy!

WELL this is certainly a new way of getting into a boat," one of us remarked as we began the attempt to climb up the heavy ladder to get aboard the *Doris Hamlin* where she lay docked in the harbor at Canton Hollow. But, then, why shouldn't it be? We were boarding a boat quite new to us, the kind one sees pictures of or hears about but hardly expects to meet in reality. It was a four masted schooner, one of the few remaining vessels of its kind in the world; and here we were at liberty to explore it and satisfy as far as possible our insatiable curiosity!

We knew this much about her. She, the *Doris Hamlin*, had set sail from Haiti in the Caribbean with a load of logwood under the command of Captain George H. Hopkins, had landed safely at the pier of the J. S. Young Company in Canton. She had been relieved of her cargo, for there on the pier were piles of logwood from which dark blue and black dyes would soon be extracted.

The captain wasn't about, but the first mate, a kindly and well-informed old sea-salt, willingly offered to escort us around the ship. Little did he realize what he had let himself in for, for we wanted to know everything and seemed to know almost nothing. We walked along the deck from port to starboard and back again. It was unusually clean for a freighter. There, between the break of the poop or stern and the fo'c'stle was the empty space where the logwood had been deposited. All the debris had been cleared away. This enabled us to see the sails more clearly. There were, this being a four masted schooner, four; the foresail, mainsail, mizzensail and jigger with their corresponding top sails, foretopsail, staysail, inner jib, outer jib, and flying jib. At the prow or bow of the vessel were four smaller sails running obliquely to the foremast. Since none of the sails were hoisted we could not enjoy a view of the schooner in full sail. However, in the *Evening Sun* of Friday, October 26, there was an excellent picture and an interesting article about her. With all sails set she makes a beautiful picture, one appreciated by artist and geometrist alike.

The steam engine which we saw in a small forward compartment is used for hoisting and lowering the sails. The ship, however, moves only by the action of the wind. When the wind is with her, she makes rapid progress toward her destination but when the wind is against her and bids fair to make her "play catchers" backwards, she is not seriously thwarted, for a system of tacking is then used.

Aid in sailing is received only as the schooner leaves the harbor when she is towed out to the channel by a tug boat. On all previous sailings the *Doris Hamlin* has had a tugboat assist her at least as far as

Sandy Point, but when she left for Forte Liberte, Haiti, several days after we had visited her, she sailed into the channel under her own power. The wind was so sprightly and from such a quarter (north-west), that Captain Hopkins was able to maneuver the craft into the channel alone. Quite an event in the history of the *Doris Hamlin*!

As we continued our exploration of the ship, the mate told us of a perilous experience he had had with Captain Hopkins and his crew just last year when sailing on the *G. W. Kohler*, another four master. They were sailing on the Atlantic just off the North Carolina coast at the time of that fierce August hurricane and were lost in the storm. The Coast Guard came to the rescue shooting a breeches buoy out to them. They had spent the night one by one working their way along the rope across wind and waves to shore. Intrepid, these seamen! But the mate showed not a trace of self esteem. He was much more anxious to tell us about the life he loved than about himself. His weather-beaten face and sea faring appearance made a profound impression on me.

Descending single file we reached the bottom of a ladder and found ourselves in the officers' quarters—a combined kitchen-dining room, pantry, and two rooms containing the bunks. In the pantry there seemed to be many hooks for the attachment of various utensils, no doubt to keep them secure at times when the sea becomes unduly playful. I distinctly remember the cold pork, bread, butter, cheese, and cake spread out upon the table. It was close to meal time.

Out on the deck once again we explored the stern and the mate spent about five minutes showing me the compass and explaining how it worked. The effect upon me was a greater realization of the density of the cranium. The others had, meanwhile, discovered in one of the recesses of the deck some clay pottery which had been brought along from Haiti. Made by the natives there, the jugs and receptacles were quite attractive in their rude simplicity and freedom from conventional design.

The view from the stern revealed most of the harbor in a faint mist. Almost directly across was Fort McHenry and at right angles the Light street excursion piers. I thought for a moment of the last time I had been in this harbor on a boat, packed in with a mob of other excursionists on the *Wilson Line*. Just one mad experience of souvenir stands, hot dogs, dance floors, and rush for chairs! It's all right but it's every day conventionalized enjoyment, enjoyment easily, but not deeply felt. Where can one find opportunity to feel that deeper enjoyment, the vicissitude of life, that comes from being out with nature in her unhampered freedom on the sea? Oh, for a chance to go and feel what Masfield feels when he says, "I must go down to the seas again."

ADELAIDE TOBER.

Assemblies

MISS KEYS

"The Lowly Chinch Bug" was transformed in our eyes by Miss Keys from a commonplace bug to one who has succeeded in ruining the crops of hundreds of farmers in the Middle West. These bugs, according to Miss Keys, added this summer a new topic of conversation to the two much talked of subjects; the new deal and the drought in this section of the country.

Miss Keys described her visit to a farm where the crops had been destroyed by this pest and told us how she walked through a lane where the bugs were "about an inch deep." The life history and the habits of the chinch bug were described and we were made to realize the great harm done by this small insect. In a bottle in the hall Miss Keys had one of the things she "had brought back from her summer experiences" some quiet, dead, and altogether harmless chinch bugs.

MISS ENGLE

Our present social and industrial life is undergoing a great change. The educational system must adjust itself to this change. This system can be just as good a one as you want to buy. The money you pay the state in taxes buys your educational system. The state can do this as a mass effort better than an individual can for the payment is spread over the whole population and is fairly distributed.

Taxes are a means of purchasing things that you as an individual want. We, as teachers, should try to make the children realize that the machinery of the government is a part of their daily lives and that taxes are a payment for the services sold them by the state. We can do much in putting across the relation between the government and the individual and between public service and the individual. Each individual has a very important part to play in building up this nation.

MISS SMITH

Miss Smith from the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness which is a branch of the National Health Council spoke to us on the activity of this society and the very great importance of its work. A demonstration of eye testing was given with the aid of a group of children of different ages from the Campus school. We, as teachers, should take a leading part in the conservation of the sight of the children of this country.

DR. COON

Our civilization is changing. Radio is taking a very important place in education for it has the power to exert a lasting influence on the attitudes and ideals of the boys and girls of America. If we do admit radio into our schools, our responsibility as teachers does not end here. We must guide the listening children into educational channels, for the radio has a wealth of educational material to offer. Let us admit the radio to our schools and have it as a right hand man assisting us in our teaching.

A committee of radio education has recently been formed in our own school with Miss Treut as adviser. A radio has been placed in the student council room for the students' use. Programs are posted daily and we are encouraged to use this radio. Let's take advantage of this opportunity and help to further radio education.

COLUMBUS DAY

Senior III carried out to the fullest extent the aim of their assembly which was "to give a vivid picture of cultural and political life in the time of Columbus." Members of the section spoke on costumes, fifteenth century Italian painting, scientific instruments, ballads and literature of the time, as well as political development. It was an interesting and informing assembly.

MISS PRICKETT

Miss Prickett living up to all expectations spoke to us on one of her hobbies—the growth of the orchestra movement in the United States. This movement was traced for us from 1896 when all music was vocal, to the present day. School orchestras, music camps, string ensembles, band and orchestra contests—all of these were discussed in a clear and concise manner. We were made to realize the very great progress made in this type of music education and that at the present time the whole emphasis is on the value of performance not only in the school but after the pupils have left the school.



(With apologies to Gertrude Stein)

"Nuts when and if the bloom is on" . . . for by the game is few if all don't come; so shall so really, really, really, no TOWER LIGHT unlikely, unevenly even without Ads. Get it—the Ads—yes sir!

School News

A MORE exact title for this column might be "School Olds" because there is very little that is new in it. This condition has two causes, namely: the quite necessary lapse of time between the handing in of material and the publishing of the same, which makes prophecy necessary if new news is to be attained; and the fact that your correspondent is not a prophet. Julien Turk is your man. Circumstances being as they are, we have tried to find "olds" that are news, in order that the reader may see in his present surroundings many intriguing things waiting there.

Did you know:

That on our campus is a house which is over seventy-seven years old? In the newel post of the stair in the "cottage" was found a crisp piece of brown paper on which was written, "This stairway was built by Samuel Hickson (?—the writing has faded) Finished January 28, 1857." There was also in the newel post what seems to have been a fragment of memorandum. It said on one side, "J. D. Lusby, Carpenter and Builder," on the other, "Hauling \$2.39. Smith \$5.00." These papers are kept in the office safe. They will probably be put on exhibition with some more of the relics to be hereinafter mentioned. (Who says we are not prophets?)

That in the safe is kept also the part gold and part black combination pen and eversharp with which House bill 177 chapter 776 authorizing an issue of bonds, the money from which was to be spent for new land for the Normal School, was signed by the then Governor Goldsborough and the others? Wrapped around this pen is a paper on which is written, by a contemporary, its history.

That there are 88 acres of land in our campus? The reason so much was bought is, that in order to buy the desired frontage on York Road, it was necessary to buy also the back lands of the three constituent parcels of land.

That the cost of the land for the Normal School at Towson was \$88,000. According to the *inventory for 1932-1933, the value of the land and improvements was \$112,198.72. This does not, of course, include the value of the buildings.

That there is a secret compartment built into the floor of one of the closets in Dr. Tall's home. We are expecting sliding panels any moment now.

That during the year 1932-1933 there was, connected with the

*Reference—67 Annual Report of State Superintendent.

Normal School at Towson, \$1,174 worth of livestock and facilities for caring for livestock? Have you noticed the pigs and horses?

That just this year a field of turnips and two beds of celery have been cultivated. Those who have never seen celery growing might learn something if they stroll along the road leading from the power house to the land behind Glen Esk. We mean learn something about celery. Of course the squirrels are interesting, too.



The Freshman Adviser's Message

AT this time I would like to express to the Freshman Class my sincere appreciation for their cooperation in the Freshman elections. The Freshman Class is now under the leadership of its officers and executive committee.

One of the first problems to be considered is to bring about a consciousness of the plan a group of this kind has in the school life. The social chairmen of all sections in cooperation with the executive committee desire to have the Freshmen play a real part in the development of the ability to practice good manners and everyday courtesies. In this way a foundation will be laid for the successful living of our school life.

MARIE M. NEUNSINGER.



Song of the F.E.R.A. Boys

Stand up and smear,
Stand up and smear
The walls of Normal,
For today we raise our brushes each and every way.
Our boys are painting,
And they are out to paint all day,
Straight up and down,
Green, white, or brown,
We're boys of the F.E.R.A.

LEON LERNER, *Freshman IV.*

Chi Alpha Sigma Meeting

MISS Frances R. Dearborn of the Department of Education at Johns Hopkins University, was the guest and speaker at the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity meeting held on Saturday, October 27, at 1001 St. Paul Street. She gave a most interesting and inspiring talk on "The Other Side of the Picture," particularly referring to the child's side. Her leading thought was that the fine trends in education today must take into account the real child, or in other words, not just the school child. "Teachers must have time to get acquainted with the individual child and learn his interests, and the child must have time for his own personal problems."

Four new members were initiated into the fraternity at this meeting. They are: Eleanor Goedeke, Dorothy Lorenz, William Podlich, and Herman Bainer. Others of the Senior Class who were taken in at the meeting last May are: Dorothy Gonce, Mary Yaeger, and Mary Coffman.

MARY COFFMAN, *Senior VI.*



Lawrence Tibbett in Recital

THE reception given Lawrence Tibbett was a thunderous testimony of the audiences' approval and appreciation of his generous performance. The printed program, supplemented by numerous encores provided a well rounded selection that might satisfy the most varied demands of an audience. The old familiar themes, such close friends as "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "The Road to Mandalay," "Prologue to Il Paggiacci," "Sylvia," "Glory Road," "The Omnipotence"—and others, were sung in a manner that gave them new charm; whereas a few modern compositions were given a delightful introduction.

It was in the stimulating rendition of Sho'tni'n Bread that the artist's sparkling personality captivated the audience. After this mutual self-finding, the program continued in a rollickingly successful manner.

It was indeed a joy to hear the true, full, rich tones that even when relayed by radio and sound screen are amazing in their beauty, and I am sure Lawrence Tibbett's return engagement is the anticipation of many.

Music Builds

THERE are many impressions from my childhood, that, taken together, make up my present love for music. One of these is in the form of a story that was told me when I first started to study music. Everytime I thought of this story I would practice twice as hard to show that I believed in the power of music. Here is the wonderful tale that was told to me:

Directly after the World War some young man came to apply for lessons. He was a pale, serious, pathetic-looking young man. He told the teacher that before the war he had worked at an art school and had produced many prized productions. Incidentally, he showed the teacher his right hand. Most of it had been shot away in France. He told the vocalist that he had been very seriously shell-shocked while "over there." Medicines, rest cures, radium, everything was tried to help him. Nothing availed until music was prescribed. Music brought back his mind. He is now getting a new start in life.

This story seems to be one of many that show the power of music. Doctors have realized this power for a long time. We find Lieutenant Colonel Mott, M.D., an English nerve specialist, saying:

"I am convinced from my experience at the Neurological Hospital that voice training and choral singing of good music have proved an excellent health restorative to the nervous system of soldiers convalescent from war neurosis."

All of us believe that music has power, or, as we say, "does something to us." It can excite and calm us. It can appeal to all our senses.

Who, then, can question that it builds us?

SARENA FRIED, *Junior I.*



Child Study Group

CAMPUS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, MARYLAND STATE
NORMAL SCHOOL

Room 123—Administration Building, 10.30 A.M.
1934-1935

Topic II. The Buyer's Dilemma.

Modern Advertising.

Available Assistance—Consumers' Research.

November 14, 1934—Discussion Meeting Based on Book Reviews of
Readings on Topic II, led by Mrs. C. I. Winslow.

December 12, 1934—Talk on Topic II, by Dr. Elinor Pancoast.

Freshman Officers

The elections of the officers of the Freshman Class is over. With the help of the Senior Class President, Miss Kreis, and the League of Young Voters, the Class of '38 has chosen as its leaders for the coming year:

WALTER UBERSAX	<i>President</i>
BETTY LEE ROCHFORD	<i>Vice-President</i>
EDYTHE GONCE	<i>Secretary</i>
LORELLE HEADLEY	<i>Treasurer</i>
LA RUE POTTER	<i>Social Chairman</i>
EDITH PENNINGTON	<i>Vice-Social Chairman</i>

With such able leaders and competent followers, the Freshman Class is looking forward to a busy and successful year.

EDYTHE GONCE, *Secretary*.



The Baltimore Civic Opera Company

THE Baltimore Civic Opera Company, under the direction of Eugene Martinet, is gaining headway with the music lovers of Baltimore City. It has been established and developed with one main idea and hope—to promote more appreciation of good music in this city. It has certainly succeeded in its purpose. Some of the outstanding members of this company are: H. Robert Jackens, who sang for us in our auditorium, Marion Gilbert, soprano, Herbert Newcomb, and John Engler. The opera has been presenting performances at Lehmann Hall, and has worked out for this next season the following program:

November 15, 1934—"La Favorita"

November 19, 1934—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz"

December 10-13, 1934—"Aida"

January 17, 1935, to February 28, 1935—"La Traviata"

"Lohengrin"—Date to be announced.

Various benefit performances.

It is true that, up until now, opportunities for hearing grand Opera have been scarce and expensive. Now, however, the Baltimore Civic Opera Company is at your disposal for an almost ridiculously low admission price.

SYLVIA BERNSTEIN, *Freshman I.*

Glee Club

THE Glee Club has been working steadily, slowly but surely, building up a new repertory of songs. Mozart's "Sanctus" and the spiritual "King Jesus is a Listenin," have not proved easy, but they are worthwhile. Attendance at rehearsals has been good, and Freshmen, especially, have proved their interest, by attending an additional period each week.

Practice has been heading toward several special occasions. October 27, a quintet; Emily Ross, Bernice Shapos, Elinor Wilson, Edward MacCubbin and Myron Mezick, sang at a tea given on board the *City of Havre* down in the harbor. This was fun, especially when we went for a ride from the pier to a dry dock. The quintet, by the way, would not mind being booked for a longer sea-voyage. But we must come back to earth . . . The entire Club will sing during National Education Week. Freshman members are preparing to contribute largely to the entertainment for the Mothers of the Freshmen, Saturday, November 3. A group of twenty members will give a half hour program before the Harford County Parent Teacher's Association, at Belair, December 12. All of us will take part, of course, in the Christmas program. So there is much ahead.



Faculty Notes

LIKE a certain well advertised paint, the normal school faculty "covers the world." In case you have not yet caught up with their summer travels, now is the time to remove your deficiency.

Miss Tall is a veteran commuter to Europe. Each year she decides to go somewhere else, but in the end she succumbs to the force of habit. Miss Medwedeff found one continent too confining, so with her characteristic speed and enthusiasm, she visited four, omitting only South America and Australia. (Check: What continents did Miss Medwedeff visit?) Miss Steele tried to make up for what Miss Medwedeff missed by a trip to the West Indies and a peek at northern South America, while Miss Treut visited Europe only to find that the United States isn't so bad after all. Miss Brown avoided the ocean, but went abroad anyway on a motor trip to the Gaspé Peninsula and maritime Canada.

The rest of the faculty spread themselves over the United States as far as possible. Two managed to cross the Rockies. Miss Birdsong drove to the Pacific Coast, but Miss Tansil decided Utah was a good place to stop. You may draw your own conclusions. Miss Prickett studied the farm problem at first hand in Kansas, and Miss MacDonald

is sure Iowa is the hottest place in the United States. Miss Bader spent some time in northern Minnesota and in Michigan. Miss Dowell and Miss Van Bibber cooled off in Michigan also. Of course you know that Miss Keys went where the chinch bugs were. Miss Blood took the rest cure on the shores of Lake Ontario. Mr. and Mrs. Minnegan are said to have dropped out of sight for three weeks, whether from choice or necessity we know not. Miss Daniels spent most of the summer among the woods and lakes of Wisconsin.

After teaching at the Johns Hopkins summer school Miss Jones, Mrs. Brouwer and Mr. Walther made their way to South Dakota, Michigan, and Ohio respectively. Miss Munn, Miss Woodward, Miss Neunsinger and Miss Rutledge all aspired to greater knowledge and swelled the ranks at Columbia University. After that—well, you ask them what they did.

Miss Cook motored to the World's Fair. Mrs. Stapleton did likewise. Miss Sperry and Miss Bersch stayed nearer home, spending some time in Virginia. Miss Scarborough thought Maryland was good enough for her. Miss Roach says she did nothing. We think she did it in Connecticut. Dr. Abercrombie made several short trips round about. Miss Weyforth visited the Pine Tree state. Perhaps the murmuring of the pines reminded her of the glee club.

Mrs. Stapleton and Miss Medwedeff tried to start a Faculty Hospital Club this fall. The venture did not prove popular, though Miss Scarborough at one time considered joining it. We are glad to report that now even the charter members have admitted the idea was not a good one, and have abandoned the club headquarters.

Lest all this appear too ancient, we hasten to inform you of the latest movements of the faculty. A tea in honor of the new and retiring officers of the State Teachers Association was being held on the *City of Havre* of the Baltimore Mail Line. Suddenly the guests found themselves not at the dock in Canton, but out in the Bay. No ransom offers were made, however, so the company landed them, literally high and dry, in the dry dock at the ship yard, and furnished buses to facilitate their arrival at their original destinations.



Alumnae Note

Miss Priscilla Emmerich, a former graduate of the Maryland State Normal School was married on August 18, 1934 to Mr. Thomas Vernon Walther. The couple will reside in Marlboro, where Mr. Walther is an instructor in the high school.

The Beacon

The campus fourth grade has started a publication called, *The Beacon*. The children chose this title because they liked the idea of their paper shedding light over a great space. Into the weekly or bi-weekly issues go interesting experiences personal and impersonal, real and vacarious. For the first issue the children drew upon their summer experiences for their stories, and in the last issue they relived the activities of our early ancestors. Below are some of their stories.



At the Airport

It was a sunny afternoon when we arrived at Curtis Wright Field. First we went to Colonel Tipton's office. He took us to the workshop where one of the mechanics was taking a Wright whirlwind motor apart. We watched him with great interest. Next we went to the field to look some of the planes over. The first ship we looked at was a training ship. It was interesting. Then we went to Mr. Thompson's ship and took a good ride over the city. We were sorry when it was over.



JOHN SEIDEL.

A Battle

One night when all the Big Bear Clan was asleep one man woke up and heard a noise. He jumped up with his ax. He looked and saw a light and shouted for the other men. All the men ran out with their spears and axes. The enemy was there. Spears flew and men shouted. Some men climbed to a cliff and threw rocks. They drove the enemy away.



ADRIAN MERRYMAN.

Revelations II; 34-35

THIS month's findings are more discouraging than last month's. We had hoped to follow a theme—perhaps one of thankfulness, but, as we sit and gaze over the items submitted, we find practically nothing to give thanks for unless it be in behalf of those afflicted with omnipotence who have in the Junior Class an ardent advocate of the Braille system for the deaf. What strange ears they would need!

We would be glad to offer suggestions to certain individuals about the school which, if followed, would bring forth not only our thanks, but thanks from the school in general. We realize that it has never been the policy of this column to concern itself with the conduct of the student body, that is, with a view toward bettering said conduct but we

are willing to change our course if the student body so desires. We can promise you some startling revelations if you will it.

We are frankly curious about "Gus." Hath music lost its charm?

To bolster up the pride of those students who ride to school on their thumbs, we disclose the fact that on July 4, 1934, Miss Birdsong, in a like manner but with more success, might have been seen flagging a car on a lonely road in the Rockies.

We knew that sooner or later Myron's smile would spell disaster to Myron. Complete ruin has not yet been established but we predict that in the near future Catonsville will be the Mecca of Mezick.

Did you know that Owings was an authority on the advantages of Cumberland—(cultural or otherwise)?

And did you know that the resident senior who frequently disguises himself as a teddy bear, owns the most complete collections of rejection slips from publishing companies to be found in these parts.

Arthur Bennett seems to have received the mark of feminine approval—and it won't rub off.

And did you know why Mr. Miller no longer gives the notices of the League of Young Voters in the assembly? We have it on good authority that it is because the organization is consistently referred to as the League of Young Women Voters.

Mary, Mary, quite "the" contrary. Some of us knew all the time. We won't divulge her name but she rooms with her sister named Jane.

We mentioned his name last month and we hesitate to give him too much attention but this cannot go unnoticed. It seems that a certain young man in his recent and intensive study of bees has become so enthusiastic over the success of their social and economic systems that he has decided to apply their principles to his own life—. All well and good, Ed, but watch you don't get stung!

It was amusing at a recent committee meeting to see Miss Bolinger report present while holding an ice cream sandwich and grow embarrassed as the meeting began to grow longer.

Mr. Wheeler frequently and volubly observes that the students who receive the high grades on a test are always ready to laugh when the instructor claims that she doesn't see how any one could have missed so simple a question. We have noticed it also, "Josh," and we sincerely hope that someday you will be able to understand their point of view.

And, Tom, don't you think it's about time you put away your "nursery daze"?

We believe that it would contribute noticeably to Dallas Smith's physical and mental well-being if he would use the fourth period as designed on his schedule rather than for dancing with the blonde freshman each day in room 223.

They swear it's true. A country freshman had her picture taken and the camera not only broke, it fell completely apart. Name and address will be furnished on request.

This was contributed by a freshman and attributed to Mr. Walther. We hope she's right because your editor cannot afford to rouse his ire at this time of the year.

Definition of a novel:

Chapt. I —She.

Chapt. II —He.

Chapt. III—He and She.

Chapt. IV—I hate him—I hate her—I hate him—I hate her.

Chapt. V —She pretends to jump over a cliff.

Conclusion:—(50 years ago) He saves her.

(At present) He shoves her.

Our Editor (note the capitalization) points out that the ardent indignation of a Freshman, blood relative of the Muses, at her gross neglect in not mentioning in a recent assembly talk "the influx (sic) of the Scotch Ballads," should not be overlooked. He at least was listening.

A freshman observes that the supply of eclairs in the cafeteria fall short in filling the demand. What a magnificent capacity she must have!



Normal Trips Western Maryland

ASLUSHY, muddy field—this seemed to aid rather than hinder the State Normal School Tribe as they toppled over a bewildered Western Maryland College eleven to register their twentieth successive soccer victory. The margin of victory, 4-2, though decisive enough, does not indicate the superiority of the Normal School Indians over the invaders. Except for the breaks of the game, at least two more goals would have been scored.

The beginning of hostilities found the Terrors leading 1 to 0. Although impressive at first, this lead did not last very long. After Myron Mezick had netted a shot to tie the score at one all, four more goals were piled up in impressive fashion. One of these was not allowed, a player being offside. Another certain goal was also just missed when Judd Myer was accidentally tripped by an opposing player. The Terrors scored once more before the end of the game.

All of the players distinguished themselves, especially Tom Johnson and Mezick. This duet accounted for all of the home team's scoring. Josh Wheeler handled several shots so perfectly that a number of Western Maryland threats were quickly repulsed.

THEODORE WORONKA, *Senior III.*

The Normal School Spotlight

YIPEE-E-E and a couple of loud yowie-e-es." The State Normal School Indians are on a rampage, and woe betide the luckless "tenderfeet" that try to challenge their domain. View, patient reader, "heap big scores" and give a couple of rounds of cheers. The varsity soccerites are still scalping their foe. When will they stop?

Susquehannock Tribe	2-1
Md. Training School for Boys	3-0
Annapolis High	4-0
Sparrows Point High	4-0
Western Maryland College	4-2
Franklin High School	5-2
Frostburg Normal	7-0
Park School	9-0

All of the above are wins for Normal.

Have you been out to see what we consider one of the best drilled teams in the state? Of an afternoon, step ye down to yonder soccer field and gaze upon ball handling that rates among the best. If our word be not accepted as "official," look soon for the comments of Johnny Neun in the *Sun* and view pictures of the members of the State Normal soccer team illustrating tricks of the game.

What is the secret of the success of these proteges of Coach Minnegan? Individual ball handling, pass work, a team sense, and aggressiveness prove to be the elements that lead to the downfall of so many opponents. The varsity squad is a thinking one.

A round of applause need be given to deserving members of the team for outstanding achievements; to the half-back combination of Bill Gonce, Don Schwanebeck, and Melvin Cole for the manner in which they back up the forward line (watch carefully the defensive and offensive value of this trio in the coming games); to the fighting aggressiveness of Jud Meyers, Myron Mezick, Gene Benbow, George Rankin, and Temp Smith; to the spectacular ball handling and shooting of Tom Johnson; to the consistent and stellar goal-keeping of Josh Wheeler; to the emergency boots of Ed Fost and Ed Brumbaugh; and to the fine team spirit and marked improvement of Nick Rescigno, Arthur Bennett, Dave Smith, Allen Harper, Morris Hoffman, Jimmy Tear, John Owings, Lee Tipton, Sid Tepper, Walt Ubersax, Eugene Rush, and Charles Hopwood.

A few cheers might also be given to those enthusiastic followers of the game who braved the elements of wind and driving rain to see Western Maryland soundly trounced.

(Continued on page 48)

Case Study

ARRIVE home at five sharp. Meditate on how to fill in hour and half before dinner. Realize time is too short to start homework and still do it justice. Already feel little hunger pangs in stomach region and know that physical discomfort hampers mental activity. Wander aimlessly about the house and oddly enough find self in the pantry. Yield to temptation and eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Answer confidently to Mother that one sandwich will not destroy my appetite. After all, I have been doing this for years.

Decide to get intellectual and take a stab at the newspaper. Read carefully through *Hollywood News Items* and other back page funnies. Enjoy Christopher Billopp's column more than ever. Read *Oswald* but as usual fail to get the point. Young brother breaks up my concentration by turning on some sports reporter with prominent tonsils. Defeated in intellectual effort, I make a list of "things to be done *this* evening." Complete that; continue inventory head—next list "things to be done tomorrow evening."

Sit down at piano and allow fingers to play idly around the keys. Attempt *Gypsy Rondo*. Thoroughly disgusted—fingers all thumbs. Determine to resume practicing of scales. Question use of "resume," since I never did practice. Substitute "begin" for "resume." After a good work out in chop sticks, move restlessly to magazine rack. Inward struggle as to type of reading I can take at present. Process of elimination leaves me a story about a Chinese detective. Incapable of pronouncing detective's name to my satisfaction, so give up the idea.

Look out window. Notice that neighbor's lawn needs a good trim before winter. Watch Jane adjust skate strap. Amuse myself by wondering what Jane is saying to skate or herself or both. Promise myself to go skating soon. Know right well I won't, but still—.

Arrival of one working member of family starts exchange of interesting tidbits. Learn that coats are selling today as compared to lull of yesterday. Rest of family ambles in from time to time.

Hour being fifteen minutes after six, young brother retires to bedroom, plays "Come and Get Your Beans, Boys" on bugle—a hangover from camp. Various members of family, responding to familiar call to dinner, gather round the table.

Chew through meal, wondering where in world can time have gone and how in world I can complete homework.

ELEANOR M. GOEDEKE, *Senior III.*

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The Normal School Spotlight

(Continued from page 44)

Are our girls just as aggressive? Comments from the male students are in order. Note: (The problem is strictly an athletic one.) If you do not believe so, (last clause not connected with previous parenthesis), justify your opinion by watching the hockey teams of the Freshmen, Juniors, and Seniors begin their competition soon. Into the fray will enter three Freshmen, one Junior, and two Senior teams.

Do not ask Miss Roach how the girls are getting along or which team she thinks will emerge victorious. Watch the different groups for yourself. It would be quite encouraging to see a number of male students patronizing the girls' fall sport. Handling a hockey stick, to a degree, requires just as much skill as handling a soccer ball.

These are the games in the "Normal Spotlight" that may be looked forward to; spirited hockey games between several fine teams, and coming varsity soccer tilts with Forest Park High, Johns Hopkins University, and Calvert High College.

THEODORE WORONKA, *Senior III.*

FAIRFAX BROOKS, *Senior II.*



The
TOWER LIGHT



DECEMBER
• 1934 •

The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

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The Tower Light

VOL. VIII

DECEMBER, 1934

No. 3

The Meaning of Christmas

1. TO A FOUR YEAR OLD.

"We have a Christmas tree with lights—all kinds of lights on it. Santa Claus is going to bring me a train—big—so I can sit on it—Oh, an awful large one. I'll have an automobile, too, with a rumble seat, a windshield, wiper, and with lights—and they'll go on, too. Santa comes in a airplane, when it rains he rides in a automobile. And he has a sled, too, but he keeps that in the garage." About ten minutes later the child came up to me and said, "He has a monoplane too."

NOTE.—This child said in a crescendo, "Santa Claus! Toys! Jingle Bells! Trees!"

2. TO LEWIS GWYNN—"OUR LEWIS."

(*"Christmas Spirit a Reminder and Joy"*)

The spirit and purpose of every holiday is to refresh the memory in reference to some great event, which means much to the world, or to remember some individual for the outstanding place he held in church or state.

I greet the Christmas Holiday always, as it brings gladness to every boy and girl, and reminds us all of the birth of the Holy child.

3. TO A MAN WHO WORKS WITH HIS HANDS.

Peace comes to me at Christmas time, a warm joy of giving and of being remembered—A great gladness that Christ was born.

Christmas Mood

Drowsy dawn,
Rubs her eyes—
Yawns . . . Beaming,
She rises,
Fleecy-robed,
Welcoming
Frail sunlight;
. . . 'Tis Christmas Morn!
Soon, a burst
Of wide-eyed
Brilliant glare
Floods the heav'ns;
Earth reflects
Misty sheens.
Shining leaves
Cheerfully
Dance, crackling . . .
Whispering
Warmth and love.
Holy chimes,
Soothing peace,
Sanctity
Of worship;
Divine Day,
Spiritual
And tender.

H. B., *Senior III.*



Early Winter

Scrape the gray streets of the city, brown leaves,
The chill winter wind is upon us.
Hug your coat closer, man.
And lift your face to the sting of the wind
And the cold prick of light snow.
Loud and quick are echoes of hasty feet
Hurrying home to warmth and safe, huddled love.
Thin and harsh are echoes of leaves
Blown all night in the great darkness
By early winter winds.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, '34.

Christmas

I would put my hand into yours
And hold you fast, a moment,
To say these things:
Go down into the deep ways of the earth,
Into the giving of life, and living—loving and dying,
And find that which is clean, and beautiful, and holy.
Turn your face up,
And out of the darkness of the Infinite, may light shine upon you;
The light of the stars,
And light from something beyond the stars,
That makes us see in every woman a Mary, and in every child a glow of
holiness—
That brings the blessedness of weeping to those who long have held
their bitterness alone—
That dissolves the barriers we build between us, so that we may be
unashamed of loving.

Christmas

May the swelling of its music, and the fragrance of its pine
Be sweet with the meaning of these things,
For you.

MARY DOUGLAS.



Woman with a Market Basket

Woman carrying a market basket.
What makes your face glow so?
It is brighter than the peony
That juts its rude gold head
Over the brown edge of your basket.

Woman carrying a market basket,
I keep bits of you shining
In my heart all day!

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, '34.



Abstraction

Lofty bridges, towering skyscrapers, roaring machinery,
Bellowing trade, giant structure, rumbling power,
power, power, power!
Fight and fury, groan and grumble, joy and sorrow,
Life and death and
power, power, power!
Someone stumbles, another falls—who cares?
We're all in a hurry.
Someone's sighing; another's crying,
Let's stop. Say, where are we going?

Automats—human automats—hurrying,
Scurrying—driving ahead
Weary, weary—cold, somber, dreary,
I'm frightened, I'm sick. Stop! Wait!
Don't! Oh, God!
Grumble, rumble, roar—marching,
Marching—fiends of war
The growl of the rivet—the pain of the soul
Sweat and labor, work and work,
Hour after hour, and
Power, power, power!

Science, learning, books and bibles
Nothing, nothing—bored and blind,
The gleam of gold, the warmth of wealth,
Gem and jewel, crown and tower, and
power, power, power!
The screech of commerce, the moan of pain,
Grime and goo and grit and dirt
Bitter hate—revengeful fate
Steel and girder, Hell's tree and flower, and
power, power, power!
Bloody war, filthy moral
Curse and crime—horror, terror
Crashing, dashing, mashing, slashing
Rumble, humble—scheme, dream and
power, power, power!

SIDNEY TEPPER, *Freshman IV.*

The Chosen Few

I see—a vast even plain
Covered with a deep blanket of white.
The sun glistens on the snow and makes of it
A jeweled gown
Fit for a mother of kings.
Then it is a fire,
Red and yellow,
Glowing deeply on the calm breast of the earth.
And now it has become a maze of shadows,
Purple and deep living green;
And the great silver eye of the moon
Glances calmly at itself in the crisp mirror of the snow.

A breathless silence rides upon the earth
And I fear to move
Lest I shatter perfect peace.

The shadows deepen and spread;
The darkness of midnight leisurely arrives.
I dare not move but needs must stand
A still shadow among the others creeping.
No light, no song of bird, not even a whisper
Breaks the still blue night.

Yet now there is a faint stir
And the shadows seem to move.
They are creeping away
Slowly, softly, as they have come,
Out to the west.
And a faint mist appears on the opposite side of the world.
Slowly the Master of Light appears
Attended by laughing nymphs in vari-colored gowns.
And Day reposes calmly in the skies.

Still, the earth is still.
The majesty of a winter's day
Must have awed the thrush as well as I.
No sign of man save I alone
And I am so small
A mere speck of dust
On the flashing glittering diamond that is the earth.

But now I may move and look around me,
Trembling and with shaded eye
For the world is too beautiful for me to look upon in all its glory.

On three sides is the vast plain,
A mass of shimmering flashes,
But in front of me
Far far away at the edge of the plain,
A gently sloping mountain
Rears its proud shoulder straight up to the sky
And waves great trees at the sun.

Slowly, slowly the mountain grows larger in my eyes
And now it is almost above me,
Its long slope leading upward
Like an angel's ski trail.

My will pushes me onward and upward,
The plain is far behind.
Great trees crown the top of the slope,
Standing straight and graceful,
A forest of still beauty.
Awed, breathless, I move on
To stand beneath the trees.
I am so small as I stand in the flickering shadows
But I feel as great as the greatest tree there.
Why, I am a tree!
I am as tall as they,
As straight and as graceful.
I mingle my green branches with theirs
And whisper and laugh soft secrets with them.

You see? It is so easy
To be with God.
Though I have never been as far
As a hundred miles from home
Yet have I stood on a great plain that glistens in the golden sun,
And I have stood on a great mountain though I have never seen one,
And I have seen a tree such as never I saw here—
Nay, I have been a tree,
A great one that fills puny man with awe.
I have spoken to God.

MARGARET COOLEY, *Senior I.*

A Unit on "The Beauty of the Snow"

I. OBJECTIVES

- A. To have children understand why poets write poetry.
- B. To bring the children to a fuller appreciation of the beauty of winter.
- C. To have the children create compositions concerning the beauties of winter.

II. MATERIALS

- A. "Stopping by a Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost, from *One Hundred Best Poems for Girls and Boys* (Barrows).
- B. "The First Snowfall" by James Russell Lowell, from *Poetry Book VI* (Huber Bruner Curry).

III. LESSON I

Introduction

- A. There are four reasons why a poet might write a poem.
 1. To tell a story.
 2. To describe a beautiful picture.
 3. To show a person's character.
 4. To express an emotion.

Listening motive

- A. What was Robert Frost's motive in writing this poem?

Reading the Poem

Discussion

- A. The children replied, after listening to the poem, that the writer had written it either to describe a beautiful picture or to tell a story.
- B. When asked to tell the story, the children discovered there was not much of a story in the poem. When asked to describe the picture, the children found that not all the stanzas of the poem contributed to the picture.
- C. Finally one of the children responded that the poet wanted to acquaint us with a person who had a deep appreciation of Nature.
The class chose the phrase, "nature lover," to explain the character of this man.

- D. Another child added that we learned something more of this person's character—that he was faithful to his duty even when he would like to have enjoyed the beauty of the great outdoors.
- E. This answer brought about a discussion concerning the promise that the man had to keep. The class decided the man must have been either a physician or a postmaster.
- F. When asked whether they had any idea from what section of the United States Robert Frost came, the children guessed the New England States.

Conclusion

- A. Some of the children suggested that they would like to memorize the poem, while others suggested that they would like to search for magazine pictures to illustrate the poem.

IV. LESSON II (First Snowfall)

Introduction

- A. James Russell Lowell, another New England poet, lived some time ago in Elmwood, the old Lowell residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Several children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Lowell, but with the exception of one daughter, Mabel, they all died at an early age. "The First Snowfall" was written soon after the death of their first child, Blanche. From the Lowell home, Mt. Auburn, the beautiful New England cemetery, in which Blanche was buried, was visible.

Listening Motive

- A. What was Lowell's motive in writing this poem?

Reading of poem

Discussion

- A. The children replied, at first, that James Russell Lowell wished to describe a beautiful scene. Then they realized that just four stanzas described the picture.
- B. It was decided that the poem was written to express an emotion—that of sorrow and love for his dead daughter.
- C. Discussion of the three parts into which the poem divides itself.
 - 1. Description of the snow scene (stanzas 1 to 4).
 - a. Things to which the snow is compared.
 - (1) ermine.
 - (2) pearl.
 - (3) Carrara.
 - (4) swan's-down.

2. Author's reflections (stanzas 5 to 8).
 - a. What Lowell thought about as he watched the snow.
 - b. Why "the babes in the wood" were mentioned.
 - c. What Mabel thought about as she looked at the snow.
 3. Answer to Mabel's question (stanzas 9-10).
 - a. Answer to child's question.
- (Most emphasis was put upon the descriptive part of the poem.)

Conclusion

- A. Some of the children wanted to memorize the poem. I suggested that they learn the first four stanzas.

V. LESSON III

Introduction

- A. To what things did James Russell Lowell compare the snow?
 1. ermine.
 2. pearl.
 3. Carrara.
 4. swan's-down.

Procedure

- A. Can you think of anything else to which snow can be compared?

1. flower petals.	2. cotton.
3. apple blossoms.	4 a blanket.
5. wool.	6. feathers.
- B. Can you think of any adjectives which would describe snow flakes?

1. feathery.	2. downy.
3. lovely.	4. delicate.
5. shy	6. silent.
7. spotless	8. gentle
9. fantastic.	
- C. What verbs would you suggest to picture the action of the snowflakes?

1. whirl.	2. dance.
3. flit	4. drift.
5. sail.	6. descend.
7. float.	8. flutter.
9. frolic.	10. fly.

Conclusion

- A. Children were asked to write down their reaction to the recent snow.
- B. They realized that the comparisons, the adjectives, and the verbs had been listed on the board to help them.

VI. LESSONS IV, V

- A. During these lessons the children read the compositions they had written. Special attention was given to appropriate titles and good word choices.

ANILEA H. BROWNE, '31.

THE WHITE MAGICIAN

The fast falling snowflakes quickly changed the familiar surroundings into unknown objects. The trees seemed as though they would break under their heavy coverings. Wire fences were changed to strings of pearls. Roofs looked like sheets of shining glass. What once were dead rose bushes were quickly changed to bushes of silver blossoms. The earth was turned into a blanket of fluffy cotton. It looked as though a white magician had visited the earth.

JOSEPHINE STOUTER, *Age 11, 6.*

THE GALLANT WARRIORS

One day the bugles blew and the soldiers rushed into line. Then the order came to charge. The snowflakes hurried toward the earth with glittering bayonets and soon had the ground conquered. The children dashed from the houses with sleds, skis, and ice skates. One boy exclaimed. "There is *someone* who can conquer the earth."

RAYMOND TUCKER, *Age 12, 6.*

SNOW

It looks like blossoms, all fluffy
and white,
Like lacy curtains, trimmed up
and down,
It looks like a mirror, all
glassy and glittering,
It puts me in mind of a ghost-like
shadow.

DORIS HEMPHILL, *Age 12, 6.*

FRIGHTS ON A DARK NIGHT

One dark night I was sent up to close the chicken house door, which had been left open. When I reached there I turned to look out upon the landscape. I'm not especially fond of dark nights, and the sight I saw sent shivers through me.

The moon, half obscured by a cloud, and half visible, shone ghastly pale upon the fields. The corn shocks glowed radium-like against the white background, reminding me of ghosts. Something black shot past me and disappeared in a hole.

This was all I needed to send me scampering back to the house, leaving the door unclosed.

As I ran, an icicle hit me on the head. I thought it was a man, sticking me with a sword. I redoubled my efforts and soon was safely inside the house.

BILL PORTER, *Age 11, 6.*

NATURE, THE MAGICIAN

One night when the children were in their beds,
And had gone to the land of the sleepy heads,
When all was dreary, gloomy, and dark
Outside, the dogs began to bark.
For when they awoke they saw not a tree,
That stood by the gate to guard you and me.
They saw in its place, a soldier in lace,
And of the old tree they found no trace.
They saw not the ground so rugged and brown,
But instead a blanket of soft swan's-down.
They saw not the old, worn, wooden fence-posts,
But in their place some white-hooded ghosts.
Nature is a magician,
That you ought to know.
And if you don't believe me,
Look out after a snow.

LEROY BUTTS, *Age 12, 6.*

MOTHER NATURE'S DESIGNS

While I was watching Mother Nature spread a white blanket over the earth, the snow was modeling itself into beautiful forms. It covered the branches on the trees with designs, making them look like white lace. The snow-covered wire looked like beads strung across the sky by Jack Frost. The telephone poles reminded me of giants clad in ermine. Of all the wonderful things which Mother Nature has provided for the earth, the snow seems the best.

LUGARDA HAWTHORNE, *Age 12, 6.*

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This unit was taught by Anilea Browne, '31, in Hagerstown.

NATURE'S HANDIWORK

As I stood looking out of my bedroom window one night, I saw millions of swirling white snowflakes sifting down from the sky. They looked like little crystals, and beat with soft, muffled sounds on the window-pane. Before long the pure, white flakes lay like a fleecy blanket over everything, and all of the trees were covered with the snow, making it look like a scene from Fairyland.

In the morning when I awoke, the snow had ceased, but all of the ground was hidden from sight beneath the white mantel. The branches of the evergreen trees were heavy with crystals. In fact every outdoor object wore a white hood.

MARTHA YEAKLE, *Age 11, 6.*



Herald

In melancholy mood I lie beside
The still, untrammelled waters of the lake.
Enshrouded in the majesties of art
Long dead, I seek to break the bonds that bind
My soul to whirling wheels and wretched wars
Twixt lord and laborer. Here, as I dream,
My thoughts unwind the musty scroll of Time
From out whose ancient, age-worn record leap
The lights that lit a trodden people's way,
The heralds of revolt whose beauteous song
Yet lives to cheer a trampled human horde!

Awake! I cry, let not these martyred rebels
Lie buried in the lap of Time! Of what
Avail the wondrous works of Hesiod,
Of what avail the beauteous art of Keats,
If, but to die, scarce heeded through the years?
Wherefore did Shelley die in penury
A broken outcast from society?

Not yet are dreams and quiet solitudes
For me, while rich and poor remain, and greed
Runs rampant through the streets of cultured men!
Awake! I cry, seek ye the liberty
They sought; hold high their flickering torch!

MELVYN SEEMAN, *Freshman IV.*

Laeti Triumphantes

ADESTE Fidelis, Laeti Triumphantes" clearly, sweetly, and joyfully floats down the mountain side on the cold, dry Christmas air. How often have the people of the little town of Mt. St. Mary's listened to this most wonderful of Christmas hymns ushering in the Noel. Christmas was not Christmas without this rendition by Larry Diehlman in memory of his father.

Old Larry, as the inhabitants of the countryside called him, was quite a neighborhood character. His father came of a very aristocratic family which immigrated to this country in the early eighteenth century. He was a wonderful musician, a professor of music at Mt. St. Mary's College. During his lifetime he composed many masses for the Catholic Church, some of which are still used by it. Larry was his oldest child and his father gave him every opportunity to acquire an education—but Larry would have none of it. He was the black sheep of the family.

However, like his father, he was very musical. He could play anything from a banjo to an organ. This to his father was a redeeming feature and in this he gave him much encouragement.

Larry, however, was destined never to gain much in the material things of this life. He kept a small country store in which the boys of the neighborhood congregated during the evening sitting around a small egg stove and to the strum of Larry's banjo sang many of the old songs. Sometimes Larry offered a little variety by introducing songs of his own composition.

Despite great differences, Larry and he had two common interests; music and church. So it happened that when the older Mr. Diehlman died, Larry made a death bed promise to play, "Adeste Fidelis," his father's favorite hymn every Christmas after midnight Mass. Year after year up through the Grotto, stumbling through drifted snow, went Larry to the graveyard with its age old tombs merging into white and virgin snow. At his father's grave, he would pull out his flute and through the silent, breathless air a sweet and joyful strain would descend. Year after year his pilgrimage continued. Neither sickness nor cold deterred him. Year after year his footsteps grew slower, his back more bent and his music fainter, but "Adeste Fidelis" survived.

Larry has been dead for twenty-five years yet his spirit lingers, for, at exactly one minute after midnight the countryside becomes hushed, expectant. Men and women stand at attention, ears straining towards the distant mountains. A silence—then eerie and hauntingly a thin, joyful note is flung upon the air, "Adeste Fidelis, Laeti Triumphantes—

PATRICIA CALLAHAN, *Freshman VI*.

NOTE.—The theme of "Laeti Triumphantes" is true. This tradition really exists at Mt. St. Mary's and Larry is really an authentic character.

Extracts from Letter of Virginia Doering Albakri--'23

MOUHADJERINE, DAMASCUS
October 3, Syria

DEAR MISS OSBORN:

I never know where to start to tell folks what Damascus is like, for almost every detail of life here is as different as possible from life in the United States. Except for the modernized central portions of some of the cities, the country is much the same as it was a hundred years ago, almost as primitive as life in central Africa.

When standing in the city square of Damascus one might almost feel oneself in any city except for the traffic moving through. The cloaked and robed Bedouin leading his heavily laden camel shuffles along. There come the baggy trousered peddlers leading donkeys piled up high with merchandise ranging from beautifully shaped unglazed earthenware water jars to bags and baskets of egg plants, onions, and the like. We also pass peddlers of drinks with brass tanks of sweetened mulberry juice, orange or lemonade, or licorice tea and venders with rich date or nut filled cakes carried in a tray on their heads. The pedestrians, in the innumerable costumes of the different villages, walk by, as often as not sharing the middle of the street with camels and donkeys.

But a block or so off the square in any direction everything is different. Narrow streets, innocent of side walks, paved with age-smooth cobblestones or large stone slabs seem to wander "as they list" and sometimes become so narrow that they are completely shut off from the sky overhead by the upper part of the dwellings whose high and blank walls line their sides. The shops are small, so small and littered up with wares hanging from every possible place and piled up everywhere that one must stand outside to make one's purchase. Sometimes there is not even room for the shopkeeper. When purchasing one may expect to be asked about twice the worth of an article and then after a series of protests, arguments, and lower offers pay about half the original price which is about what the shopkeeper expected. Everywhere the street peddler is the modern specialty shop. To buy wares from him usually involves danger, for one is apt at any moment to be squeezed between the wall and a passing donkey or camel.

The dirty, narrow streets have their redeeming features. One often comes upon beautifully carved doors, or a stone basin on a corner or set

into a niche with a stream of water spouting into it, or in turning a corner glimpse the minaret of a mosque sometimes breath takingly lovely, towering fantastically into the air. If it happens to be one of the five prescribed prayer times each day he may hear the muezzin from the minaret call the Azzan and see through the courtyard the faithful as they bow, kneel, and touch their foreheads to the ground inside the mosque.

I was surprised when I first had the opportunity of visiting the interior of one of the houses at its great contrast to the dark and dingy exterior. One steps into the first courtyard, bright and beautiful, paved with marble tile in attractive patterns and containing in the center a marble fountain. The fountain is surrounded, except where there are doors, with orange and lemon trees and flowering plants. Through the doorways and open windows of the rooms surrounding the court one may glimpse furniture, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver, beautiful hand woven rugs, and hand made, decorated pottery. The second and largest court is much the same as the first one except that the center of one side is open and leads up a step or two into the summer living room or parlor. I remember being entertained by the host as I sat upon one of the red cushioned marble benches which occupied three sides of the beautiful parlor. Entertaining and receiving guests is traditional among the people of Damascus.

Since I was curious about Damascus living customs and conditions I was given opportunity to make a tour of the home. A "tour" was quite in order since there were twenty rooms. That were none too many, however, for there were fifteen in the family and guests were almost always present. Since most guests are usually not supposed to see the women of the family their rooms are usually located at the front of the house surrounding the first court. The kitchen opened off a third court at the back of the house and contained only a large open fireplace and chimney, a lot of huge pots and kettles, and perhaps a one-burner kerosene stove. The women sit or squat on the floor to prepare the food and do all the work. At meal-time the family sits on the floor around a huge tray placed on a low stool and scoops up food with large round sheets of bread which they fold up skillfully. The dishes served are all unfamiliar and it seems almost impossible to make any food taste like ours. The only pepper one can secure has many different spices in it, salt is seasalt, and milk, goat's milk which is milked from a goat on the doorstep each morning. Butter is clarified butter which may be anywhere from six months to several years old.

Despite all this strangeness and an occasional spell of homesickness I am managing to make my own life here and find each day something new and interesting.

A Glimpse of Lebanon

IS there anyone who knows nothing of the natural beauty that lies hidden in that remote mountainous region of the mighty Lebanons? Then it is my pleasure to bring before you a glimpse of that land and its people which have become an integral part of my life during the past three years.

"You let your stamps honor famous men, but we would exalt the beauty of our land, God's handiwork, on ours." Such was the thoughtful remark of a student when in composition class the theme assigned was "A Stamp." In that statement is reflected the general feeling of the people towards their land for they never cease to speak of its matchless grandeur. And the commendable element in such expression is, that pure love of the land prompts their comments.

One of the first questions put to every foreigner upon entering "sunny Syria" is, "How do you see our country?" I am glad I could always reply by employing the superlative degree which never failed to make their warm, dark eyes glow with undisguised pride . . . I soon learned the "order of procedure" in carrying on a conversation when visiting in native homes. With this knowledge I could time my comment upon the fair land to come, before the question, and this brought forth exclamations of delight. Stonelike, indeed, is the foreigner that would be insensitive to the scenes of splendor surrounding him.

Come with me along a winding road, dusty white in the glare of the noonday sun. As the road leaves the third largest olive grove in the world flourishing beside the red sands of the Mediterranean, we ascend the foothills of the Lebanons running parallel with the sea. O views of my heart's delight! I would that I might use the flowery phrases of the Arabic tongue, the native language, to do justice to this feast for the eyes. Nature has not dulled her paints. She has used bold, rich sweeps of primary colors to express the intensity of this land and people; the blue of sea; the green of olive, orange, and pine trees; the red of sands and tiled roofs; the dazzling white of stone houses; the purple of sunset mountains; the golden yellow and orange of setting sun.

Cactus hedges flank the staircase-like road that goes up, up to our Damascene home of ten rooms built around an open court where grow a rose tree and a tangerine tree. We have reached the exceedingly old village of Shweifaf, the "White City," so the story goes, to which Cleopatra is supposed to have journeyed for her final tryst with Anthony before he set out for the battle of Actium.

Here we lived among the people and taught their children. Here in the slow, unprogressive atmosphere of the East we saw open before

us from day to day the way in which "the other half of the world lives." Did I say unprogressive? Yes, as the West measures progress; but we learned to live here. We discovered the inner resources God had given us. In our free land of efficiency and endeavor we spin around at such a dizzy rate we forget the value of being still and living.

Every experience is measured by the value received therein. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills"—for me they are the Lebanons—"from whence cometh my help." In that land, amidst that people, God taught me to live. "—the hills" for you, will undoubtedly be some other experience, but be awake to it when it comes.

There are some nine hundred villages scattered throughout the Lebanons and the lights of them at night never failed to stir something within me that finally sought expression in these following lines:

THOSE VILLAGE LIGHTS

Arches of light,
Fantastic gleams,
Now steady, now wavering,
Beckon by night.
For a moment to see,
And glimpse each source
Of those radiant beams
Calling to me!

Not by the hand of man
Thus arranging
With monotonous order;
But reflected by heaven's own
Myriad host, nestled
So closely in night's dark cloak
Enfolded, protected,
Yet calling to me.

As drawn by the gleam
Of a friendly eye,
To gaze in the soul's depths
So I long to press
Past the glimmer of light
And share alike the joy and pathos,
Lying so silently—
Still calling to me!

ELIZABETH W. FITZ, '29.

The Tower Light

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ALICE MUNN, *Faculty Adviser*

Are You Dancing?

AS I sit in the orchestra, I glance over the dancers on the floor. There are many types of dancers—good or bad, considerate or inconsiderate, slow or fast, fancy and plain. Far be it from me to criticize people's dancing, but improvement can be made.

There is the dancer who dances out-of-time. This type belongs in the same class as the out-of-time singer. A person who does a waltz step to a fox trot rhythm is an outcast as far as dancing is concerned. Dancers—you may double your steps and still be in time! By this I mean, instead of four steps to a four-beat measure, take eight steps.

DO NOT BE INCONSIDERATE! What do I mean by being inconsiderate? As I sit in the orchestra, there is always a group who wants to show-off. What does it do? In the middle of a crowded floor, the "sugar-foot" is performed. Sugar-footing requires room and fast music. If one kicks his feet wildly on a crowded floor, what of his friends! Go to a corner and stay there if you must sugar-foot. Be considerate!

The last important thing to consider in dancing is your *posture*. Fellow students—carry yourselves with a more dignified air. We fellows know that when a girl holds herself too stiffly or dances at an angle, she dances very poorly. Girls—do not try to lead the boys. Boys—do not try to fool your dancing partners. Know your partner's ways, and adjust your dancing to them.

As a reminder—dancing is only enjoyable when both dancers are thoughtful and considerate to each other and the other dancers on the floor.



How About It?

What about having a camera club in the school?

Anyone having had any experience in trick photography, developing, or printing pictures will, I believe, be interested in such a club.

To those who have not enjoyed the real fun in photography, let me say that you will get a real kick out of it.

An up-and-coming camera club can take pictures—nature pictures, school pictures, or trick pictures. What is even more fun, the club can develop and print those pictures. A great sport—photography! The school would profit, too, for with very little expense, pictures of school activities can be printed. All we need is a small room and a few supplies, and we'll have a club that is worthwhile and lots of fun. How about it?

VIOLETTE V. HODDINOTT, *Freshman VI.*



The Day Student Council Get Together

IN answer to the work of art by that master artist and cartoonist, Mr. Meigs, many revelers joined the Day Student Get Together on November 22. The all-purpose room 223 was transformed into a cornfield for the occasion. Corn stalks adorned even the basketball blackboards. The program committee, with the aid of Mr. Haslup, the pianist, and Mr. Minnegan, introduced many novelty dances. The more demure students, and those of the faculty who weren't inclined to participate in the dancing enjoyed themselves in games of cards, checkers, etc. The featured balloon dance was won by a senior couple, Miss Ruth Kreis and Mr. Dallas Smith. How they came through that dance with an unpunctured balloon remains a mystery. A freshman, Miss Warmbold, came to the lead in guessing the number of kernels in the jar of corn. Refreshments were then served by hostesses of the refreshment committee. The entire group then participated in singing several songs. After some delay the noted senior male quartet assembled and presented one of its numbers. Officially, the party then ended but the agreeable Mr. Haslup consented to play several more selections and the dancing continued. In concluding, may I say, we only wish that all of the resident students could have attended our party. We know they would have enjoyed it just as we did.

J. MEYER, *Senior IV.*



The Thanksgiving Dinner of the Newell Hall Family

THE Thanksgiving Dinner for the resident students was a grand family gathering. The family tree showed that our family included members from every county of Maryland except Garrett. The immediate family included father, mother, and five children. A host of cousins and aunts were also present. The only guest was the godmother, Miss Tall. Her birthday was this month, but godmothers never get any older.

After we had met in Richmond Hall and were welcomed by our host, Father Brumbaugh, we went to a most delicious dinner of roast stuffed turkey, sauerkraut, mashed potatoes, peas, cranberry ice, and of course, pumpkin pie, with honey and cream!

When our huge family had eaten all it could hold, we again went to Richmond Hall and were entertained by different members. How

we enjoyed the songs by our three musical relatives—Aunt Elma, Aunt Hazel, and Aunt Emma.

Indeed, this dinner did make the Newell Hall family feel the thankfulness of Thanksgiving.



Glee Club

ON December twelfth, as many Glee Club members as can crowd into one bus and all the private machines that can be mustered, will go to Belair to sing at a meeting of the Harford County Parent Teachers Association. This is a truly professional engagement, for the Harford County P.T.A. is not only bearing the expense of the bus, but is paying us a fee, as well. We hope they will like our program. It will be in two sections, as follows:

- I. *O Heavenly Aida*, arranged from "Aida".....Verdi
Mary Had a Little Lamb.....Lake
The Heidleberg Stein Song..... from the "Prince of Pilsen"
by the Senior Quartet.
Isadore Cohen, Theodore Woronka,
Edward MacCubbin, and Irvin Samulson.
- II. *The Czecho-Slovakian Dance Song*.....
The Shepherd's Story..... Dickinson
Lullaby, Jesus Dear..... Polish Carol
The March of the Kings..... Old French
O Tannenbaum..... Senior Quartet..... German
Gloria in Excelsis Deo..... Old French

On December eighteenth, the Glee Club will contribute "The Shepherds' Story" and "Lullaby, Jesus Dear," to the Govans Community Sing. And again, at the joint Elementary and Normal School program on Friday, December twenty-first, this will be our offering.

When we say Shepherds' Story, we say much in two words. How difficult, but how beautiful it is! You will love, especially, the music that is set to these words:

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Sing we clear
Holpen are all folk on earth,
Born is God's Son so dear.

Did You Know:

THAT the reason for the unfinished brick in the west wall of Richmond Hall is that there are potential plans for the completion of a rectangle of dormitory buildings? The rectangle would include the girls' dormitory, dining hall, boys' dormitory, gymnasium, infirmary, and library.

That one of the Seniors enjoys greatly the sayings of Confucius? One of his favorite quotations is, "Only girls and servants are hard to train. Draw near to them, they grow unruly; hold them off, they pay you with spite." Girls, what did you do to him?

That there is an observation platform atop the girls' dormitory?

That many pleasing Christmas cards have been printed from linoleum blocks by some of our ingenious schoolmates?

That on the Normal School Farm (behind Glen Esk and up the hill), is a heap of cabbages stored for the winter in true country fashion? Those city students who are not well acquainted with such matters might find it profitable to stroll over toward the farm. The experience would be educational, and extra pleasure could be added by careful choice of company.

That the Men's Room has been a veritable mad house? (what with the Juniors and Seniors being in the throes of an acute attack of "unititus," the clackety-clack of chattering typewriters or the plop, plop, of stuttering machines (according to the skill of the operator), together with the hilarious shouts of those who have just received illustrative material from some manufacturing concern which is now bordering on the red side of the ledger. The total effect reminds one of a tone poem with Bedlam as its subject.

That one of the seniors, in the midst of his fellows who were discussing units, sat down to a temporarily deserted typewriter and let his fingers follow his thoughts, and vice versa. The record of the wanderings of his mind are available for TOWER LIGHT readers.



* Did You Know That—

Papier-mache can now be produced from cornstalks?

Less than two pounds of radium are available for use in the world today?

Labradorite is a gray mineral which flashes in rainbow colors when struck by sunlight?

Different varieties of goldenrod containing from 0.5 to 6.34 per cent of rubber are known?

A billion billion water molecules can rest comfortably on the head of a pin and have room to spare?

Scientists announce a new chemical formula to recover gold from the sea?

From Europe comes the announcement of a new textile fiber incorporating flax and rayon?

Glass manufacture uses the largest industrial furnaces in the United States?

Arizona residents are writing letters on copper to promote the state's leading industry?

A torch has been devised that can cut steel in a sunken ship at any depth?

VIOLETTE V. HODDINOTT, *Freshman VI.*

*Articles in this column have been collected from various sources; magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers.



The Rise of Silas Lapham

THAT such an honest, upright soul as Silas Lapham could have so many ups and downs in life seems inconceivable! Here he was with a million dollars, two lovely daughters and a comfortable home and still life wasn't all smooth sailing. His unfortunate venture into society, instigated by his wife's beneficence to one of society's leaders, left him in a predicament hard to imagine. This naive and simple family, uncultured as they were, seemed perfectly content to lead an isolated life until there entered into it Tom Carey, son of the Bromfield Careys. Irene, Lapham's younger daughter fell straightway in love with him and the efforts of the entire family were bent on winning him for her, until all unsuspecting of their ambitions he proposed to Penelope, the older daughter. Such a struggle as ensued. Irene was heart-broken, and Penelope refused Tom on the strength that her acceptance would be fatal to Irene. Colonel Lapham was in a quandary, yet his business, which was in a precarious position kept him so busy that he could do little to relieve the situation. In his dual trouble he lost his boisterous braggadocio and became restless and sullen. Persis, his wife, stood with him and in her blunt New England manner, praised and scolded him whichever he needed most, until the situation rounded itself out into quite a satisfactory ending with everyone back in normal spirits again. To follow this very real Boston family in their humorous adventures is immensely interesting, and unfortunate is the person who can not find time to make the acquaintance of the Lapham family in *The Rise of Silas Lapham* by W. D. Howells.

C. EARL, *Senior Special.*

Faculty Notes

WITH the coming of the cold weather, the faculty skaters are champing at the bit. In case the younger generation does not understand the language of the horse and buggy age, we would say they're ready to take off, they're all set. We thought we saw Miss Tansil practising the stroke as she glided down the corridor the other day. Miss Giles is looking for new skates so that she can really do herself justice. The others are getting out their knee pads, and shaking the moth balls out of their socks and mittens.

Wanted—someone to remind Miss Van Bibber of the dates of the Philadelphia Symphony concerts.

Miss Jones believes that Friday is the next day after Wednesday. It is suggested that some one from Junior 6 try to set her right on this point.

For some time we have been hearing that certain clothing manufacturers send work out into the homes and thus avoid some of the labor regulations, and the N.R.A. wage scale. We regret to announce that one of our own faculty (we will mention no names, but she teaches history) is practising this same method of clothing manufacture. As yet we have heard no complaints from the workers, but we think the matter will bear investigation.

A conference on science in state teachers colleges was held in Westchester, Pennsylvania, in November. This school was represented by Miss Dowell, Miss Bersch, Miss Blood, Mr. Walther and Mr. Moser.

Miss Rutledge recently gave a talk at one of the Parent Teacher Association meetings in Baltimore.

Miss Birdsong is continuing this year as leader of the parent's study group of the Campus School.

Miss Tall recently spent a week end in Atlantic City. She can't stay away from the ocean even in winter.

Miss Daniels spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Ossining. She went of her own volition. That is more than many do.

Miss MacDonald and Miss Crabtree also trekked northward to New York, for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Stapleton surprised and pleased the faculty by appearing at the last faculty meeting. Miss Medwedeff hasn't become quite so ambitious yet, but we hope she will soon.

The faculty correspondent will appreciate news items for this column. Send your memoranda to "Faculty Notes," care of the TOWER LIGHT. The slogan of the New York Times will be the criterion applied in the selection of the items used.

Assemblies

DIRECTOR McKINNEY—Baltimore Museum of Art.

Education for Tomorrow.

We find ourselves, today, slipping unchecked into the darkness just as we sank into the darkness in the Dark Ages. But we must prepare for tomorrow. The monks during the Dark Ages pondered, analyzed and prepared for the future for they knew that the Dark Ages would pass.

In our hands, as teachers, are the threads with which we may weave a tapestry of the "Design for Living"—a thing today that millions lack. Our children are the motifs; weave this tapestry and prepare them to go into tomorrow well equipped. Tomorrow demands merely a well-rounded background and, above all, courage. We have the problem of leisure time confronting us. We can meet this problem by seeing that all those coming under our guidance are taught to enjoy the aesthetic things of life. Children know far too little of the drama and the symphony. Appreciation of these things is gradually disappearing. There is disintegration and it is our duty to determine that it shall not continue. We should build constructively to make children sublimely conscious of the beautiful things in life. We should concentrate our attention on one thing and know that well. Then to be well-rounded individuals, we should be interested in other things. We are not working in the schools to create artists, but to teach children to appreciate art. Art can be interrelated with literature. In all these ways let us prepare our children for tomorrow.

H. ZIEGLER, *Senior VI.*

MR. TYLER—November 13, 1934.

Mr. Tyler of the National Education Association explained some interesting features of the radio. The first part of his talk dealt with "Technical Matters of Radio." He explained that in our present broadcast system there are 96 frequencies. Of these 96, United States uses 79 exclusively. The frequencies are divided into three parts—clear stations, regional stations and local stations. These in turn are divided into unlimited time stations, stations with certain specified hours and daytime broadcasts.

The second part of his talk pertained to "general type" stations. These were commercial, educational, profit and newspaper ones. The people of the United States have shown that they want and appreciate the educational system.

R. KEIR, *Senior V.*

MADAME CAROS—*France*—November 19, 1934.

Madame Caros sketched briefly, for us, something of the situation in Europe at the present time. Her subject dealt with "Peace Frontiers."

The peace pact was, she explained, signed in the spirit of war, at the end of the Great War. Since that time no constructive work in education or other worthwhile fields has been done in Europe, because of the constant "war scares" caused by the treaties which were so unforeseeingly made.

The Polish Corridor, a portion of Germany given to Poland as a Polish outlet to the sea, cuts off Germany from part of her people. As a result, there is always strife which makes Europe seem in a state of interrupted war. The situation needs the League of Nations, and though the league may seem to have failed, it has really just started to work. Madame Caros has implicit faith in its work being, in part, the solution of this European situation.

R. KEIR, *Senior V.*



Mr. Wheeler

Mr. Wheeler, Librarian of the Enoch Pratt Library spoke of the importance of the library in the educational field. Children may greatly enlarge their knowledge of a subject if they can find available supplementary reading in books which they can understand. The Children's Department of the Library has carefully selected lists of books for all grades and subjects. Mr. Wheeler showed us specimens of the "Poetry Broadside" which the library sponsors.



Mr. Denues

Mr. Denues gave us a very interesting talk on the different items to be considered in classroom procedure in music education. He discussed such physical items as good posture, an attractive and clean room, healthy temperature, as well as the actual teaching techniques. He told us we should be inspired by music but not to such an extent that we cannot come down to earth and attend to the essential physical matters connected with music. These are sound teaching facts.

H. ZIEGLER, *Senior VI.*

Enoch-Pratt Meeting

MISS Wilkinson spoke to a group on November 2 on some of the of the new children's books. The large majority of these books had foreign settings and were written either by foreigners or by people with an authentic background for their work. Some of the books dealt with the early periods of our history from colonial times through the period of Westward Expansion. Fewer collections of fairy tales have been turned out this year than in many years past. There is quite a variety of book making as well as a variety of subject matter. Helen Sewell is the illustrator of a great many of the books. Her treatment in some instances is delightfully humorous.

Some of the books received by Miss Wilkinson were:

Robin on the Mountain. Story of the life and adventures of a little mountaineer boy. It is suitable for the fifth and sixth grades.

Coatsworth—Away Goes Sally. The everyday life of a colonial girl in old Massachusetts.

Brooks, Emma—Little Fat Gretchen. The experience of a little German girl and her music box. Very simply written for small children.

Sawyer—Blue Bonnet for Lucinda. How Lucinda got her new blue bonnet.

South, Susan—Made in Sweden. A book of information on Sweden.

Berglon—Children of the Soil. How some poor children lived and played on a Norwegian farm.

Hansun—Norwegian Farm. Japanese Holiday Picture Tales.

Picture Tales from the Chinese.

Tono Antonio by Sawyer. The life of a Spanish peasant boy in modern Spain.

Powder by Avrill and Stroly. A discontented pony leaves his home to join the circus.

Life and Adventure in Medieval Europe by Mitchell. An informational book covering the period from fall of Rome to the invention of the printing press.

The Golden Flute—a collection of poems by Hubbard. An outstanding feature of the collection is the numerous indexes; one of them being an index to interests.

The First Bible. Text taken from King James Bible. Illustrations by Helen Sewell.

"*Ola.*" The story of the travels of a little Norwegian over the Scandinavian peninsula in a dream.

H. ZIEGLER, Senior VI.

Our Afflicted Men

BELIEVE it or not, several unparalleled manias have seized the men students in the last few weeks. Recently, tons of mail have been pouring into the men's room every morning and afternoon. The lunch period din is increased by cries of enthusiasm as bountiful surprises contributed by philanthropic-minded manufacturers appear on every hand. Christmas comes every day in the men's room! Grain samples to start a farm, enough sugar to supply a grocery, bottle after bottle of motor oil, wool and cotton samples enough to make a quilt . . . charts and pictures galore . . . these and other of God's Free Gifts to the School Teacher are responsible for the new frenzy of address-collecting which, it is rumored, has caused certain wan-eyed seniors to forget all else. Indeed, every night in the library, or at home one may see furtive post-card scribblers addressing card after card to ruined and despairing Captains of Industry.

Any day now, if you chance in the men's room, you may see stern, determined youths seated before dark infernal machines, grimly pecking at the maze of buttons before them. A battery of typewriters has sprung up from all sides, and . . . many of the men students are trying to learn to type in their spare time now!

Patronize home industries, please! The Men's Merchant Body (strictly NRA) will supply you with everything for the student teacher, from National Geographics and note-paper to text-books and Hektographs! Also cut-throat competition from certain independents threatens to ruin the old established concerns, who are already selling at way below cost, anyhow!

C. C. M., *Senior III.*



Try to Tell a Bigger Story

A very busy woman was presented with a very expensive Eversharp one day, but it disappeared. She searched for a very long time and felt quite ashamed of the loss of the present. After some months had elapsed, the woman combed the front of her hair, and, to her surprise, the missing Eversharp dropped out. Not only that one, but 15 more came tumbling down. She reclaimed them gladly, and said that they solved the mystery of her pencils steady disappearance.

JULIEN H. TURK, *Senior III.*

Orchestra Doings

SINCE the last issue of the TOWER LIGHT, the Orchestra has rounded out the first quarter of the year's work, with the busiest week of the year. On Tuesday we gave for our assembly program:

Raff.....Romance in F.
Weber.....Theme from "Invitation to the Dance"

Andante

Horn Solo from "Overture to Der Freischutz"

Ruegger.....Violin Trio.....Capriccio Brillante

Beethoven.....Country Dance in C.

On Thursday we went to the Elementary School to play for the upper grades where they had been studying the instruments of the orchestra. As a part of our program, various players told the children something of their respective instruments and played a few measures or a scale for them in order that they might coordinate the sight and sound of the instrument with the name. The children are a most appreciative audience for which to play.

The same week found us playing at the dinner for the Mothers of the Freshmen. This time our program was augmented by two numbers, by the string ensemble, three violins and cello, playing "Canzone" by Czibulka, and "I Would That My Love" by Mendelssohn, and by a violin duet by Pleyel. In the afternoon the violin trio had played for the program in Richmond Hall.

After such a series of public performances we have settled down to the initial rehearsals for Christmas and Founders' Day. Effort is beginning to achieve its reward and some glimmerings of beauty are coming into the "Andante Cantabile" by Tschaikowsky and the first movement of the symphony "From the Western World" by Dvorák. For lighter moments, though beautiful ones, we turn to "Artists' Life" by Johann Strauss. Nor has the string ensemble been idle. When assembly doesn't meet, or there are no demonstrations, we snatch a rehearsal of the Zweite Sonate by Bella or the ancient Sonata by Young found in manuscript in Sweden. We hope to let you hear these two lovely things before the semester closes.

The change in student teaching has returned one of our members and taken away three. Our county members are kept from rehearsals by their schedules, but our city members being here on Monday, can and do attend the majority of the rehearsals. We are glad that they can come, for having every member present makes for effective work.

Our new freshman members are rehearsing with us now: Paul Goldstein, clarinet; Patricia Callahan, cello; and Elaine Ward and Helen Fleckenschmidt, violins.

Thought in Children's Poetry

ONE of the many values of the departmental system in a small school such as Howard Park is the opportunity afforded the teacher of English to trace growth in creative writing and thinking. Not only has she a rare chance to witness improvement (or lack of it!) in technical niceties, but she can observe, particularly in children's original poetry, growth in ideas. Children, who write at first descriptive poems of scenes they know or imagine, later in their school years often show a tendency to include in their verse some real idea or thought. Perhaps we might even call it philosophy. It may be found in just a line or two, merely a suggestion, yet it is often there. The thought may not occur as a theme developed by the entire poem, but may find its way in a sudden flash of feeling into the last line only. It is interesting for the teacher to note these evidences of growth in the young poets of her classes, and to know at about what stage in the various writing "careers" of her children it is evinced.

The following poems written by pupils of the Howard Park School were composed in the sixth grade or late in the fifth, after a fifth grade and sixth grade experience of the merely "pretty picture" type of verse.

ELEANORA L. BOWLING, '28.



The Merman's Palace

The palace of a merman is a pretty place indeed.
It has everything that any human would need.
It has coral chairs and servant fishes
That carry in the dinner dishes.
Big, soft sponges for feather beds
When at night they rest their weary heads.
He has a chest of glistening pearls
And a mirror too.
Eating and visiting the mirror
Are the most important things
A merman has to do.

EDITH KINCANNON.



I Saw a Stream

I saw a stream
Go bubbling down the lane.
The stream was gushing
As if it were mad.

Yet it is calm,
Sometimes—as you know.
But it is always on the go,
Like the world.

VINCENT MAGGIO.



Ambition

I climbed the rainbow, step by step.
The dangers in my mind I kept,
For there up high
Loomed an azure sky
While snow white clouds went drifting by.
The sun man looked at me from above,
While gliding past me went a small white dove.
In that indigo sky lies my gold—
I am still climbing as the years grow old.

ROSEMARY BRENTING.



These two poems very aptly express the efforts of Miss Keefer's 6B children. A study of Eugene Field's poem, "The Wanderer" is responsible for this. The Editor regrets that it was impossible to publish all of the class productions.

The Song of the Trees

Autumn is here,
The trees are singing songs today,
Songs of autumn bright,
Songs of the leaves that are clad so gay,
And songs of the birds in flight,
Winter has come,
The trees no more sing songs of joy,
The only song they sing,
Is of the dreary winter days,
And of the snow they bring.

MARGARET KNABE, *Grade 6B.*

Autumn

Nature dons her cloak of Autumn hues,
The sparkling waters, different shades of blues
Seem to stretch for endless miles
Rippling, dancing, full of smiles.
Crimson, gold, and brownish trees,
Frame the farmhouse with their leaves,
Soon the leaves will float away,
And the farmhouse bare will stay.

DOROTHY WHORTON, 6B.

Maryland State Normal School Alumni Meeting

THE annual meeting of the Harford unit of the Maryland State Normal School Alumni Association took place Saturday afternoon, October 20, 1934 at the Bel Air High School. Following a general welcome and the singing of "Alma Mater" several talks were given. A discussion followed in which it was suggested that an event be held in the winter to help foster an alumni building at the Normal School and that there be all county participation in the beautification of The Glen, a portion of the State Normal School campus. The 1934 graduates were welcomed into the county association. Everyone enjoyed the informal talks of alumni who related some of their pleasant experiences at Normal. Officers of the association for the coming year were elected. Miss Esther Thorpe will be president. After the election the meeting was adjourned and tea was served. Dr. Tall, Misses Scarborough and Tansil, and Mr. Purdum, President of the Alumni, were honored guests.

BETROTHALS AND WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Minnich of Cockeysville have announced the engagement of their daughter Miss Evelyn Minnich to Mr. Evander Francis Kelly, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Kelly of Texas, Maryland.

Dr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Salzman of Windsor Hills have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Adele M. Salzman, to Mr. Harry Myers Ashman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ashman of Catonsville.

No date has been set for either of the weddings.

The wedding of Miss Alma Louise Staley and Mr. Lloyd E. Miller of Smithsburg, took place Friday, November 2, in the Zion Reformed Church, at Hagerstown. The wedding of Miss Lois Elaine Middlekauff and Mr. Edgar G. Fahrenstock of Buffalo, New York, was solemnized recently at the home of the bride's parents.

Rex News

Most standard European tours include a visit to the Louvre in Paris, famous art gallery which contains the finest paintings by accomplished and renowned artists.

Although the Rex Theater, 4600 York Road displays pictures of a different type, each Rex presentation is also a carefully selected masterpiece . . . a marvel of photography directed, acted and produced by masters in each field. A list of stars would include the outstanding celebrities of Hollywood.

Christmas Chimes

"Little Penelope Socrates,
A Boston maid of four,
Wide opened her eyes on Christmas morn,
And looked the landscape o'er.
"What's that inflates my 'bas de bleu'?"
She asked with dignity;
'Tis Ibsen in the original!
Oh, joy beyond degree!"

Miss Mary Cadwallader Rittenhouse
Of Philadelphia town,
Awoke as much as they do there
And watched the snow come down.
"I'm glad that it is Christmas,"
You might have heard her say,
"For my family is one year older now
Than it was last Christmas day."

'Twas Christmas in giddy Gotham,
And Miss Irene de Jones
Awoke at noon and yawned and yawned,
And stretched her languid bones.
"I'm sorry it is Chirstmas,
Papa at home will stay,
For 'change is closed and he won't make
A single cent today."

Windily dawned the Christmas
On the city by the lake,
And Miss Arabel Wabash Breezy
Was instantly awake.
"What's that thing in my stocking?
Well, in two jiffs I'll know!"
And she drew a grand piano forth
From 'way down in the toe."



The Normal School Spotlight

TAKEN from all standpoints, we have just experienced at Maryland State Normal School one of our best soccer years. What a fine series of games have been presented! Maryland Collegiate Champions for 1934 is our title now. In retrospect, we can say that it has been one of the most closely followed seasons in Normal's history. Evidences from the Calvert Hall, Johns Hopkins, and Western Maryland College games show that the school is virtually 100% behind the team. This, we hope, will carry over to the basketball season.

The Normal soccer squad has proved itself to be a fighting group. Not a vestige of disgrace is to be looked for in the defeat by Calvert Hall. This latter team, composed of many experienced semi-pro players, was kept scoreless for three periods by a charging group of Normal "Indians." It was unfortunate that the offense was weakened by the necessary transfer of George Rankin to goalkeeper, due to the absence of Josh Wheeler. It was also unfortunate that "Tom" Johnson, injured, had to leave the game in the fourth quarter. Injuries kept other soccer men from playing to their capacity. What more can be said? The boys showed up to the best advantage.

A bit might be written in summary of the season. The contests with Western Md. College both proved to be victories. In the second game, John Wheeler got his foot on the ball and scored the goal that defeated the Terrors 1-0. Johns Hopkins University was turned back twice by the scores of 5-0 and 4-1, and Forest Park fell prey 2-1. Wins against other opponents included such teams as Annapolis High, Park School, Sparrows Point High, Frostburg Normal, and Franklin High.

These things will always stand out in our minds; the thrills we got when Tom Johnson received the ball and took it down the field through many an opposing player, the goals registered on fast breaks by the speedy Myron Mezick, the fine defensive and offensive work of Melvin Cole, Don Schwanebeck, and Bill Gonce, the many saves of Ed. Fost and Ed. Brumbaugh, preventing a goal by clearing the ball, the power and force displayed by Josh Wheeler, especially in the Western Md. Game, the aggressiveness of Justus Myer, the spirit of Dave Smith, Gene Benbow, Temp Smith, and "Junior" Harper, Josh's black derby, the pouring of rain during the Western Md. game, the emergency goal-keeping of George Rankin against Calvert Hall, and the thrills connected with the scoring of Calvert Hall's two goals.

In regard to the newer players, some promising material is at hand to develop.

It was truly a good season, but will our enthusiasm end there? Basketball is on its way, and, if you seek more sport thrills, don't miss too many of our home games.

How is the basketball squad progressing? A terrific setback to the team was the loss of Wheeler at center. The offense will now have to reorganize as Josh will be lost for a month. Bennett at present is jumping center. Other players include "Tatem" Turk, Iz Cohen, Dave Smith, Tom Johnson, and Woronka at forwards, and George Rankin, Mel Cole, Hyman Cohen, and Don Schwanebeck at guard. Gonce, Greenfield, John Wheeler and Miller are being tried at different positions.

Results of the season thus far indicate two victories for Normal.

Vocational 21-39

Alumni 35-37

As the latter score shows, the Alumni game was a thriller. The last few minutes of play decided the outcome.

Coach Minnegan is drilling his charges hard. He reports that we have these contests to look forward to; games with Elizabethtown College, Catholic American University, Loyola College, Wilson Teachers, Gallaudet, Blue Ridge College and the Quantico Marines.

THEODORE WORONKA, *Senior III.*



Basketball Electives

On November 19, 1934, the basketball season was launched with Miss Roach in command. The crew, consisting of Senior, Junior and Freshmen took their respective positions and set sail. With all hands on deck they steered through several exciting games. When the final command was given, the crew rushed to the nearest fountain for a non-salty drink.

DORIS SHIPLEY, *Freshman VI.*



How It Began

ONCE upon a time there was a reason for it. That is, for the little silk bow that ornaments the back of the interior of a man's hat. There was a time, in the dim, dark past, when all hats were made the same size—a large one. Now do you think that those who had small heads went without? There was a cord threaded in the band that lined the hat's interior, and one with a head of small proportions had merely to draw this cord tighter, tie it in a bow knot, and there he had just as lovely a headpiece as you please. You may ask, then, why the manufacturer still puts the bow there if it is no longer necessary. The answer is this—he does it from sheer force of habit.

Mrs. Brouwer once suggested that you investigate the origin of buttons on men's coat sleeves. I shall save you the trouble and unfold the tale forthwith. This story also hearkens back to the days of history, when there was in England—no, it was France—a king who was extremely proud of his regiment of guards, for they had very, very lovely uniforms. But these demigods were only human, and in the spring many contracted vicious colds. Then their mouchoirs were very busy. But alas! when mouchoirs were forgotten, they substituted—yes, you've guessed—coat sleeves. Then the king had a brilliant idea. He had buttons, or knobs as they were then called, put on the sleeves of his guards. This made the practice rather difficult, and finally it was wiped out. So if your tailor insists upon putting buttons on your coat sleeves, do not take it as a personal insult. He does it from force of habit—just sheer force of habit.

MIRIAM JULES, '34.



Unfinished Symphony

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, Boston, 1933

A SYMPHONY embodies a great variety of instruments whose tones blend harmoniously to give to us a beautiful musical composition. The composer creates in his symphony an ideal. And so Helena was a symphony. She was Lawrence's symphony. Lawrence, a great English writer, tired of his success, tired of his wife whom he didn't love, and wishing his youngest daughter to be different from the people of the world he knew, took Helena and fled to an island in the Mediterranean, there to create her as a thing of his own, his ideal. Here, under the guidance of a poet and loving father, and in an environment of rare beauty and sunshine, Helena grows beautiful, pure and strong, but in a little world of her own. And then—her father dies. When he dies, there is broken down Helena's only contact with the outside world and she stands alone! How will she fit into the social world after fourteen years of seclusion? How will she meet her brother, her sister, a mother she hardly knows. Did Lawrence provide for this? Will Helena yield or will she stand alone? Read this book and answer these questions, and within yourself make of it a finished symphony.

Miss Thompson writes in an easy style with easy material. One doesn't however, know her characters very well; they seem cold, distant and not very sociable.

DOROTHY FASTIE.

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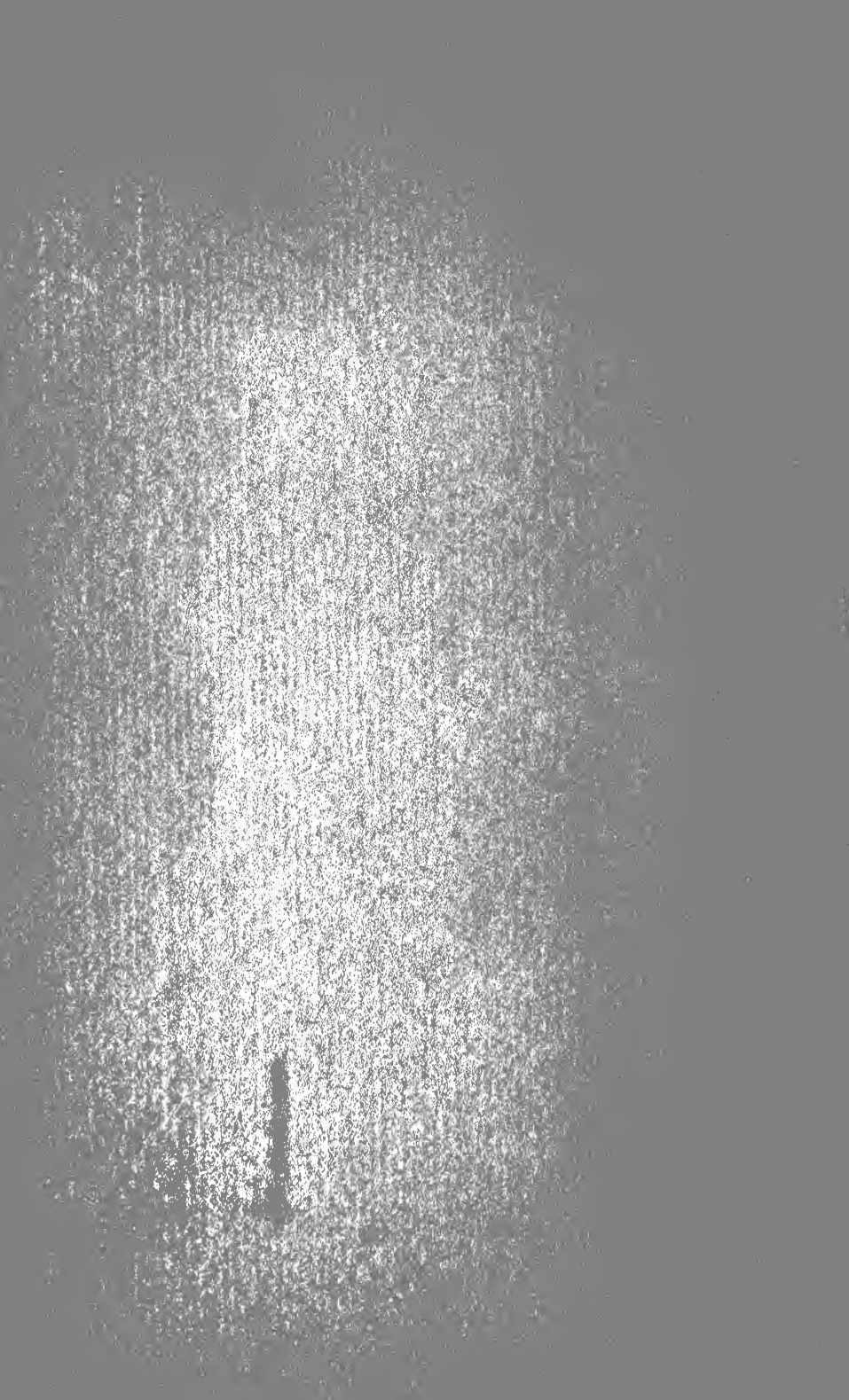


THE TOWER LIGHT



JANUARY, 1935





The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

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The Tower Light

VOL. VIII

JANUARY, 1935

No. 4

Student Projects under the Federal Emergency Relief Act

REBECCA C. TANSIL, *Registrar*

THE MARYLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, TOWSON, MARYLAND

IN discussing the plans of the FERA projects with the group of students selected for the work, we emphasized three benefits which we hoped would develop from the experiences:

1. That the individual student would receive sufficient financial aid to make it possible for him to continue his education—the basic reason, of course, for the aid.
2. That the institution and the outside agencies using the students thus selected would be able to undertake some worthwhile projects heretofore impossible because of lack of funds.
3. That each student employed under the FERA would receive valuable training in the project undertaken and that this project would be correlated with his teacher-training course now in operation so as to add to his value as a teacher after graduation from the Normal School.

Although the majority of student appointments for work under the Federal Aid were made prior to the opening of school, the full program did not get under way until about a week or ten days after the College officially opened. This delay gave the freshmen an opportunity to complete the battery of entrance tests and other activities connected with freshmen week as well as begin their schedule of studies. A personal interview was held with each student to determine, if possible, his aptitude for certain types of work, also his ability to undertake the extra hours in addition to his regular program of studies.

At the first faculty meeting held on registration day the plans for the work were explained and the faculty members were given blanks to

fill out and return stating the type of aid they needed in their departments and also any suggestions they might make as to possible projects. It was explained that many students would be raw material and that each faculty member must be responsible for the training in his department. On the basis of these returns and numerous interviews with various departmental heads and outside agencies the assignments were made. Sixty-two students were employed for 652 hours a week—the number of hours depending upon the program of the student, and upon his physical condition.

In the first assignments 80 per cent of the work covered intramural projects and 20 per cent community projects. Although the school operates on a semester basis certain changes take place at mid-semester because of student teaching and these changes, of course, affect some of the assignments.

Some few changes were made on this basis. We received numerous requests from outside agencies asking for additional aid, so that beginning with the second nine weeks the time devoted to community projects has been increased to about 30 per cent and the campus activities decreased to 70 per cent. The number of students aided increased during this period from 62 to 65 and the number of hours to 661 per week.

The work on the campus at present falls under several heads:

Library. We have always considered student aid in the library valuable not only to the school but to the students employed. Until two years ago we had in our budget an item called "extra help," a large portion of which was used for student assistants in the library. When this item was no longer included on the budget the library was handicapped. Students realizing this situation built up a voluntary organization called the Library Committee and gave their services free because many of them enjoyed the prestige of the library work and appreciated the valuable training they were receiving. Now that we are receiving Federal funds we are able to pay for this work.

Laboratory Work, Clerical Work, Typing. Through the students doing this work we have increased our services to the various student teaching centers by circulating music records, picture slides, and illustrative materials. We have been able to add to our educational materials by the typing of selected units of work to be placed in the library.

Glen Project. We are continually trying to get our students acquainted with what we call the "back yard" of our campus. Here we have a rather beautiful natural glen and the Rural Club has had charge of developing this portion of the campus to make it a wild flower preserve. For over a year we have tried to secure federal aid for this project

THE TOWER LIGHT

and this year we have been given the services of an engineer and five or six workmen three days a week. Several hundred trees have been planted and we hope to have all Maryland trees represented here as well as all wild flowers that will grow in this locality. This glen will be used for the enjoyment of the students and will serve as a laboratory for their courses in nature study. We have assigned eight or ten men students to work on this project on Saturdays. In case of rain we have arranged certain indoor projects—painting, cleaning, etc.

Community Projects. In the extramural work there are 29 students doing 187 hours of work each week. These projects include the following:

Maryland Library Advisory Commission.....	72	hours
Baltimore Museum of Art.....	28	"
Enoch Pratt Public Library.....	32	"
Children's Home of Baltimore.....	12	"
Roosevelt Recreation Center.....	16	"
Towson High School Library.....	5	"
Towson High School Carpentry.....	16	"
Towson Woman's Club.....	6	"

Total.....187 hours

Maryland Library Advisory Commission. Nine students work with the Maryland Public Library Commission. This commission works with the public school libraries over the state and renders valuable service. Our students were first given a training course in book mending, classification and selection of books and other things dealing with problems of the small library. The students are most enthusiastic about this particular piece of work. Several have remarked about the work, "Do you know that what we have been taught is given as a regular college course in library schools?" The nine students work every Saturday. Some are kept in the home office in Baltimore while others are sent to various high schools in the near-by counties to help with the libraries. These helpers not only assist in building up the library visited but in turn they train certain high school students to carry on the work. These students, we feel, will be better teachers in the schools of Maryland because of this training. They will know how to establish small libraries in their local communities and because of the contact with the Library Commission will know where to go for advice and help.

Enoch Pratt Public Library. The central branch of this library, housed in its new modern building, is a favorite spot for all Baltimore City students. The director of the library requested that some of the FERA students be assigned to that department since he felt that the

Normal School training they had received would make them valuable assistants to his staff. He is cooperating by planning a diversified program for these students.

Baltimore Museum of Art. Five students work on Saturday mornings at the Baltimore Museum of Art. Two work in the Museum Library and Print Department and three assist the Children's Curator in her regular Saturday morning classes for children. In addition to the Saturday work one assists with the children's hour on Sunday afternoon.

Roosevelt Recreation Center. Two students spend each Saturday at this recreation center working with groups of children in folk dancing, story telling, games, and various play activities. Because of a shortage of funds the center has been unable to offer Saturday classes recently, and these students are thus given an opportunity to build up their own program under the supervision of the Director.

Children's Home of Baltimore. Three students are carrying on a social program at this orphanage on Friday evenings. One boy, who is a musician, plays the piano and the children are taught dancing and singing by the other two assistants. These students are seniors and all have had at least nine weeks of student teaching prior to this undertaking. This project has been under way for only a few weeks but the students are pleased with the progress made this far.

Towson High School. Two students give some assistance in the high school library each week. Two men students are doing various carpentry jobs in the high school under the supervision of the Principal. At present they are repairing desks in the various classrooms, building library shelves and helping to install a new cafeteria.

Towson Woman's Club. Two students give a few hours each week to the President of the Towson Woman's Club, a newly formed civic organization. The president in addition works with the Federated Music Clubs and the students assist in arranging music files, sending out notices and doing other clerical duties that arise.

The list of the above projects shows the varied experiences offered to the students working under the FERA. The most gratifying part of the whole program is the enthusiasm and earnestness of the students. They consider it a privilege to work and are not unaware of the many benefits received. The quality of work has been beyond all expectations. There have been few complaints about work and changes in assignments have corrected these. The services rendered by the students are attested by continual calls for more student help in the various projects.

What Is a "Gentlewoman"?

IN this school about a year ago there was some discussion concerning the qualities of a gentleman. We have been patiently waiting to hear some similar discourse on the qualities of a lady, but none has been forthcoming. In keeping with the spirit of helpfulness which has always pervaded this department we have pursued a bit of elemental research into the matter.

By way of digression, we wonder why woman took the title "lady," instead of sticking to "gentlewoman" which had served so well during the earlier part of England's history. Lady meant "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," just as "Lord" meant "maintainer of laws." Since the Lord maintained laws not so much for his family as for a multitude of dependents, so the Lady broke bread among a multitude of dependents. The reason for the change remains a mystery to us unless it is explained by some of the characteristics found in women by the Orientals. What we can glean from all this however, is, that since the women have assumed the title lady, they have assumed the responsibility of, figuratively of course, breaking the bread with the multitude of less fortunates—which implies a certain amount of graciousness and grace, (not the same by any means).

The Oriental mind is keen and perceptive. In several lines the Japanese have, in their "Greater Learning of Women," summed up a wealth of information.

"The five worst maladies that affect the female mind are: indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. Without any doubt, these five maladies afflict 7 or 8 out of every 10 women, and from them arise the inferiority of women. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach. The worst of them and the parent of the other four is silliness."

We must keep in mind that most of the writing in Japan was done by men and so this opinion may be a bit biased. Yet we can think of none better fitted than men to observe women. It is quite reasonable to believe that the ratio of women afflicted by the maladies is less here and now than it was there and then. The fundamental things to remember are the list of qualities in women which keep them from being gentlewomen, ladies, ladylike (choose which suits your fancy) and make them obnoxious; and the two procedures which overcome the difficulties, turn the negative qualities into their positive complements, and help make women "ladies."

The romantic Celtic people held and hold to the ideal of sweetness and loveliness in women.

Ruskin believed that gentlewomen should show kindness, have understanding, be capable of accurate thought, be modest, have imagination, have patience, and have "taste."

Now, to see how we have progressed, let us take the "woman" that scrubs the floor and add to her; grace, graciousness, the powers of self-introspection and self-reproach which will bring about a certain docility, contentedness, open-mindedness, and sobriety; sweetness; loveliness; kindness; understanding; capability of accurate thinking; modesty; imagination; and good taste. Would we have a lady? We think so. Personally, however, we would like a dash of pride, temper, and wit thrown in to make things interesting.



Are They Useful?

CAN you imagine tiny creatures, with no hands or feet, having the audacity of sometimes tickling our throats or sending shivers up and down our spine? It doesn't take very many to do this; a few million will do the trick. These unusually small cells, of which I am speaking, may aid us, too.

Undoubtedly you have heard of bacteria, minute unicellular plants, which are so small that thousands could be placed on a pinhead. I shall first tell you about their extreme usefulness. In the production of many types of food, these smallest of living things are of inestimable value. Before cream can be churned into butter, it must be acted upon by certain bacteria, which give butter its particular flavor. Several cheeses are inoculated with certain strains of bacteria to give them their flavors. Vinegar, wine, spaghetti, sauerkraut, and ham all need the aid of bacteria during their production. I hope this statement won't keep you from eating these foods. In fact, scientists are thinking of producing delicious and wholesome food made solely of bacteria! Bacteria are extremely useful in agriculture, in that they break up dead organic matter into rich and fertile humus. They cause the continuance of the nitrogen cycle, in which the nitrogen of the air is built up into compounds suitable for use by leguminous plants (peas, beans, clover). Did you know that before? These microscopic plants are very useful to man in many other ways. There are millions of bacteria in our intestines which keep in check the growth of putrefactive bacteria found there. Don't be afraid!

But now, let us consider the harmful or pathogenic strains of bacteria. It is this group of which we *should* be scared. They are the causes of Diphtheria, Colds, Hydrophobia, Scarlet Fever, and many other diseases. It is not the organism itself that harms animal tissue, but rather

it is the waste products it sends off. There are many chemical means by which an animal may attempt to rid itself of these germs. We have the white corpuscles, anti-toxins, and antibodies (given off by the cells of the body into the blood) to aid us in our fight.

All in all, considering the various "attitudes" of bacteria, we can safely say that these minute plants are mainly our friends and are more useful than harmful to us. Does this reassure you?

MAX BERZOFSKY, *Freshman IV.*



America's Deserted Island

SURELY this couldn't be my own country—I must have drifted off my course to one of the twelfth century crusader's strongholds in Syria or to an ancient castle in Touraine! Bastion and battlement, round towers, crenelations, ramparts—all anchored steadfastly to the coral key, and all surrounded by a moat and a breakwater wall that warred eternally with the waves. This strange, mysterious citadel in the sea faces the invader, no matter from which side one approaches it, with a stern, forbidding face.

I remembered many tragic stories that I had read before my visit to the fort, as I walked in the moonlight along the ramparts, down the spooky corridors, across the jungled court, of this haunted place. It must be haunted, this place where so much suffering has endured, where so many have died in anguish. The night-flying, night-crying terns, like bats, were still darting about the walls. Their cries sounded subdued and distressful, like the faint clank of chains down the arched corridors, like the chanting of slaves dragging cannon to the battlement, like the moans of many dying men. What fearful, what blood-chilling things one can witness and can hear when watching and listening, alone, in the shadows of this moonlit corpse! Suddenly, a mosquito drifted past by ear, whining its murderous little song—the song of death that made the War Department forsake Fort Jefferson. Shivering I hurried through the blackness down the spiral steps, along the black arches, across the shining moat, away from the portals of Arcadia, and requested my friends to take me quickly out to sea.

RESCIGNO, *Freshman IV.*

The first thing which college work demands of a student is that he shall get things straight. The most important and most extensive of his activities as a student will be the obtaining, the sifting, the relating, and the stating of facts.

Noise

BANG! Bang! With steady rhythmic sound, the heavy hammers beat ceaselessly upon stone. A frantic teacher bewailed this situation. "I simply cannot endure that eternal noise," she lamented.

On another occasion, I saw this scene. A child was diligently drawing. Except for the scratching of his pencil, the room was quiet. After a long time, however, the mother, beyond endurance, said sharply, "Stop that noise!"

These two incidents made me wonder. What is noise? What varieties of noise are there?

According to the dictionary, noise is any sound. Such a definition, however, tends to be prosaic. The subject of noise is much more interesting than that.

Noise is a vital factor in modern living. It is interesting, therefore, to note the kinds of noises. Noises may be loud or soft, harsh or pleasantly melodious; they may have musical quality or be utterly devoid of it. I am concerned with noise classified according to the volume of tone.

Loud noises are especially predominant in cities. There is the confused conglomeration of sounds of heavy traffic with their loud blasts of automobile horns, shrieking whistles of policemen and the incessant hum of motors. The wild shrill cry of a madly screaming siren is often present. Among other familiar clamorous noises is the boisterous clank of street car bells, the slamming of doors, the raucous yelling of street venders, and the ear splitting blare of radios.

Soft noises are in direct contrast to these. There are many low harmonious sounds in nature: the whirring of the swishing autumn winds, the trickling, murmuring of a stream as it washes over pebbles, and the faint buzzing chirps of insects. There are other quiet sounds such as the soft thud of feet on a carpet, the scraping of ancient pens, and the squeaking of rusty hinges.

Noise sometimes has detrimental effects. It may be as unpleasant or irritating as the rasping of a file. It may be distracting. Often, it is annoying. This is very true when it prevents enjoyment of good music or scintillating conversation.

These are its disadvantages, but it also has its values. It may drown out an insipid, but well-intentioned lecture. It may also develop keener discrimination. This faculty could be stimulated by constant noting of the number of flats or discords the aspiring soprano in the adjoining house attains. Moreover, it can be an excellent excuse for inability to study, particularly if there is a good show at the neighborhood theatre.

Noise may, therefore, be of many types of sounds. It may be harmful or beneficial, but, at least, it is never dull.

ALDONA SINUSH, *Freshman III.*



The Dangers of Being Satisfied

ALTHOUGH "satisfy" has many meanings and may be used as a term in several subjects such as law and mathematics, for the present we shall limit the meaning to the mental contentment of a person with his present status.

By applying logic to this definition, one may readily see the danger of being satisfied. Assuming that intellectual progress is desirable in intelligent living, we may say, "To progress is to move forward or advance, intellectually; to be satisfied is to be content; to be content is not intellectual growth"; therefore, we may say that to be satisfied is not to progress. Perhaps I may make this clearer by using symbols.

Let us use P for progress, S for satisfaction, C for contentment, and I for intellectual growth. Then we may say—P is I, C is not I; S is C, S is not P and we may say that satisfaction is not progress.

For a confirmation of our deduction, we have but to observe our everyday surroundings. Here is the student who has an assignment to do. He works and completes the assignment and is satisfied to stop. Perhaps he has done it well, perhaps not; in any case, he is satisfied. How much better it would have been for this student to have carried his work a little farther and to have broadened himself with richer knowledge. In doing this he could help others as well as himself. Instead, he is satisfied and there is a loss.

Then, there is the case of the satisfied athletic team. Over confidence is the word often used in this case, but it means the same as satisfied. "We are good," they say, "we don't have to know any more." They are satisfied with their present standing. They are not willing to progress and make themselves better. Without exception sooner or later these teams are rudely awakened by defeat.

This deplorable condition of satisfaction may be readily seen wherever it exists. If observed long enough, its dangers will make themselves prominent through a sinking of the individual into the deep rut worn by many others who never had the desire to do anything, never saw anything to do, and consequently, never did anything.

MYRON D. MEZICK.

In Deep Winter

Try to remember the enfolding warmth of summer
In cold icy December
When the world is a black and white death.
The road is a yellow bog
And the trees sigh under their weight of white snow.
The woods are black
Filled with drifting white,
And the sun that shines meekly thru
Skips around the black shadows under the trees.
There is no fragrance of flowers,
Only the dead smell of black trees
And of a wood fire burning.
There is no sound in all the world
Save the whispering rattle of leaves—dead and sere,
And the quiet trickle of an icy stream
Deep in the woods.

MARGARET COOLEY, *Senior I.*



To Emily Bronte

Sometimes—
A wild, impassioned spirit
Surged, caged and restless,
In her tawny being—
This silent and coldly aloof
Creature of the Yorkshire moors.
Often—
Some pensive melancholy
Burned moodily, fiercely
Scorching and intense,
(Imprinting) with molten metal
Those scenes of "Wuthering Heights"
Unforgettable.



Departure

He came from the lonely forest and
 beheld
A world unlike his own until
 no force
Could keep him from the beauty
 that he loved,
And so, unheard, he silently returned
To peace and earth and stilled loveliness.

LEON LERNER, *Freshman IV.*



Suffering in Nature

Bare, aching, trees—
 storm-tossed—
Snared in the talons of rain soaked wind.
Swept, sodden, leaves—
 trampled—
Ground back, remorselessly, to elements.

RUTH KEIR, *Senior V.*



"Fancy"

Grey skies,
Chill night
Snow flakes flitting, blown
By a wind,
Drifting, a blanket of down
Stillness,
Sunrise,
Diamonds flashing, bright
O'er tree and field.
Enchantment—glorious sight.

E. TURNER, *Senior IV.*

The Tower Light

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ALICE MUNN, *Faculty Adviser*

Music a Frill?

TWO years ago, when the decrease in the school system's budget necessitated the weeding out of "expensive and unneeded subjects" from the curriculum, the cry went up to drop music and other "frills."

Why was music called a "frill"? Two answers present themselves: one is, that music is not necessary in earning a living; the second, that music is merely a medium for "showing off."

Let's examine these reasons: What a harsh, drab world this would be if our whole time were taken up with just "making a living!" Picture yourself being "slave-driven" twenty-four hours a day, with a few hours for eating and sleeping—no recreation, no diversion, nothing really new happening; just the same old grind three hundred sixty-five days a year. Such a life reminds us of the poor, plodding workingman whose sole recreation was the wearing of shoes two sizes too small for him—because he felt so good at night when he took them off. We are told, however, that, not so long ago, life was like that. Mom worked around the house so hard all day long, that at night she was glad to get to bed as soon as she could. Pop's job kept him so busy that he was "plumb ruckered out" when he came home; so he felt the same way Mom did. Thus, for many a family, life was little more than a dirge of unending monotony, not without its effects—an example of which is seen in the experience of the old rancher who couldn't imagine why his wife had gone insane, "'specially since she hadn't stuck her nose outside o' the door fer nigh onto twenty years.'" Today, we are living in a radically different environment. Thanks to electrical and other household conveniences and labor organizations, Mom and Pop don't have to work so hard—and, naturally, aren't so tired when supper is over.

Something must be done in this new leisure time—preferably, something worthwhile, as well as restful. Overstreet says, "Music, perhaps, for the greater number of us, is always the most easily accessible of the forms of relaxation." This does not mean so much attending the opera or listening to a good chorus over the radio as *doing something ourselves*. After all, we get more from an activity in which we, ourselves, participate, than from an experience that we enjoy vicariously. For those of us who "have never had a music lesson" this activity may take the form of whistling, singing, or playing the "mouth-organ."

Here, it may be well to remember that Dr. Samuel Johnson, noted for his depreciation of music, claimed he could not enjoy it; but even *he* grudgingly admitted that it was the least disagreeable of all noises.

It is a shame that so many people look upon music as a means of display. We do not wonder at this attitude, however, when we find parents urging—sometimes forcing—their offspring to take music lessons so they can give a creditable "performance" when called upon to "play for Uncle Ned and Aunt Lettie."

One of our jobs as teachers is to provide opportunity for children to enjoy themselves musically. In elementary school, an observant teacher may find a pupil who shows special talent in music; if this

teacher recommends him for special music lessons, he may become tomorrow's Wagner or Verdi. Then he may contribute more musical gems for the enjoyment of mankind.

Is music a frill? The answer must be made in terms of the individual. To the person who has had little or no contact with it, and, consequently, does not understand it, music is a useless frill. To a person who has heard it in all its varied glory, who has enjoyed the thrill of exploring its beauties, music becomes a tonic for our weariness and an instructive pleasure for our leisure moments.

J. E. MACCUBBIN, *Senior III.*



Christmas Broadcast

OUR third annual Christmas broadcast was given on Sunday morning, December 16, from station WCAO. The entire program was as follows:

The Shepherd's Story.....*Dickinson*
Lullaby, Jesus Dear.....*Polish Carol*

GLEE CLUB

Greeting.....

MISS TALL

Carol of the Birds.....*French Carol, arranged by Noble Cain*

GLEE CLUB

O Tannenbaum.....*German Folk Tune*

MEN'S QUARTET

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.....*French Carol*

GLEE CLUB

The members of the Glee Club feel that they reached a climax in their artistic endeavor, this year, in the "Shepherd's Story" by Dickinson. This composition, with its varied parts, now tender and delicate, now magnificent, seems to give expression to every Christmas mood. The three short solos, for tenor, baritone, and soprano, were given by Isadore Cohen, Myron Mezick, and Emily Ross. Besides, you will remember, there are portions for men's voices only, for girls' voices, and for the entire chorus. Our study and performance of this work has given us great satisfaction.

The rest of the program was suitable company for the "Shepherd's Story." "Lullaby, Jesus Dear," is certainly one of the loveliest of the Christ Child carols. The "Carol of the Birds" is a carol of legend, and

has about it an air of dignity and mysticism. "O Tannenbaum," given by our senior quartet, Isadore Cohen, Theodore Woronka, Edward MacCubbin, and Irvin Samuelson, is one of the simplest and most sincere of folk songs. Because it is so well known and beloved, it went to the hearts of many of our audience. "Gloria," the verse of which was sung by Emily Ross, Dorothy Lorenz, Eleanor Wilson, and Doris Middleton, is a fine old carol, inspiring in its effect.

Miss Tall's address, preceded and followed by carols, was timely and appropriate, and helped to give charm and meaning to the entire program. We are glad to give you Miss Tall's message in full:

"If the schools were good advertising agencies, especially those which believe that music is essential to the good life, they might imitate the Florist's Association and raise the slogan "Say it with Singing." The two solstices—December 21 and June 21—were observed by the pagan peoples with festival and song. The sun, old Sol, with his solstices, was honored for his power. When he stood still—what, they prayed, would he do. When he hid his face in December the days became shorter and the *darkness, the dread night*, became longer. When he proudly deigned to change the scheme in March, the *joyous day* became longer and the night shorter. Those of the Hebrew religion still honor the December change in their Feast of Lights; the Christian people honor it through the birth of Christ, a symbol of light to the world. Hence, in our Christmas carols and songs; we *say* our devotions in *singing*.

The State Normal School at Towson feels strongly the Christmas spirit. For ten days or longer our halls are resonant with Christmas pine and fir and cedar, and the air resounds with carols which express the joy and wonder and appreciation of the season's spirit. We communicate to each other, through singing, the spirit that is a part of the larger comprehensive spirit which goes to make up a real school.

To those of our graduates who are listening in, the following details about the Glee Club may prove interesting. There are 103 members. Baltimore City and Baltimore County lead with the largest numbers. Allegheny County, Frederick County, Harford County, Queen Anne County, Somerset County, Wicomico County, and Worcester County are represented.

Especially today we are singing in honor of all former Glee Club members, who, while at school, had the pleasure of broadcasting over WCAO. *But*, to everyone, graduate or non-graduate, big or little, old or young, we sing also, because it is the Christmas tide. May this Christmas season bring joy and cheer to all peoples."



A Christmas of Light and Song

THE merrymaking of the resident students this year was sponsored by Jack Frost and Holly Berry—nature's rivals who became friends for the Christmas tide. Carol singing in Richmond Social Room, followed by the lighting of candles, the open rank processional to the dining hall, a fine dinner, music, and the voicing of our own deeper Christmas feelings, all brought us very close to each other and the real spirit of Christmas.

Our guests were Miss Tall, Miss Crabtree, and Miss Pearson.

After the dinner came the grand march, a gay dance amid snowballs and serpentine. The music was furnished by Donald Schwanebeck and his friends. Merrily we pranced to our midnight spreads.

This evening of light and song made us feel that "the dearest, truest Christmas is the Christmas of the heart."

MARY BUCHER.



The Baltimore Civic Opera Company's Presentation of "Aida"

THE Normal School was fortunate to have the Baltimore Civic Opera Company present "Aida" in the auditorium December 11. To many members of the school, this opera company has a personal interest, Miss Schroeder and one of our students having participated in this production. We, too, were acquainted with Mr. Jachens through a concert he had given us some time before.

The first high spot of the opera was, to the writer, the singing of the ever delightful "Celeste Aida" with which we were familiar, the Glee Club having sung it on occasions. The rich voice of Mr. McComas was brought forth in this song. Another fine point of the night was the dramatic scene in which Amneris begs for the life of Rhadames. Mr. Jachens showed both rhythm and grace in his bearing as well as dramatic power in his singing. The writer thought that the enunciation and clarity of Mr. Richard Bond's singing in the role of the Ethiopian king was refreshing and well done. The opera was brought to a touching close in the farewell scene in which Miss Schuchhardt showed herself as a real Aida. Mr. Martinet, who staged the opera, deserves no small share of the praise for the performance of the cast.

Although this opera group was handicapped by a change of stage, the changing of scenes was rather smoothly accomplished. The costumes were splendid and together with the scenery often made a most impressive effect. We hope that the school will be able to offer more programs of such artistic endeavor in the future.

FRANK ZEICHNER, *Senior III.*

Assemblies

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Mr. Auslander made us aware at the outset that he was completely happy to talk to the M.S.N.S. students, but certainly he could not have been happier than we were to hear him. He opened his address with a humorous incident which took place at Harvard University and set forth an idea which he developed all through his talk—write of things that are real—things that are felt, seen and experienced.

Every poem which moves us has sprung from real experience and though it may be imaginative, the life of imagination is as real as real. The poet makes the world over in terms of imagination, and if one makes truth stir him he is a writer of poetry. Poe's fantastically beautiful poems are imaginative, but through them we get "magnified echoes of our own troubled souls."

We were honored to hear Mr. Auslander read some poems from his book which has not yet been published and were very deeply appreciative, so much so that we were torn between showing him our appreciation by clapping or keeping silent so as not to break the spell after the lovely flow of words had stopped. The poem "Steel" was the climax, and when the last word of it was spoken we felt that no other words need be said, somehow that was the fitting end.

MR. HEPBRON

The United States is the most crime ridden country in the world! European countries have discovered a reasonable cure for crime but the United States has failed because it has not efficient administration of justice.

Mr. Hepbron thinks were justice administered efficiently, crime would decrease considerably in the U.S.

The criminal's first thought is, "Can I get away with it?" and in the U.S. he has thirteen chances to one to escape punishment for his crime. If, however, the law-breaker is caught, he still may escape punishment because of the corrupt workings of the machinery of the law and the long period elapsing between the time of his crime and his conviction. In England it takes five minutes to select the jury; in the United States, ninety days.

There is no such thing as life imprisonment in the United States; only in name does this form of punishment exist. A criminal serves on an average of 10 to 12 years when convicted for life imprisonment. Out of 9,000 crimes committed in the last three years only 100 were punished, which shows something needs to be done, and Mr. Hepbron forcibly brought out that efficient administration is really the only way out of the difficulty.

MISS BERSCH—*Elementary Education*

Miss Bersch, in her talk on "Elementary Education," informed us that teachers in the elementary field are less stable than in any other field; that is, elementary teachers don't "stay put" in lower grades but escape as soon as possible to teach in higher grades. It was once thought that people did not have to know as much to teach elementary grades as to teach high school, but teaching elementary grades means specialization in all subjects while teaching in high school means specialization in only one subject. Maryland requires just as much training for elementary teachers as high school teachers—four years.

One reason why teachers left the elementary field was the small salaries. Maryland, however, thinks teachers should have higher salaries. As a teacher, security is offered. After a person has taught two years, he cannot be dropped from service if he proves capable. Increases in salaries are offered and an income is guaranteed when retirement age is reached.

Miss Bersch gave us a picture of the supervisor; one of seeing the supervisor in the light of a helper, councilor and guide. She showed us how important elementary education is, how we must interrelate subjects, build personalities, grasp the point from bottom to top and really specialize in elementary education.

MISS TALL

"Can you find yourself?" was the subject of Miss Tall's talk to us on December 3. Taking her text from Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border" she read, "But as he was born on the border and always lived on the border, how could he find himself?"

Each student should try to find himself, striving to find his special talent and then sacrificing, if necessary, to develop in that one talent. Student teaching offers an opportunity for finding oneself. It is a challenge involving, most emphatically, the phrase "Can You Take It?" Every one can be an expert; he has to be, in order to find himself, and grow in understanding, personality and wisdom. Therefore, do not remain on the border but search deep into your life, finding those things which are best and most beautiful in you.

MR. ADAMS

Australia—the far-away land so little known, was brought near to us when Mr. Adams gave his authentic address. Many people are misinformed regarding Australia because textbook writers do not have facts; therefore Mr. Adams emphasized getting information for teaching children from good sources.

The Blacks were not forced back into the interior of Australia, when white men came, but rather they came nearer to the settlements

of the whites because they (the whites) supported them. However, the coming of the white man brought death to these natives in the form of disease.

The development of Australia was caused by the war for Independence. In 1770 Cook discovered eastern Australia and convicts were deported from England to the new land. At last the convict settlement ended and in 1849 gold was discovered and men from all over the world went to seek their fortunes.

In Australia there has been compulsory education for 70 years, immigration is restricted and, as a result, the country is sparsely populated. Mr. Adams is most loyal to his country and urged us to be to our United States.

MISS BIRDSONG

From an experiment, it can be seen that what children have gained from the idea of Christmas are mainly these facts: Getting, to the point of greediness, killing and getting killed (in connection with Christ), the Jews are bad, and God punishes the bad. The children had acquired these misconceptions of Christmas from people around them. Let us, then, turn to ourselves and see what Christmas means to us. The encyclopedia gives the definition—Christmas—feast celebrating Christ's birthday.

If it is a feast celebrating Christ's birthday, let us see what kind of a man Christ was. He was an outdoor man, sociable and with personal magnetism. He was friendly, sincere, strong and had great faith in the importance of the work one has to do. We need to have faith. A good source for ideas on this subject is, "The Man Nobody Knows," by Bruce Barton.

RUTH KEIR.



Child-Study Group Program

Topic III. Government Regulations of Every-Day Living.

Pure Food and Drugs Act.

January 16, 1935—Discussion Meeting Based on Book Reviews of Readings on Topic III, led by Mrs. Donald H. Wilson.

January 30, 1935—Talk on Topic III by Mrs. Emil Crockin.

Topic IV. What Can We Do About Movies and Radio?

February 13, 1935—Discussion Meeting Based on Book Reviews of Readings on Topic IV, led by Mrs. O. Warren Buck.

February 27, 1935—Talk on Topic IV by Mrs. Robert B. Wagner.

The National Symphony Orchestra

UNDER Hans Kindler's inspired direction, the National Symphony Orchestra presented a varied and entertaining program Wednesday evening, December 5.

The "Leonore" Overture No. 3 by Beethoven opened the program. It is a magnificently expanded first movement form of the classical symphony. Spiritual conflicts are very well expressed in the overture.

As a contrast, almost equally pleasing, was offered Purcell's "Suite for Strings," consisting of selections from his incidental music to various plays. This instrumental music is tuneful, with incisive rhythms and interesting part arrangements.

Miss Olga Averino, soprano, was the guest soloist, singing the mystical "Canticum Fratis Solis" (Song of Brother Sun) of Loeffler, a living composer of the United States.

Following the intermission, the fitting climax to the evening's entertainment was the mighty, somber "Symphony No. 2, in D Major, Op. 43" by Sibelius. This symphony reveals traits of the Finns, their country and culture.

In the lobby, at the conclusion of the performance, the general mood of the departing audience was one of satisfaction and enthusiasm.

H. B., *Senior III.*



Birds and the Campus

CARDINAL, Junco, Nuthatch, Flicker, Sparrow, Blue-jay! Are these mere names to you, or do they mean cheerfulness, beauty, and friendliness? They should mean the latter, for birds *are* our friends, and birds *do* make our campus more beautiful, and even after a test, a bird's chirping and singing *can* make us cheerful.

Realizing these things, the Rural Club and the Campus Fifth Grade have started a campaign to attract more birds to the campus. Their plans are:

1. To keep bird feeds filled with crumbs, suet, seeds, and other bird delicacies; and to have water dishes in each feed.

2. To make and put up a number of bird houses.

3. To decorate a "Christmas tree" for the birds. Do you remember the tree last year trimmed with cranberry strings, slices of fruit, tiny baskets of seeds and corn, and suet?

Winter is Nature's hardest season—will you help make *this* winter a happy one for our birds?

R. JACOBSEN.

Egypt

A palm tree—slender, graceful, tall,
Her shadows, deep and silent, fall
On sand so sere and fine and yellow
A scene so quiet—restful and mellow.

A pyramid afar off stands,
Built stone on stone by human hands,
Defiant in her wondrous size,
Protecting still ones yet to rise.

An evil sphinx stares—mocking, cruel
Knowing eyes call mortal *fool*.
Gazing, head fixed, wise, and grim—
What aged secrets lie therein!

Calm and green the River Nile
Flows on, so faithful all the while.
An orange quarter-moon hangs low
On waters still, so free from woe.

There stands a mummy, heedless of all,
Once sturdy, laughing, able, tall,
Reminiscing, sad, o'er life of old
A king's son, brave, noble and bold.

A faint breeze stirs, so sweet, serene,
It knows so well the silent scene.
Oh gentle breeze, let thine arms embrace
Thy mysteries of old Egypt's race!

SYLVIA BERNSTEIN, *Freshman I.*



Alumnae, Note

Announcements have been received of weddings among Normal School graduates:

Miss Wilhelmina Holtschneider '23, August 1, to Mr. John D. Browning of Oakland, Maryland.

Miss Hazel Manetto Wright '23, and Mr. Mack Neary Donahue, November 24, at Newark, Delaware.

Miss Dorothy Margaret McGurty '29, to Mr. Walter Henry Spellman on November 29, at Pittsburgh.

Miss Norma Frederick and Mr. John Henry Fisher '30, November 28.

Miss Helen Flory to Donald Haugh '28, of Clear Spring, Maryland.

Anne Arundel County Revises Its Alumni Unit

ON Saturday, November 10, the Maryland State Normal School Alumni of Anne Arundel County met at the home of Mrs. F. C. Stoll, near Glen Burnie. There was a splendid response in attendance from many sections of the county.

We were honored by having with us representatives from Baltimore and Harford Counties; Miss Viola Almony from Baltimore County and Miss Hattie Bagley from Harford County who inspired us by telling of the successful efforts of the Units already functioning in their respective counties.

Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough brought us that fine encouragement which bespeaks her genuine interest in our proposed unit. She also brought messages from several of the other County Units.

Our State Alumni Association Officers were very good to us. Mr. Frank Purdum, the President, made us feel we already shared vitally the interests of the State Organization. Mrs. Albert Groshans, Secretary, and Miss Mary Grogan, Treasurer, linked us more strongly with the State Unit. Mr. Caples, Chairman of the Executive Committee, encouraged us, too, in our loyalty.

As a most excellent conclusion to our enthusiastic meeting, Miss Lida Lee Tall, Principal of State Normal School, talked to us as only she can talk. She radiated those qualities necessary for the formation of a very strong unit. Many projects were suggested for the activity of our new unit.

Following Miss Tall's talk, our Anne Arundel Unit was organized. Officers were elected as follows: Mr. John Stone, President; Mrs. Clarence Eason, Vice-President; Miss Ethel Cole, Secretary; and Mrs. Ethel Andrews, Treasurer.

Tea was poured by Mrs. Julia Norman of Annapolis and Mrs. William Crisp of Brooklyn, allowing all to enjoy the artistic home of our hostess. Mrs. Delma Linthicum and Mr. F. C. Stoll entertained with several vocal selections. Our entire group sang "Alma Mater." (Mr. Purdum said we sang really well.)

We trust that there will be a close relationship effected between Anne Arundel Alumni and their Alma Mater, and that we may assist in the upkeep of a possible alumni lodge.

The spirit of Anne Arundel is really alive. May its life be reflected in its activities for Towson Normal!

RUTH PARKER EASON.

Well! Well! Well!

AFTER a very pleasant Christmas vacation, ye column-editor has set to work with a vengeance—in the shape of loftier Tower LIGHT staff members—. Humbly ye editor scoured the school for news.

It was called to our attention that a blonde gentleman in the Senior Class, well-known by all has received the title, "Politest Young Man in School." (Incidentally we agree with the decision.)

Other awards of titles: "Best Male Dancer" was given finally to a county Senior, a frequent visitor in 223. The choice had other close contestants—both Seniors too . . . To a truly studious and industrious member of the "League of Young Voters" goes "Most Indefatigable Worker" . . . "Most Naïve Young Lady" is awarded to a dark-eyed county miss of the Freshman Class . . . Someone always "bobbing up" at your side with a bit of pleasantry (?) is our "Most Sociable Young Man." It is claimed, we hear, that he knows personally more young ladies of the school than any other male—be he Senior, Junior, or another Freshman.

Extend your heartfelt sympathies to, and by all means be patient with any distressed and worried-looking Junior misses, who are "skittish" at the thought of student-teaching. Those of you who are experienced, be especially kind!

Imagine his embarrassment! In a platonic discussion of Venice, an instructor here was asked point-blank by a voluble young lady of the Freshman class whether he had "honey-mooned" in Venice.

Sadly have the students in the men's room lamented the departure of those (!!!) typewriters. They were so comforting (??) in thier friendly (???) chattering (!) companionship.

We have been requested by numerous young ladies to give a vote of thanks and appreciation to the conscientious pianist who appears rather regularly in 223, office hours from 12:45 to 1:10; everyone is invited.

Inquiry department:

What Freshman miss (rather popular, we hear) has the nick-name of a famous juvenile radio-character? "Hey! It's——!"

Whom do some Senior misses address as "Billy-bunch"?

Who, when in a good humor, gives an impromptu tap dance in a room on the second floor, on Monday afternoons (after "conference")?

What member of the Senior Class is the basketball statistician?

Whose car stalled on the way home after the performance of "Aida"? (What did papa say?) What knight of the Senior Class rescued these same damsels in distress?

Who sold the most candy at the opera performance? Who was our most suave usher?

How many Normal School students attended the opera? What diminutive member of the Freshman Class was in the chorus of "Aida"?

Who began the craze for exhibit material?

One emotional violinist has taken a sudden interest in percussion instruments, but as yet has little acquaintance with this branch of the orchestra. Strike up an acquaintance, Mr. First Violinist!

What Junior Miss has been awarded, rather, has well-earned the title, "Sweetheart of Senior 3"? Look to the lee-ward! This same young lady has stimulated or improved the rhythm of one Senior 3 poet's heart.

One of our talented Senior musicians is twanging the heart-strings of a number of Junior music-appreciators. A theme with variations—many of them.



Revelations III; 34-35

WE find ourselves in the unique position of apologizing for our non-appearance in the last issue. Unique in the fact that, as far as we can determine, we are the first to encounter such a situation. True, previous editors have apologized frequently for the appearance of their column, and we would probably have used the same line by and by had our conceit not have been so greatly aggravated by your evident disappointment . . . at this point we were interrupted and informed by means of a lengthy psychological analysis of the student body—that the same end was achieved whether or not the column appeared, in that it gave the said body an opportunity to air their so-called minds thereby producing the same effect—at any rate we still apologize.

We wish to state here and now that the editor has not been trying to establish a reputation for subtlety. Honestly, fellow-students, they have been typographical errors.

The former editor of this column reports that it was indeed a revelation to discover that "music hath lost its charm" as far as "Gus" is concerned. He claims first "hand" information to the contrary. Too bad he doesn't play a mouth-organ.

We pause a moment to reflect whether an individual's proficiency, even if exhibited behind the closed doors of the billiard room, wouldn't travel as far and just as quickly without personal supervision of the broadcast.

We wish that the former editor who compared the ability of cer-

tain soccer players on the field with their ability on the dance-floor could but witness those same players on *any* night in the Newell Hall Foyer.

NEWS FLASH! Benhow and Brumbaugh discovered apparently awake—and both on the same day!

“Swass” has a cousin,
A pretty cousin she,
But we know different
See?

Alas and alack to the Towson Nurseries. Our own Glen is becoming a haven of paradise, and soon we shall have trees and benches all our own and of course, the inevitable Johnson—waiting we suppose for the time when the trees will assume a concealing nature and making sure that he'll have a place.

Meigs, beware! The “tenor” of things is changing. You have a rival. We promised not to disclose his name but his initials are Izzy Cohen.

TO ISADORE

Look thou into the scriptures and see what fate
Is therein prescribed for thee
Oh measly manager! who with sinful glee
Doth injury to his own team mate.

Operatically speaking:

Here is one occasion where we cannot justify the combining of the eye and ear image to make for greater clarity.

We heard it mentioned that “Aida” possessed plenty of volume. Here we agree.

And it served to bring out the merchandising talents of some of our girls—which was quite deflating to Mr. Walthers, we hear.

But our “freshman poet” at least withstood the saleswomanship—that is, till the end of the second act.

Play your mournful tunes, O, Muses!
Cant your gloomy elegies, ye bards!
Our Lerner bought candy and walked home that night.

We wonder who would loudest proclaim were we to advocate complete segregation of the classes. We can hear murmuring from John Wheeler and—Oh well! it really is a secret.

We suggest that the accompanist of the Glee Club confine his accompanying to the Glee Club.

Mutterings from returned student teachers:

I lost his respect—I couldn't tie his tie.

She said I was a gem—a jewel in the rough—in fact, she said I was mediocre. (With apologies to Jimmy Durante.)

Signs of the times; (Dec. 1)

—And I do need a new watch band!

It's only a whisper as yet. We are speaking of J. O. and P. C., of course. But we are willing to bet that this copy will not reach Dundalk.

Etiquette has become the by-word of the Freshman Class—in spite of the original pronunciation imposed upon it by our class president.

Who says the freshmen aren't holding up the romantic morale of the school? Two of its strongest supporters are Francis Jones and Mr. Jaffa.

It has been observed in the cafeteria that a certain freshman section has appropriated a certain table, and promptly puts to route anyone who attempts to take it.

We are quite convinced that the time has come to apologize for the presence of our column—we apologize.



Faculty Notes

ONE day not long ago Miss Weyforth entered the faculty room, selected a coat, and put it on. Miss Neunsinger watched the proceedings with polite wonderment. When Miss Weyforth started to leave, however, Miss Neunsinger thought the performance was being carried too far, for the coat was hers. We hope Santa Claus brought Miss Weyforth one of her own for Christmas.

Overheard in the faculty dining room: Miss Treut—"Do you know where the crest of the Potomac flood is now?" Miss Crabtree—"Whose book is that?"

When Miss Munn is not teaching or trying to corral material for the TOWER LIGHT, we understand that she takes care of babies in Hutzler's rest room.

Miss Giles and Miss Treut were seen cutting figures (suit yourself) at an ice rink recently. Miss Tansil, Miss Gilbert and Miss Blood as yet are making only more or less straight lines.

Florida seemed to have a great attraction for the faculty at Christmas. Miss Medwedeff started the exodus, and was followed by Miss Stitzel, Miss Holt, Miss Dowell and Miss Munn.

We understand that some of the Freshmen characterize one of the male members of the faculty as "cute."

Miss Van Bibber attended the Middle States History Association meetings at Atlantic City during the Thanksgiving vacation. She is secretary of the organization.

The meetings of the National Council of Geography Teachers were held in Philadelphia during the Christmas holidays. Miss Blood attended.

Miss Yoder recently gave a talk at a Parent Teachers Association meeting.



Do You Know:

That many of the graduates of this institution have joined the Public School Teachers Association Chorus?

That some members of our faculty are still riding horses? Let us hope the "status keeps being quo."

That Bill Gonce has been doing some delicate cabinet work and leather tooling?

That many of our instructors have sayings which have become almost classic? Examples follow:

Dr. Tall: "So I challenge you to . . ."

Miss Jones: "All the new is not good, and all the old is not bad."

Miss Scarborough: "That is a moot question."

Miss Steele: "And all that, and all that."

Miss Steele: "What level of learning?"

Mr. Minnegan: "Quite, please!"

Miss Rutledge: "Not by any manner of means."

Miss Birdsong: "You all . . ."

Miss Keyes: "I think so."

Miss Weyforth: "Now, students . . ."



Miss Hopkins, the teacher, was trying to explain to the fifth grade just what an island is. She filled a basin with water and put a pile of dirt in the middle, thus showing that an island is a piece of land surrounded by water.

"Now, Tommy," she said, "what is an island?"

"An island is a hunk of dirt in the wash basin," replied Tommy.

Teacher: "Really, Betty, your handwriting is terrible. You must learn to write better."

Betty: "Well, if I did, you'd be finding fault with my spelling."

Teddy: "Where does the water that we wash with come from?"

Daddy: "From the lake."

Teddy: "Which part of the lake is hot?"

"Spider Woman"

"SPIDER WOMAN" by Gladys A. Reichard is an intensively interesting, authentic depiction of Indian life in the Navajo tribe. The author gives a clear insight into both the lives and the mental attitudes of the people.

The practical aspects of their daily life are vividly portrayed. The reader is given an entrancing picture of their peculiar homes. Their extreme skill in the complicated processes of dyeing and weaving colorful rugs is displayed to him. Their simple and vigorous mode of living delights him. He laughs heartily at the Indian men's ignoring of their mother-in-laws. To him their family relations are made distinct. These are just a few of the practical, every day incidents.

Even more exciting than these facts are their attitudes and religious beliefs. They have deeply inbred, radical superstitions concerning omens. Their marriage ceremonials are quaint and distinctive. Their faith in the healing power of a song is unwavering. Another solemn feature of tribal life is their queer, formal rite of purification.

This book is unquestionably effective in instilling within the reader a knowledge of respect for, and a sympathetic understanding of the modern aborigines.

ALDONA SINUSH, *Freshman III.*



LaFARGE, OLIVER, *Laughing Boy*

The theme of the book is to portray the philosophy and religion of the Navajo Indians and the evil influence of their contact with white man's civilization.

Laughing Boy transports the reader into a strange, foreign civilization and gives him a keen insight into the moods and customs of the Navajos. The language of the book is characterized by a certain crispness which seems to accent the Indian theme. There is something in the sustained crescendo of the last few chapters that leaves with the reader a sense of sorrow and beauty.

The author, obviously, has an intimate familiarity with the characters and customs of the people about whom he writes and infuses a resentment toward the intrusion of the white man among the imaginative and skillful Navajos.

MARGERY WILLIS, *Special Senior.*

King of All

SILENTLY he wings his graceful way through the azure sky—this eagle, king of all. Gliding, glancing, eyes truly dancing in three-four time, he surveys his dominion. Not a ruffle in his glistening feathers is seen as they sparkle in the sun, making a darkening blot in the path of the sun's rays. As rhythmically as the count of a concert conductor or the steady beat of the sea on the side of a steep cliff, his majestic wings carry him over a velvet smooth course. So even is his flight that indeed he appears not to have moved as he rides the summer breeze. His mighty wings spread motionless; he hangs as if on some unseen star in the sky.

At last, the spell is broken, and, with a shrill cry and rush of wings, he swoops to earth to overpower some lesser thing.

F. F.



Sleeping Souls

HE sat snoozing. Hands clasped on lap, hat covering face, and chair tilted, he was utterly unconcerned with things about him. Short wheezing whistles quivered through his lips at regular intervals, while his stomach and chest vainly attempted to burst his tight vest as they rose and fell with each breath. A full-stomached cat lay curled up at his feet. The similarity in attitudes and belly-baskets of both man and beast suggested some "little" kinship. With each extraordinarily loud snore, the cat would prick up its ears and lift its head, but since nothing further happened, upraised head and ears gradually, and with effortless movement, slid back into place. It appeared that a miracle was happening; so frail a chair could hardly hold so ponderous a man. And with it tilting as it was, it seemed that the sleeping individual on the chair would tumble to the floor on splinters of wood. The puny supporter seemed tired too, were not its legs staggering and bending under a severe weight? Truly, it was almost impossible to say which would burst first, man or chair.

MAX BERZOFSKY, *Freshman IV.*



Normal School Spotlight

BASKETBALL has arrived and the team is now in full swing for a successful season against first class opponents. This opposition includes American University, Loyola College, Wilson Teachers, Gallaudet, and others.

Drill, drill, and drill has been the keyword since the two defeats by Catholic University and Elizabethtown. Victory against Catholic University was of course not expected, for this college represents one of the strongest quintets in the East. The contest with Elizabethtown, however, showed that the Normal School squad needed work on fundamentals.

The latter game was from beginning to end a hard fought one. With the opening whistle the State Normal players functioned smoothly and ran up a large lead. Elizabethtown could not score. The situation was encouraging when, all of a sudden, something went wrong. The visiting team lost its coordination and the opposing group pulled up to even terms. At half time, the score stood 11 to 9 in Normal's favor.

In the second half, continued lack of coordination together with faulty ball handling enabled Elizabethtown to get a substantial lead. This, it must be said, was not accomplished without lucky shooting on the part of the home team.

With a few minutes remaining before the end, the visiting (Normal School) team found itself, but there was not time enough left to close the gap. The final score read 25 to 22 in favor of Elizabethtown.

This contest proved that the basketball squad would have to work hard. The result, as stated before, has been drill, drill, and drill some more. Future games are now being looked forward to.

Since response to the call for players has been exceedingly great, the Normal "Indians" can boast two basketball teams. The first team consists of George Rankin and Mel Cole playing guards, Julien Turk and Ben Novey, forwards, and Arthur Bennett at center. This group, in a practice contest, played the second team and tried out many of its plays. A combination consisting of Benbow, Schwanebeck, Smith, John Wheeler, Woronka, Nathanson, and Cohen were defeated 30 to 14.

In conclusion—we invite you most urgently to come out and see Coach Don Minnegan's charges play their home games. As an "attraction," we promise you to soon see Josh Wheeler in action.

THEODORE WORONKA, *Senior III.*

Sports Slants

ON Wednesday October 31, six teams of girls anxiously awaited the whistle that was to start the class hockey games. The first game between the Senior Second and the Freshman Second teams ended in a 1 to 1 tie. Miss Sterback scored for the Seniors and Miss Shipley for the Freshies. The next game (Junior One versus Freshman Third) ended in favor the Juniors, 2 to 0. Misses Merryman and Muller scored. In the last game the Freshmen One team barely beat the Senior One team 1 to 0. Miss Scharpf tallied the goal that spelt defeat for the Seniors.

The two victorious teams, Junior One and Freshman One, played it off for championship. After battling endlessly for over an hour with neither team scoring, the game finally ended 0 to 0. As it can be seen from the score, the Freshmen had a very strong team this year and played well together because each played in her own position.

Thus, the hockey season came to a close with no class having the honor or privilege of being victorious over all of the other classes.



BASKETBALL

Monday, November 26, the girls played the Alumnae in the first game this season. Although the Alumnae beat us 21 to 13 it was a very good game. The ball was kept in motion from one end of the court to the other, no one team having a monopoly of the ball. Considering the fact that we have practiced only once together, the team work was very good and the signals that were devised at the dinner table worked quite well. We are hoping to have another opportunity to play the Alumnae after we have had some hard practice together. Perhaps, then, we shall reverse the score.

FAIRFAX BROOKE, *Senior II.*



Teacher: "Billy, tell me the number of days in each month."

Billy: "Thirty days hath September, all the rest I can't remember. But there's a calendar on the wall, why bother me with this at all?"

College Senior: "What would you advise me to read after graduation?"

English Professor: "The Help Wanted Ads."

State Normal Cagers Outclassed

THE State Normal quintet was unable to compete with a short passing, fast breaking Catholic University basketball machine, which rolled up a score of 53 to 11. The professors' passing and general ball handling lacked color and speed; long shots were unsuccessful.

First half score: Catholic University 53
State Normal 4 (result of four successful foul shots.)

The State Normal five displayed better form during the second half. Short passes and good ball handling helped the professors outscore Catholic University during the third quarter of play: 6 to 2. However, the Catholic University machine started again and rolled the final score up to 53 to 11.

Mr. Minnegan and the basketball players honestly feel that it is an honor and a great opportunity to play Catholic University, one of the best teams in the East. Do not be disappointed by this game; our boys played good ball in view of the type of competition offered by Catholic University. The State Normal team is rounding into fine form for the important games in January. Josh Wheeler's return to the line-up will help the ball club considerably.

I. H. MILLER, *Manager*.



State Fieldball Championship Game

Last week a state championship fieldball game between Hagerstown, representing the Western Shore, and North Eastern from Eastern Shore was played on the Normal School field. Despite the cold and snow the game went on and proved to be an interesting one. Hagerstown was the deserving winner, carrying off the game with a score of 18 to 0.

After the game the teams were taken on a sight seeing tour of the school by some of the students.

DORIS SHIPLEY, *Freshman VI*.



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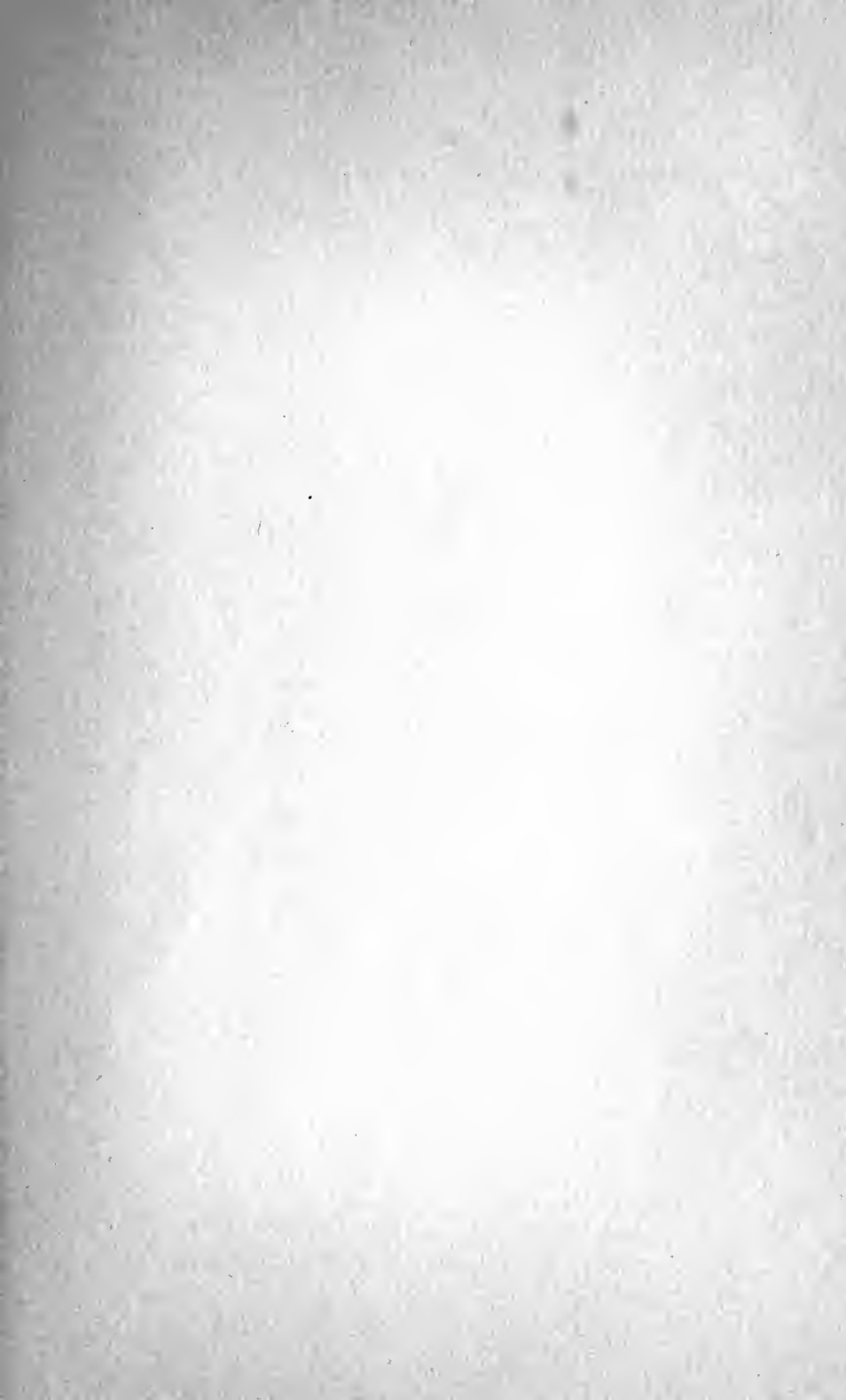
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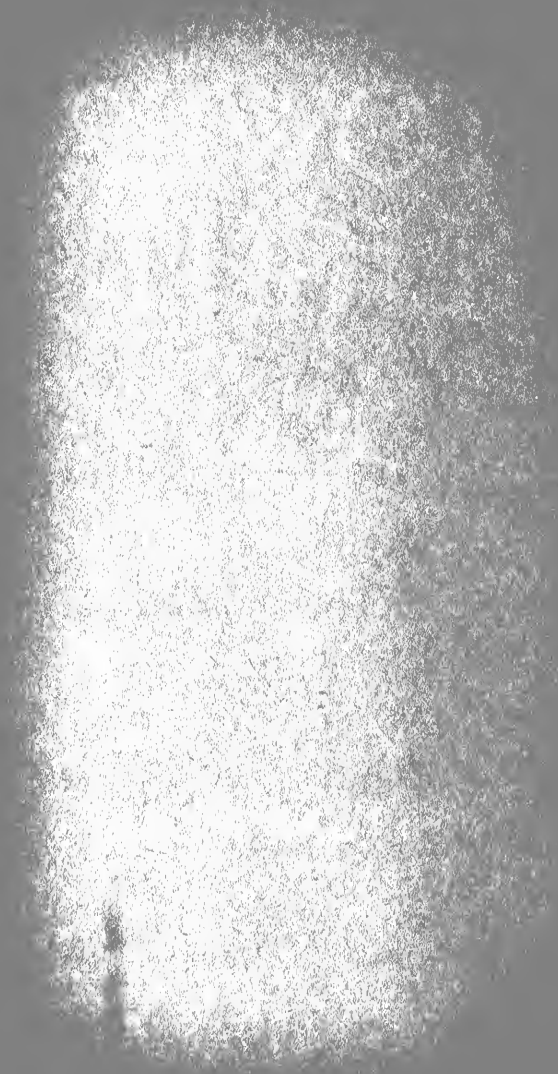


THE TOWER LIGHT



FEBRUARY, 1935

Maryland State Teachers College
LIBRARY



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

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The Tower Light

VOL. VIII

FEBRUARY, 1935

No. 5

The Prayer of George Washington

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, New York City

ALMIGHTY GOD, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection.

That Thou wilt incline the heart of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large, and finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the divine Author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation.

Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

AMEN.

NOTE.—Copied by Dr. Anna S. Abercrombie in the cathedral expressly for February issue of our TOWER LIGHT.

An International Racket

*A summary of SENATOR NYE's address delivered
recently at the Southern Hotel.*

THE sale of munitions is an international racket. The munition industry recognizes no flag; munition manufacturers will willingly sell to the enemies of their own country. The munition racketeers like best that flag under which they can gain the greatest profit for war preparation. The munition makers profit from wholesale "legalized murder" without question or interference. These international racketeers divide the territory and share profits in time of war. Profits—profits the racketeers made profits ranging from 25% to 39,000%. Yes, the Dupont Organization made a profit of 39,000% on a meager capital investment of \$5,000 in 1917. These racketeers will take no part in a war unless they can make profit. The American munition manufacturers appropriate large sums of money annually for lobbies and bribes in order to secure legislation favorable to their enterprise.

Our attention is drawn to this profitable international enterprise in a period when more money is being spent for the machinery of war than ever before. Budgets are not balanced; yet preparation for war continues. United States leads the pack of nations. Japan and the U.S. are now engaged in the greatest naval race ever conceived in history. However, President Roosevelt sees no danger of a naval war between our country and Japan. In Japan, the cry is "Look out for U.S.!" In U.S., the cry is "Look out for Japan!" The naval race is on! No one can predict when this mad race will end. Meanwhile, a burden of taxation is placed on the back of each nation. President Roosevelt advocates a larger navy; Japan must keep up with the U.S. As this race continues, the munition makers, shipbuilders, and drydock organizations reap large profits.

Are the munition makers patriots? How did they help our country during the war? The government asked the Duponts to build a huge powder factory in 1917. The government's money was to be used to build the necessary plant. Three months of quibbling followed as to what profit Dupont would make for building and operating the plant. Men going to war did not demand to know how much money they would receive before fighting! But, Felix Dupont asked the government to guarantee no less than 10% profit on the construction of the plant and 15% on the operation of the plant before complying with the government's request. This three month period spent in quibbling was the most critical period during the war. It was surely an "un-

pleasant mess"; but Felix Dupont followed the principle of all the munition racketeers: "We are not going to 'play ball' unless we make profit."

While young men were earning a dollar a day during the war, the Duponts made a profit of \$5,000 (simple arithmetic—approximately \$1336 a day for a period of four years). When questioned about this profit, Dupont replied, "We earned our profit; we rendered a great service to the allies." Today, the U.S. might be a German colony if it were not for the Duponts. Yet the Duponts would gladly sell munitions to Germany if it were profitable. Today, the Duponts are even more prosperous than during the war. Why? The large profit gained during the war was invested in other stocks, such as General Motors. Thereby, the Duponts receive a reliable steady income and have actually established an industrial empire in our country.

How do these munition makers prolong the life of the racket? They build up fears and suspicions. They do everything in their power to prolong the difficulties, which create markets for their products. The U.S. claims the maintenance of a policy of neutrality in the Gran Chaco, yet American made bullets are being used by both sides.

One of the munition manufacturers said to the investigating committee: "We are in a hell of a business, where people have to be in trouble before we can make money; but if we do not get the business, others will." He pondered a bit and added, "Wouldn't it be a terrible thing if my conscience began to hurt me?"

The U.S. is a partner in this racket. Peru asked the U.S. government for assistance in strengthening her national defense. Our government sent military advisers who suggested submarines and destroyers as an addition to the Peruvian war establishment. Peru followed the suggestions. More business for the munition makers and shipbuilders. It did not take Peru long to go on parade with these new submarines and destroyers. Colombia opened her eyes and realized that her defense was inadequate. Surely, the poor munition makers could not have had anything to do with Colombia's thoughts! Where could Colombia go for aid? The U.S. had the reputation of being a "big brother" to the South American countries. United States naval experts were sent to Colombia; they suggested submarines and destroyers. Colombia followed these recommendations. More munition sales. Thus, the munition racketeers arm the world against itself. Similar partnerships exist between England and her munition makers, between France and her munition makers, and in other nations.

End the racket—at least America's part in it! President Roosevelt admits this is the time to take the profit out of war. There is no need

for long legislatures and red tape. Senator Nye's suggestion to take the profit out of war is as follows: Upon the declaration of war, double the peace time tax rate on incomes up to \$15,000 and place a tax rate of 98 or 99% on all incomes over \$15,000. Moreover, we must take the profit out of the preparation for war. In order to do so, the United States must control and regulate the manufacture of munitions and all types of war machinery.

Senator Nye stressed the importance of further investigations of wartime profit in the shipbuilding, steel and banking establishments. On December 26, President Roosevelt promised to secure additional funds for the Nye Committee. Now, the committee is investigating the nefarious activities of the steel, shipbuilding, and banking establishments during the last war. Results of the investigations will be made known to the public at a future date.

I. H. MILLER, *Senior III.*



From Your Valentine

FEBRUARY the fourteenth, Cupid's day. Who started it? What is it for? Why is there any Valentine's day at all?

The beginnings of the "sweetheart" holiday are very obscure; many authorities claim that Saint Valentine had nothing at all to do with it, but we'll refrain from that unromantic thought as mere critics melancholic. Let us rather quote from Mistress Diana Mason's introduction to Kermish's Manual for 1797:

"I have by me a very old book which has the following account of Valentine being confined at Rome on account of his religion, and committed to the care of a man whose daughter was blind, whom Valentine restored to sight, and from that time the girl became enamored of him, nor did he treat her affection with contempt. But after long imprisonment he was ordered for public execution on the fourteenth of February. While in prison, being deprived of books, he used to amuse himself with cutting curious devices on paper, on one of which he wrote some pious exhortations and assurances of love, and sent to the keeper's daughter the morning of the execution and being concluded in the words "Your Valentine." There is great reason for supposing that to be the origin of the present custom."

An orchid to you, Mistress Mason, King Cupid is proud of you! A very romantic thought and we'll stick by you.

"Haste from my lattice, letter, fly!
Tell the fond youth for him, I sigh
Zephyrs bring me back the tender kiss
Of constancy—of hope—of bliss."

This is a heart stimulant of great-grandmother's days, and grand days they certainly were! On Saint Valentine's day a group of starched, passionate Romeos and ruffled, exotic Juliets would assemble. All the Juliets' names would be placed in a box—and each "Romeo" would draw one out. And lo! the damsel whose name fell to his lot became his Valentine for the year. He wore her name in his bosom or on his sleeve, and it was his duty to attend her and protect her and maybe—marry her.

"You're dumb and you're dumpy
You always look frumpy
With pencils corked over both ears
With your disposition
You have my permission
To stay a schoolmarm for years."

Ultra-modernism, realism, impressionism—call it what you will, but without a doubt the good old sentimental valentine has gone out with the hooped skirt. Today, Valentine's Day has become saturated with that unsavory flavor of our mechanized age—brazen, cold, hard, bare, deceiving.

No longer are those delicate embarrassments called valentines a fairy's handiwork. To be sure, a dreamy artist may have designed them, but a lithographer, with inky fingers, printed the picture part of them; a die-cutter, with sleeves rolled up, made a pattern in steel of the lace-work on the edge; and a dingy-looking pressman, wearing a paper hat, stamped the pattern around the picture. Another hard-handed workman rubbed the back of the stamped lace with sand-paper till it came in holes and looked like lace, not merely like stamped paper; and a row of girls at a common, long table put on the colors with stencils, gummed on the hearts and darts and Cupids and flowers, and otherwise finished the thing exactly like the pattern before them.

A cold, naked Valentine's Day; a mechanized love—is there such a thing? Certainly not! Those riveted heart beats are but outward appearances—mere artificialities. Deep down inside, below those squeaky hinges, there lies the real heart—the Valentine heart. There King Cupid shall always reign. Maybe he has changed his robes a bit; maybe he looks a little different. Whether sentimental or foolish—he still rules.

SID TEPPER.

Teacher

AT two-thirty, 3B² swarmed joyously to the gymnasium. Now when Miss Drew had had the third grade, the children had marched two by two to the lofty room and had performed exercises to the time of "1-2-3-4, up-down, across-bend." *Why* Miss Ella Drew had left, no one in 3B² knew, nor cared. They had Miss June Whiteford now. She was *some* teacher—young—full of fun—yellow curly hair!

Miss June started the victrola and the children stood still, awaiting directions. The music was unfamiliar, a light, joyous lilt, quite unlike anything they had exercised to before. One little girl impulsively did a hop-skip motion, and Miss June looked pleased and eagerly nodded "That's it. Skip, if it makes you want to." Whereupon all of 3B² cavorted about on joyous toes. That is, all save Michael Klinger. He made a half-hearted attempt, and then retreated warily toward a corner where he wouldn't be conspicuous and in the way. The new teacher spied the solitary figure in the corner and went over to him.

"What's the matter? Don't you want to skip?"

Michael looked straight ahead, blinking. "I can't."

"O, yes you can, if you try!"

"I can't."

The new teacher swooped down, seized a hand and pulled him off with her to the music. Michael was skipping, his skinny little legs flew grotesquely in the air, his glasses bobbed on his nose, and his face grew red. But it was none the less a dance of joy. The children laughed at him of course, but Miss June said out loud so they could all hear, "I like the way Michael skips, because he lifts his feet so high from the floor." And she smiled, and squeezed his hand. Michael had never felt so happy.

As usual, he trudged along at the rear of the group going back to the room. Miss Morrison and Miss Swartz who were on hall duty exchanged the customary winks as he trailed by, for his incongruous appearance had long been a source of much mirth. But Michael's woe-be-gone appearance concealed a dancing spirit. Inwardly he was overcome with emotion, a mixture of surprise, gratitude and joy. It gave him a warm little feeling he could hug. She had smiled at him as though she liked him! She didn't laugh at him!

That night, shut in his room he laboriously practiced flinging his legs about and hopping. No doubt Miss Swartz and Miss Morrison would have doubled up with laughter could they have seen his frantic efforts.

Even his father could see he was changed. Michael smiled, jumped about, and stood more erect nowadays. Because they had only each other, these two shared a common bond of understanding, that needed no words. But this new Michael, with a great zest for life, with an almost normal boyishness was something the father didn't understand. It hurt him a little, not understanding, but he characteristically never mentioned it. He worked all the harder at his machine shop by day, and at night, shut himself away in his room and painted at the easel until it was quite late, for an artist he believed himself to be.

As for Michael, in his joy of worshipping Miss June, he was a wee bit troubled. He had always adored his father fiercely, possessively, beyond all else, and now he had two idols. If he loved them both so tremendously, why the only thing to do was to bring them together, for naturally they should, correspondingly, love each other. That would reconcile his loyalties. That was the end to which he planned—bringing them together.

He brought Miss June pretty shells and flowers pilfered from Aunt Julia's garden. But his greatest tribute was the picture his father had painted entitled "Portrait of Myself." Michael had found it in a wastebasket, and cherished it secretly for a long time. He laid it, carefully wrapped on Miss June's desk Monday afternoon. He thrilled all night with the excitement of giving her his treasure. Tuesday morning he noticed Miss June staring at him quite frequently. Joy stirred within him, for he knew she had seen the picture, and seeing it, had loved it as he did. The realization made him quite giddy, for the time was ripe—they should be brought together.

That day at lunch Michael asked his father to go back to school with him and see the teacher about something.

"About what?" asked his parent.

"About something special. Please, Daddy!"

Mr. Klinger put down his cup to stare at his son.

"Take your Aunt Julia. She's not afraid of em, if you're failing again."

"It isn't that; it's special. Please Daddy!" Now in tears.

So they both went, Daddy and Michael. In the building, Michael felt alternately quite bold, then very shy, but he was so tremulously happy that he wasn't afraid. He could hear the voices of other teachers in the room, so he made his father wait, so there would be no outsiders present, when his two gods met. The voices became loud, clashing in raucous laughter. He would wait. His eyes shone, and he quivered all over. He distinguished the voices of Miss Morrison and Miss Swartz in a burst of mirth. Then Miss June's voice rose above theirs'.

"And now for the crowning touch let me *show* you the picture the little brat brought me. It must be his father—the same ears and nose, look, 'Self Portrait'!"

"Look!" More shrieks of laughter——.

The discord of their voices smote the air; it broke the quietness of the halls; it shattered the peace of the world outside the open windows. But it did more than that to a little boy who had heard it.

M. DOUGLAS, *Senior Sp.*



"My Father: Mark Twain"

CLARA CLEMENS GABRILOWITCH

WHO was the man who thought, as a child, that the finest thing in life would be to travel up and down the Mississippi River, whose fame swept him around the world, whose personality was so compelling that he stood out brilliantly at any gathering, whose keen wit and perception made his one of the brightest names in American letters? This was Mark Twain.

Mark Twain was indeed a remarkable person. Not only was he a dearly-loved writer, but his daughter, in her intensely interesting account of his private life, calls him an adoring husband, and a fond and devoted father. His great literary powers in the world of imagination, his desire to be a close companion to three young daughters, and his rare disposition of sunshine and humor—these make the Mark Twain whose books children all over the world love to read.

The reader is given a glimpse of the beautiful, stately home in Connecticut, the birthplace of the three Clemens girls. He sees the results of a financial collapse in which Mark Twain loses all his carefully-saved money. He watches the family aboard a steamer bound for Europe, where living is cheaper. Then last of all, triumphant and happy, he travels with the family around the world, and is present at the conferring of Mark Twain's degree at Oxford.

Clara Clemens Gabilowitch has indeed written a very enjoyable book, and the reader's only wish when he finishes is, that he might have met and known this Mark Twain.

SARAH STRUMSKY, *Freshman III.*

Faculty Interview

Across the continent and back in three generations—the story of Miss Hazel Lucretia Jones, Ph.B; M.A.—instructor in Reading at the M.S.N.S.

THE roots, originating in England, Ireland, and Wales, found their focal point at Clear Lake, Iowa, after traversing Pennsylvania, Michigan, and other points west. And here we pause to emphasize the fact that Clear Lake is an extremely well known summer resort ("well, in Iowa at least") and is situated on one of the finest lakes in the West.

We had hoped to discover her school-girl days swathed in an atmosphere of pioneer life but were utterly disappointed. Miss Jones attended an urban elementary school much farther advanced than those attended by some of her later pupils in the East. After graduating from high school, Miss Jones, following a definite desire to become a teacher, spent the next two years at the Iowa State Teacher's College at Cedar Falls, Iowa, receiving there her teacher's diploma.

Her first teaching experiences were acquired in a one room rural school of eight grades, located in South Dakota. To and from this school she came and went on the back of a horse—now whether it was the species or the individual that was misunderstood we don't know but at any rate, the horse was daily fastened by some means or other to the steps leading into the school. One evening, with no regard for the young lady who was endeavoring mightily to place a saddle on his back, he began to run, taking the steps with him, leaving the said young lady in a very bewildering and we might add embarrassing position (she neglected to say whether she was standing on the steps at the time or not but it pleases our imagination to believe that she was) thus the "embarrassing." But this time "Young Lochinvar" came out of the West dragging the horse and steps behind him.

Several years were spent teaching in the elementary schools in South Dakota and intervening periods in lecturing at Teacher's Institutes throughout the State.

It was from Dakota that Miss Jones went to the University of Chicago—there getting her degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, a notable achievement—but second only to her appearance with the Chicago Civic Opera Company with Chaliapin but as a fill in—much the same as our students here at school were permitted to do in the "case" of Aida.

After receiving her Bachelor's degree Miss Jones was offered a position as a training teacher at Western State Teachers College in

Kalamazoo, Michigan. After a few years there she went on to Columbia and her Master's degree and from Columbia to M.S.N.S. as instructor in "Reading."

Her chief form of recreation is travel and has been indulged in very extensively throughout these U.S. and part of Mexico. Her enjoyment of life is supplemented with an indulgence in bridge, the theatre, and knitting.

Her ambitions—few—but worthy. Two might better be expressed as professional desires: to see our institutes of higher learning accept the standards of the progressive elementary school—to see the college classroom become a place where ideas are exchanged more freely between students and the instructor, in conferences and small gatherings with less of the lecture type predominating; and secondly, to see the teaching profession attain the status of the medical profession, encouraging more students to enter the educational research field. She wishes, too, that each prospective teacher might serve a period of internship of one of more years—according to his needs as a means of determining his fitness for the profession rather than by the examination method of today.

And as for the ambition she terms unprofessional—to travel and experience visually history, art, social customs, etc., which she now has access to only vicariously—we express our hope that in the near future Hazel Jones of Clear Lake, Iowa and points West, will be found wandering about England, Ireland, and last, Wales—the source of many Joneses.

GENE BENBOW.



A Call to Arms!

The cost—a mere nothing,
Or at most—very slight.
This—on the evening
Of March's first night.

The music—so throbbing, so sweet and so low,
The lights—almost shadows—in their soft glow,
The faculty—engrossed in their cards—perchance?
The TOWER LIGHT—announcing its Benefit Dance!

Germs!

THREE months!! How the time has flown! It seems as though it were but yesterday when I first walked the mile and a half from the station to the isolated State Sanatorium for Tubercular Children. How barren and desolate everything looked . . . and how little the atmosphere of the place tended to lessen my morbid fear of being alone in a large building! Even now I shudder to think that tonight is to be my first on the night shift . . . the "dead watch" as the other nurses call it. I am led to believe that it is so named because the place takes on the quiet of the grave when you go on duty, for then the children have all been asleep for at least an hour. The only thing left for one to do is work on one's charts from 8 o'clock, until they are completed, about 11 o'clock. After that it's the unending monotony of waiting for a ring from the bedside of one of the children . . . a ring that you can be sure will never come, for the children seldom awake during the night. How I shall bear the long hours until I am relieved, I don't know. Just now my heart sank with foreboding. Something is going to happen. I can sense it. I shan't be able to sleep all day. My terror won't let me.

From my swivel chair at the night desk I can clearly hear the clock in the little town about two miles away strike midnight. My charts have all been carefully checked and filed away for over an hour. In the past sixty minutes I have lived a thousand nightmares and suffered more than the tortures of the damned. I think I shall go mad if something doesn't happen to relieve this unbearable agony. My eyes ache from following the hands of the desk clock as they wend their tedious path around the dial. I keep hearing things . . . strange noises . . . creepy sounds . . . It sounds like . . . Great Heavens! What was that? The door to the reception hall? I can *swear* I locked it. It opened and closed. I *know* it. *Something* is in this building. What . . . who . . . who . . . is coming up the stairs?!! God! If only I could move or scream. I am fastened to this chair as though I were bolted. My tongue is a piece of lead in my mouth. Will those steps *never* end? Dear Lord! There IT is. He is approaching the desk now. I can do no more than sit here, frozen, held by his eyes that burn through and through me as though they were two live coals. His right hand is in his pocket and I can sense more than see, the revolver he has concealed there. His face is whiter than the wall at his back. He is trying to speak. His lips, a sharp bluish-purple gash in his face, are moving spasmodically, as though he were trying to speak, but the only thing that issues from them is a sound like that made by dry leaves crushed between the palms of the hands. Finally, I can distinguish words.

"Y' do like I tells ya 'n' nuttin's gonna happen. Get me? All yer gotta do is take me to where dere's some "snow." I'll do all de rest."

In my efforts to answer, the words hide themselves in my throat and I can only make weird, little, inarticulate noises. Somehow I can manage to get up out of the chair, but only with the full expectation of having my knees buckle under me. My heart is beating so slowly and painfully. I can almost feel his foul breath on my neck as I start down the hall to the "dope chest." Not a sound do we make as we go down the hall. Now we stop in front of the dispensary which is always kept locked and under the care of the nurse in charge. The fiend is directly at my shoulder now, and I can hear him begin to breathe faster at the thought of what is to come. I have already inserted the key in the lock and turned it. There comes a slight click as I turn the knob. Strangely, with that click something in my brain snapped. It seems that by some queer reaction my absolute fear has changed to an intense hatred and revulsion for this thing at my back.

Thoughts race through my now active brain. Ah! The "germ chest"! Just the thing. I know it is desperate. I know that I may destroy myself as well as the "cokie." What of it? If I succeed, I shall have succeeded in conquering myself.

To swing the door back and locate the light switch is but the work of a moment. Now I must force myself to go over to the metal cabinet that we call the "Germ Chest," for in it are contained the various strains of germs, or bacilli, that we use for testing, experimenting, etc. The "cokie" thinks I'm going to the "dope chest." Well, he's in for a little surprise. He has fallen back a few steps, confident that he is now at his goal. If only I have nerve enough to carry on.

I reach in the cabinet, select a strain of bacilli, pull the stopper out quickly and place my thumb over the opening. *He* can't see what I'm doing because I'm hiding my actions with my body.

Turning on him swiftly, I am before him in two steps. I shake the bottle under his very eyes.

"Do you see this bottle? Well it contains *several billion tuberculosis germs!!!* Read the label! Go on, read it! See what it says? It says *tubercular bacilli*. That means *germs* from tubercular people. If I take my thumb off the mouth of this bottle and let you have the contents in your face . . . you'll be dead in a week! Now . . . do you know what you are going to do? You are going to hand me your gun, turn around, and march yourself down the hall to my desk while I telephone the police!"

All this time I have been shaking the bottle under his nose.

For a moment I fear that he will make a last desperate effort to get to the drugs. His whole body is trembling with desire for the cocaine.

However, I think that the full significance of the words is hitting him now. Yes, there is a growing look of horror in his eyes. His drug-besotted brain has finally taken in the fact that certain death lies in my hand. The light is dying out of his eyes and in its place is an expression of craven fear. I have won! I come closer and draw my arm back as though to toss the stuff in the bottle at his face.

"Please, please, lady, don' trow dat stuff on me. Here's me gat. Call de police. Only don' give me a shot o' de goims. Do anything but for God's sake don' trow dem tings in me face."

Thank Heaven! He is supplicant. If only I can hold out until the police get here. But first I must call them.

"All right. Let's go."

I motioned down the hall to the desk with its blessed phone.

"Sit over there, across from me at the desk."

I have turned the desk lamp on him so that he can see me but vaguely, if at all.

* * *

I managed to call the county police, somehow, but Heaven alone knows how I managed to survive the half hour or so until they got here. I remember faintly trying to rise as they came up the stairs and took the dope addict in charge. As I did, my numbed hand refused to hold the "deadly" bottle any more. It slipped from my hand and fell to the floor and I felt myself "going under." Just before I lost consciousness, I could hear the poor prisoner screaming as though he were dead already.

"De goims!! Lemme outa here! Lemme go! Dere gettin' me! I can feel dem in me lungs! Dere eatin' my lungs out! Oh! Lord! I'm gettin' T.B.!"

Then I knew no more.

When I came to, perhaps two or three minutes later, I found myself stretched out on the floor, a pile of record charts at my feet and back. The "dope" was gone. I heard someone addressing me and on looking around discovered the sheriff kneeling at my side.

"Say young lady," he said, "what did that poor guy mean? What's he screamin' about? Who is he? One of your crazy patients?"

"Oh, no, sheriff. We don't attend to insane people here."

I then told him the whole story. As I concluded I pointed to the half empty bottle lying on the floor under the desk.

"... and that bottle that was *supposed to contain* T.B. germs only had common cold germs in it and the worst he could have secured from the contents was a little cold!!

HERMAN MILLER, I. A., '34.

Living Authors

WE usually think of February as the birth month of famous people such as Washington and Lincoln. Several of our famous living authors are carrying out the idea of the February child in literary fields.

William Rose Benet was born in Fort Hamilton, New York. After graduating from Yale, he found a position in the Century office in New York. His first two weeks were spent addressing envelopes, but he was soon advanced to associate editor. With Henry Seidel Canby and Christopher Morely he started the Literary Review of the New York *Evening Post* in 1920, and in 1924, the Saturday Review of Literature, an independent weekly, of which he is still the editor.

His earliest published works are verse, and he has written many novels since. None of his books are in our library, but among those he has written are: Merchants from Cathay (1912) and Moon of Grandeur (1920) both verse, and The Flying King of Kurio (1926) a story for children.

Jeffery Farnol was born February 10, 1878 in Warwickshire. He was taught at home, and then sent as an apprentice to a brass foundry in Birmingham, but was summarily sent home with a note from the foreman—"No good for work—always writing." He took a job in his father's business, writing short stories on the side—occasionally getting one published.

After marrying, he went to New York, and there, in a rat-infested room in Hell's Kitchen he wrote "The Broad Highway," a book full of Kentish scenes that he remembered poignantly from his childhood. It was turned down time after time, and he was about to burn it, but his wife retrieved it and sent it to his mother in England who had it published.

A stream of novels and other books continued to flow from his pen, including "An Amateur Gentleman," "Money Moon," "Charmian," "Lady Vibart," and "Guyfford of Wease," all of which are in our library. "The Broad Highway," which we have also, has been tremendously popular ever since the day of its publication. This popularity is largely due to the "Englishness" of it.

Margaret Deland, born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, February 23, 1857, has colored most of her works with childhood associations for her home is the original "Old Chester" of her stories.

Her aunt, with whom she lived, had to approve everything she read—Scott, Hawthorne, Irving, Shakespeare and The Bible formed her literary taste. Everything the child wrote was shown to her aunt because she wanted to see if her spelling was improving. The Aunt

wrote to a friend, "Margaret is very anxious to send some of her productions to a magazine, and if I were perfectly sure they would be rejected, I would allow her to do so." Mrs. Deland felt that it was a serious mistake to allow a child to suppose that anything it writes is to be taken seriously.

Although she has produced many works, Margaret Deland is not a prolific writer. She is slow and painstaking, and makes many revisions, even after a story is in type, to the dismay of compositors.

We have two of her books in our library—"New Friends in Old Chester" (1920) and the "Iron Woman" (1911).

ELEANOR SCHNEPFE, *Senior V.*



Psychology and Reading Detective Stories

PSYCHOLOGY has often enlightened humanity with its far-reaching and ever-increasing gleanings from man's ever bewildering conduct. Now that fertile sphere of man's behavior has, with its usual perseverance and its usual pithy manner, found the reason for one of the most pressing problems of the present era—why great men and others like detective stories.

Mystery tales reach into the deep seated reactions of man and declare that the psychological reason why great men and others read sleuthing tales lies in the surprising fact that these stories are soothing. They point out that through experiment they have discovered that these stories cut the pulse rate, lower the blood pressure, and steady the nerves. The experiments are published by Ray Mars Simpson, psychologist at the Institute for Juvenile Research, Chicago. His test readers consisted of 40 university students, 21 men and 16 women. The ages were 18 to 41.

Instruments showed that the rate of breathing was consistently faster while reading detective stories, and deeper during the reading of less exciting man-hunting tales. But—thus speeded up-breathing was on a declining rate; the longer they read the slower it dropped.

Now for further corroboration of this surprising fact, I quote the discoverer (of this) himself. "Reading detective stories," Dr. Simpson states, "tends to reduce the pulse rate more than academic reading material. The blood pressure falls to practically the same final level at the end of fifteen minute periods with either detective stories or geography. Motor steadiness is improved more by reading detective stories than by reading history. In short, the great majority of detective stories are soothing rather than exciting."

J. H. TURK, *Senior III.*

America's Folk Songs in the Making

TWO modern Grimms—father and son—trekking through village and penitentiary in our own United States, are carrying on the traditional researches of the 17th and 18th centuries, and revealing curious new slants on the dark corners of the Twentieth Century civilization.

John A. Lomax and his son Alan have been engaged, off and on, for twenty-five years in recording American Ballads and Folk Songs. Theirs is a notable effort to preserve for posterity the some-day-to-become-famous folk music of the Early Machine Age. Lounging with deck hands and stevedores, or listening to work-driven negroes in Louisiana chain gangs—in state prisons of Tennessee or among saddle-weary cowboys of Arizona—two men listened and wrote down these songs which were born out of deep human emotions, suffering, labor, care, and hope.

Modern science lends its aid to these cultivators of our backwoods heritage in the form of aluminum and bakelite records upon which the songs are recorded exactly as the untutored singer repeats them. The records are filed in the Congressional Library at Washington, D.C.

Strange facts are occasionally uncovered. Consider the origin of the ballad, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," a song which a few years ago became a favorite. "The song was found scribbled on the wall of a Kansas City Jail where an old hobo, known as 'One Finger Ellis' had spent the night, recovering from an overdose of rotgut whisky."

If you would know more about Black Samson and his quaint protest before the microphone; if you are interested in a movement which is daily becoming more widespread; if you enjoy reading splendid prose that flows like poetry; then here is a book for you:

American Ballads and Folk Songs, by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax, N.Y. The Macmillan Company, 1934.

CHARLES C. MEIGS, *Senior III*.



'Twas the day of the dance and all through the school
People were calling on friends for a "pool"
Because, as you see, it didn't seem right
To fail to support their own TOWER LIGHT!

Sinclair Lewis

MANY Americans do not accept Sinclair Lewis as the best example of an American writer although he is the sole American to have won the Nobel Prize for literature. He is disliked by some because he is mercenary. It is a known fact that at times he writes not to express his true self, but in obedience to the prevailing code of good form in order to realize a large sale of the book. In his sincere moments when he writes social satires, he is invincible. His most noteworthy job was to put much of our mid-West small town life into literature. He has satirized several American habits of thought and types of citizen. A number of instantly recognizable American persons and places have been painted by him. Mr. Lewis has a photographic gift of accuracy; he has all the arts of mimicry. He has been called the successor of Mark Twain. His genius is in the creation of social atmosphere. It has been charged that he has allowed his expression to go unrefined in order to achieve a desired end. Being a satirist, he has incurred the ill feeling of many people. This may be the reason that some people begrudge him the honor and distinction of being America's one and only Nobel Prizewinner.

N. NEUBERT JAFFA, *Freshman IV.*



Winter's Tale

Trees, gaunt, in all humility
Stand, black, against a greying sky,
Stripped, bared before the winter's blast,
Torn, mute, in tragic loneliness.

Snow, lonely too, consolingly
Comforts, with soft, caressing pat,
Each naked limb, whose sorrows soon
Slumber, within a chilly cloak.

H. B., *Senior III.*

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

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ALICE MUNN, Faculty Adviser



On March the first in this year of our Lord
People will gather with one accord.
To dance or play cards far into the night
To help keep alive their beloved TOWER LIGHT!

Inspiration

HAVE you ever sat down during a few, free moments and tried to relieve your boredom by creating something—composing, drawing, or writing? You rack your brains; you fidget; you chew your pencil; you ponder; still not an idea comes to the surface. You make a few marks on the paper, only to become almost instantly dissatisfied with them, and scratch them out immediately. At last, unless sheer will-power persuades your sub-conscious mind to release an idea, you give up in despair, fling down the pencil, toss aside the paper, and conveniently remember that it's about time you started on your homework, anyway.

Have you ever been yanked out of bed, in the silent hours between darkness and dawn, by a great idea that screams aloud to be set down on paper, lest sleep fog your brain and it be lost forever? You throw off the covers and hastily light the desk-lamp, first shading the transom (so that the "home government" won't awaken and interfere). Preparations are made mechanically with a nervous, thoughtless speed; any paper will do; the scrubbiest stump of a pencil fills the bill. Then you set to work feverishly, and, without the least signs of fatigue, may fill many pages. (If you were asked to do half this amount for one of your courses, your groans could be heard all over the building.) Finally, your idea more permanently recorded, you turn out the light, crawl back into bed, and, with a satisfied sigh, let sleep again reclaim you.

Later you compare (or rather, contrast) a piece of work that your will-power forced into being with one born of this strange urge that you felt in the "wee sma' hours." You can't help noticing how superior the latter is over the former.

Why is it that these two brain-children bear no family resemblance? The answer is that the father of the better one was Inspiration.

E. M., *Senior III.*



Winter Glances

Busy streets are wind brushed as the terse trill of a traffic officer's whistle splits the wind. White sunlight falls, inadequate for warmth. Chapped chins sink still farther down into coat collars, as simultaneously hands dig deeper into coat pockets—against cold keys, fingernails in tobacco. Winter is a series of pink noses.

The Castaway

WHEN the Federal Hill piled herself on the rocks of Roaring Point Bar, she did the job thoroughly. One evening she was a full rigged schooner; the next morning she was—firewood. It was reported that all "hands" were lost, but that was untrue; one was saved.

When the *Federal Hill* cast her timbers on the bar, a box shot forth, rode in on a huge wave, and bounced high and dry upon the mossy rocks. Here the box shattered and there tumbled out upon the hard stone, the lone survivor. He was a huge-pawed, green-eyed, slash-clawed, tuft-eared, stump-tailed devil known as a bob-cat.

He shook himself clear of the debris, jumped out of the way of the next roaring, thundering, tumbling wave and hauled himself upon an upflung fang of rock. Then, turning, he cursed the deep in a concentrated, spitting, swearing, torrent of blasphemy. He shook each paw in cat fashion, cleaned himself as best he could, tested his claws on an old stump, took one last look at the *Federal Hill*, and glided silently into the dumb, dark marsh. An animal dealer somewhere was the poorer by a bob-cat.

An hour later the cat slid into a glen in the woods bordering the marsh. Here, he considered making his lair but something moved somewhere and he became a flattened mystery. A hare appeared from nowhere and limped off into space; a red fox—grinning from ear to ear—uprose and remembered an appointment elsewhere. Whereupon, the bob-cat remained as still as death for he knew by these signs that some great wild one was at hand.

The bob-cat glided along as though he were on an invisible rail until a clearing checked him. Here he beheld the biggest, most evil visaged, slouching ruffian that Nature ever made a mistake in planning. He was a lurcher—one part bull dog, one part grey-hound, and two parts timber wolf. Moreover, poaching was his trade. Now, a domestic lurcher is not to be trusted, but a lurcher gone wild is a mishap. He is one of the most wicked catastrophes that hunts on four legs; he gives no quarter and expects none; he kills for the joy of killing, and fighting is his specialty. There he stood, eyes burning like coals of fire, his long fangs gleaming in the pale moon light.

The bob-cat wished he were away and tried to execute the wish but the moon, as it scudded through the broken clouds, caught him in a bare place and he stopped. A whiff of his scent, perhaps; a glimpse as of a patch of mist drifting away; a slight cracking of a twig; all, or one of these may have caught the lurcher's attention. In three bounds he was close to the cause of alarm. Then, very slowly, the bob-cat turned.

His eyes shot green-yellow flame. His ears were gone, flattened, invisible. His claws were unsheathed. His body was a steel spring ready set. He stared the lurcher between the eyes—a slow, evil, insolent stare.

Thereafter it is on record that terrible things happened. Everywhere through the wild, the news of the duel spread like a ripple, and half the wild folk were aroused, watchful, ill at ease, nervous, fearing they knew not what. Dawn halted the battle. He was a sight for the gods, that lurcher. A horrible picture, a blot on the landscape, he reeled as he walked, drunkenly, numbly, stupidly, groping blindly in the new born light. The bob-cat slunk away with that lack of haste peculiar to cats. Part of his left ear was not, his complexion was marred, his fur was ruffled, but his working parts were sound.

Now when one has fought long and strenuously, two things are needed—food and drink. The second, a stream gave. The first he found in the marsh. On the banks of a sedge-flanked pool, the cat stalked a mallard drake. There had come a lightning leap, a half opening of the bird's wings, a hissing, slashing blow and then—the whispering, mysterious, terrifying, silence of the marshes. As he turned to go, the bob-cat suddenly dropped his prize. Nothing had spoken. No footfall had squelched the ooze, but the light of the sun had been blotted out. The cat's eyes flashed upward and he saw wings—vast, rustling, wonderful. It was a white-tailed sea eagle.

"Errrrrrrrrr-pht!" said the cat. "Mmmm-hhhhheerrrrrrrrrr-pht!"

The remark was full and complete. A lamb would have known its meaning, the eagle did. He "backed air" and reconsidered. The bob-cat, presuming on the effect his bad language had created, grabbed the duck and edged to cover. The eagle swooped. It was as if a volcano had taken life in that place. One could not tell which was cat and which was eagle. There was chaos and all manner of unseemly noises interspersed with flying mud and bad language. It ceased as suddenly as it began though how the cat managed to get himself and his duck into cover without being converted into strips is a puzzle. He looked much like a French poodle when the eagle had done with him, and the eagle appeared to have moulted out of season.

For two days and a night the bob-cat hid himself in some unknown place. At the end of the second day, news went forth that the new terror was abroad again. One, a marsh hare, had seen his eye-balls of yellow-green flame, burning dully at the mouth of a dim den. Another, a cock-partridge had marked his passage across the marsh by the swaying of reeds.

His two day retirement had made him hungry, so, man-like, his temper was on edge. He stalked a rabbit but a partridge flew up and gave him away. He moved to vent his ire on the partridge but a noisy

crow inadvertently attracted the bird's attention so again the cat lost his dinner. Whereupon he flew into a rage. He exploded in yells at intervals of fifteen seconds and when he wasn't yelling he was digging his dagger-like claws into the earth and snarling and spitting like a locomotive on an upgrade.

His temper tantrum vanished when he suddenly espied a form, dim and phantom-like. It was the lurcher slowly emerging from his hidden lair and like a patch of grey mist he passed from sight. Slowly and cautiously the cat approached the dog's den and entered. It was an ill-smelling place carpeted with bones, carcasses, and feathers. He satisfied himself that there was nothing of interest to him and turned to go. He was disappointed and swore softly under his bristling whiskers. The curse was duplicated from outside. There was the cat's arch enemy crouching at the entrance, his long, dripping, yellow fangs bared, his nose wrinkled in an ugly snarl, his battle scarred body tense—ready for action. The bob-cat went out over the lurcher's head as though he had been propelled by a spring. As the dog wheeled to face his foe, he noticed that the bob-cat was not looking at him at all, but past him, over his head and for the first and last time in his life, he saw fear in the cat's eyes. Then it seemed to the dog that the grim mask receded suddenly, like a face in a dream, receded and went out in the gathering mist, silently, uncannily. The next instant the clear, sharp, barking reports of two rifles rang out. The dog collapsed and lay still.

Two game wardens emerged from a clump of laurel and walked over to the place where the cat was last seen, hoping to find him dead but he had gone. One of the men tells me that he must have fatally wounded the bob-cat because no one ever saw him again. But that is no reason at all.

MYRON D. MEZICK.



"Pop-corn Charlie"

THE local pop-corn and peanut vendor is known to the denizens of athletic stadiums as "Pop-corn Charlie." He can neither read nor write, but he is loath to admit these very evident shortcomings. The wags of the community, at quite regular intervals, rush up to Charlie and hurriedly request five quarters for a nickel. Never can they catch Charlie off guard where money is concerned; he knows how to count. Furthermore, he is thrifty. In fact, thrift is his hobby, al-

though it leaves him prone to attack on his personal appearance. His clothes are misfits, donations of discarded apparel. For the last few years he has appeared in a bright green cap which sets off his fat, chubby, ever-smiling countenance. His coat is brown, variegated with livid yellow, red and green pin stripes running both vertically and horizontally. This accoutrement makes him a human checkerboard. His pants, which have not been pressed in years, resemble old-fashioned stove pipes.

"You haven't seen your feet in years; your stomach's in the way," he is chided constantly.

"Let's punch Charlie in the 'belly'; he's a swell punching bag," call the children when the "peanut vendor" appears on the street.

Charlie doesn't try to defend himself physically from these onslaughts, but he endeavors to give the children a tongue lashing instead. This is not effective because Charlie's ever-sparkling, joyous eyes cannot convey a feeling of anger. The peanut purveyor is past forty, but doctors say that his mental age is ten. He is just as prankish as the children of the neighborhood; with him it is a game of "give and take." Charlie sneaks behind the children and tries to scare them by making ungodly noises. On other occasions he, along with the children, teases the police officer on the beat. Nevertheless, in spite of the fraternizing in pranks, the children delight in trying to annoy "Pop-corn Charlie." Some call him an unfortunate. Is he?

N. NEUBERT JAFFA, *Freshman IV.*



Fog

Fog, you are Mystery
Casting your spell over the world.
You hold a cloak of gloom
And the world
Obediently
Dons it.

Fog, you change everything—
The frowns of men and smiles of infants.
You enshroud each one
With a mood of introspection.
God, would that there were no Fog.

F. E. F.

Did You Know That--

There is a thousand times more silver than gold in solution in the oceans of the world?

Within a few weeks after Roentgen discovered X-rays in 1895, physicians had begun using them in examining broken bones?

An "electric nose," which detects even very small amounts of mercury vapor in the air and sets off a warning gong, has been invented?

Cream in aluminum foil containers, holding enough for one cup of beverage, is sold cheaply in Germany?

Swedish museums have evolved a system of artificial lighting for exhibit halls, so that pictures and other objects are seen as if in clear daylight?

An all-metal office building was recently built in Richmond, Virginia, in which aluminum was the chief material?



A Liberal Education

THAT man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself. Such an one, and no other, I conceive has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature."

THOMAS A. HUXLEY.

An Ambition Realized

HAVE you ever yearned for a long, long time to do something? Have you ever desired to do this thing to such an extent that you felt that this accomplishment was the only thing worth living for? Have you ever finally reached this goal or ambition, and become perfectly satisfied because every mental picture you have carried with you has proved a true conception of the actual. I have just realized such an experience.

As long as I can remember, it has been my one desire to go to New York. Everything I did to advantage seemed to bring me closer to my destination. I do not know what prompted me to put New York on a pedestal and pray every night for a chance to see my dream realized. Perhaps it was the bigness, the lights, the speed of the metropolitan life I had heard about. I do not know.

I have reached my goal! I have a dream come true! I have rubbed elbows with every color, race, and creed. I have learned the meaning of "the melting pot of the world." I have been "shot" in a subway train from one end of a little world to the other. I have been in the "lady herself"—the gift of France to America. At a breath taking rate of speed, I have been whizzed to the top of the Empire State Building. I have been one of the masses on New Year's Eve at Times Square. I have observed the greatness of man—His creation of such massive buildings, of ingenious underground structures, of mighty bridges, and of other marvelous ways of connections so as to make the world he lives in larger and more suited to his needs.

All of these realizations have only made me more ambitious. I want to live in the "big city." I want to be just one in such a large throng. That shall be my next goal!

SARENA FRIED, *Junior I.*



Invitation to the Dance!

Come dance, thou welcome guest
And hold against thy longing breast
Fair maiden, who, tho' quaintly dresst
Is pleasure to thy sight.

And if she be with beauty blessed,
Or in her face a crow might nest,
Think only of a staff in quest
Of means for *your* TOWER LIGHT!

The Patriot—the Musician

JUST three years ago on February 22, we celebrated George Washington's 200th birthday. Incidentally, another famous man was born that year—1732. This great personage was Joseph Haydn. Both are "Fathers" in their own field—Washington is known as "Father of his Country"; Haydn is remembered as the "Father of the Modern Symphony." It is he who expanded the scope and size of the orchestra and wrote a vast quantity of music for it. It is he who did more than anyone to place orchestral symphony music in its present high position.

All of us know the amusing stories of Washington upon which we were reared. We have many such tales concerning Haydn, but upon inspection of his music we find them true. One of these stories is concerned with the remarkable sense of humor Haydn is known to have had. The story goes like this:

Haydn noticed that his audience often fell asleep during the adagio part of his symphonies, so he had a minuet that followed with full, loud chords so as to give the sleepers a start. His "Surprise Symphony" is typical.

Just as many men have tried to reach heights achieved by Washington as a militaristic leader, so have many men tried to copy Haydn's genial, vivacious style. All have failed. His music stands alone for sprightliness, sweetness, and a certain refined elegance and finish.

Someone seems to have recognized the achievement reached by Washington and Haydn for a Haydn tune has been adopted by some musicians to words concerning George Washington.

Shall we conclude then, that 1732 was a year rich for humanity? I think so, because it gave us two great contributors to society.

SARENA FRIED, *Senior I.*



Glee Club Notes

ON Sunday, January 6, the Glee Club gave a concert at the Wilson Memorial Church at Charles Street and University Parkway. The program was as follows:

Lovely Appear.....	<i>Gounod</i>
The Shepherds' Story.....	<i>Dickinson</i>
Lullaby, Jesus Dear.....	<i>Polish Carol</i>
Carol of the Birds.....	<i>French Carol</i>
O Tannenbaum.....	<i>German Carol</i>
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.....	<i>French Carol</i>

On Sunday, January 13, the Glee Club assisted in our Founders' Day Exercises. Once more we made the "Shepherds' Story" our special contribution to the program. In spite of the fact that the news photographer showed four Glee Club members singing "Maryland, My Maryland" that selection was not included on our program. Well, in *spirit*, at least, as the reporter said, we did sing it, so we suppose he was right.

In all, the Glee Club sang the "Shepherds' Story" at an even half dozen public occasions during the Christmas season. And now, lest one good song should spoil us, we turn to other things. There are other songs written in eight parts, and we have already started the business of "putting one together." And still other songs challenge us. One thing is certain: the work we do now will determine the quality of the programs we expect to give a bit later. So we expect to make the halls of old Normal ring with rehearsals at which *all* of our large membership will be on hand.



Music

NOW that "Noel" has faded into the past, the Glee Club is launching itself on a new tour of song. Right about this time, we are being tossed on the stormy waves of sight reading. From the depths of low b, we glide up to G above the staff, and encounter many moments of apprehension in the intervals. At times the path is smooth, and we swell our voices confidently, but more often the tones are feeble in their attempts. Everyone is hopeful, however, with Miss Weyforth guiding our course. When "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" joins our merry crew, the fun begins. Then all too soon the spirit of "Springtide," darkens our spirits. It is lovely and we appreciate it, but the demands it makes on our voices are quite harassing. With steady movements, our progress at practice is slow but encouraging. In the far future, surrounded by hazy mist, are the shores of Commencement, toward which we are steering. Barring mishaps of going "flat," we expect to reach port safely and joyfully, when we can open our hearts to melody and music.

DOROTHY A. LORENZ, *Senior II.*

School News

HAVE A HEART

Give your M.S.N.S. *school* friends a valentine by bringing them to the Junior Valentine Benefit Dance, Friday, February 15

Good Music

Dancing from nine until one

Admission 75c per couple, tax included

THE JUNIOR CLASS.



Founder's Day--Sunday, January 13, 1935

GOVERNOR NICE—

Governor Nice gave us two thoughts—first that Maryland should be proud of her schools, and second, that he is going to do everything in his power to help these schools and that politics will not enter the school system.

DR. TALL—

Mr. Newell, the founder of Normal School, welcomed the opportunity for work in the school. He was principal of Normal, president of the State Board of Education and State Superintendent of Education.

DR. MEAD—

Dr. Mead, the next speaker, is president of Washington College. The first college charter of Maryland was granted in 1782 to Washington College. Then it had an enrollment of 140 pupils. This earliest of state institutions developed from a flourishing academy, and was the college of the Eastern Shore, while St. Johns (next established) was the college of the Western Shore. Dr. William Smith, a Scotchman, holding degrees from London was the first to build a college in Maryland. William Smith, Rev. John Carroll and Rev. Patrick Allison wrote charters joining Washington College and St. John's University in 1711.

The first Normal class graduated in 1896. Then the state discontinued the Normal Department of Washington College. Now, this College is celebrating its 153rd birthday and the school has increased pride in its age. Incoming students bring new blood to this old institution. Lessons of life, health, reverence and good citizenship, whereon true education is built, are carried by the teachers into homes and communities.

COLONEL WOODCOCK—

Colonel Woodcock gave a picture of St. John's. St. John's grew out of King William's School which was closely allied with St. Anne's Church. In St. John's charter ideals of virtue and character were prominent as well as scholastic achievement. No boy was admitted to the college unless he could read tolerably well and write well enough to form letters. Some things included in the curriculum were: Homer, Greek Testament, Virgil, sciences and grammar, with emphasis on the classics and mathematics.

KEIR, R.
HALE, R.



The Founder's Day Dinner

The Resident Students enjoyed a double celebration on Founder's Day when Miss Tall entertained at Sunday dinner nearly forty guests, among whom were Governor Harry Nice; Colonel A. W. W. Woodcock, President of St. John's College; Dr. Gilbert M. Mead, President of Washington College; Dr. J. M. T. Finney, Sr., a member of our Board of Trustees; Senator Mary Risteau, also a member of the Board of Trustees; Dr. Albert S. Cook, State Superintendent of Schools and Secretary of the Board of Trustees, and others whom we were glad to meet.

After dinner, coffee was served in Richmond Hall Social Room. There we were given an opportunity to meet the guests, to learn something of their interests in a more personal way, and to tell them about our school. May every Founder's Day bring to us many more new friends!

M. BUCHER.



Founder's Day -- January 15, 1935

ALTHOUGH Sunday was celebrated at the school as Founder's Day, the real birthday date was Tuesday, January 15. On the auditorium platform were seated all members of the staff who were graduates of Normal. Among these were our speakers for the occasion, Miss Coe, head of the elementary department of the Park School, and Miss Sisk, the only woman High School Supervisor in Maryland. These two Alumnae spoke to us on how they earned their first degree, B.S., after leaving Normal School.

Miss Coe confessed that she was very immature when she first entered the profession. Miss Scarborough, she said, was her adviser on how to overcome this immaturity. Hopkins' courses for seven winters and summers finally equipped her with a B.S. Then she was offered a position which placed her in association, not with adults, but with children of the middle grades. She set herself to live very intensively with the children. Two years later she was asked to deal also with children from 2 years to 4 years of age. In order to prepare herself, she took courses again at Hopkins in Kindergarten Primary work. She continues to grow through broad reading, through visiting other schools, and through living in close association with other children. These activities she uses as a substitute for her Master's and Doctor's degrees. Lastly, she pointed out the many opportunities our own Normal of today presents to us.

Miss Sisk said she felt her immaturity when she began to teach. She taught in high school, and when requirements began to be raised was forced to go to college for further study. She stopped teaching and went to several universities instead of sticking to one. After sixteen years she obtained her M.A. She advises students to stick to one college and get their degrees while young because, in her experience, she missed the college friendships, and her courses, spread over so long a time, had no continuity. Now, she stated, through the State Normal School at Towson we are better endowed with the good things in life, because of the new continuous four year course leading to the B.S. degree.

Miss Scarborough, in her own humorous way, gave two sentences—the first that her birthday was the fourteenth and she was one day older than the school; and second, that if she was a Saint, she didn't know it.



Orchestra

SINCE the holidays, the orchestra has been engaged in preparing for Founder's Day and our broadcast. In addition to the usual accompaniment for the hymns, our number on the Founder's Day program was *Agnus Dei* by Bizet.

The broadcast over WCAO on January 24 came off in spite of gripe, snow, and examinations. We were very glad that three members of the orchestra conquered illness in order to be on hand at the appointed time, though we missed the two who were unable to be present, one because of illness, the other because of the close of the semester.

It seemed on that morning that we might be snowbound. But by ten o'clock the bus driver had shoveled himself out and the blanket coat had been made for the double bass. At two forty the bus was loaded with students buried beneath books, brief cases, violin cases, cello cases, and the big bass, while the center of the floor was occupied by the tympani and two extra camp chair seats. This year we had the pleasure of having Miss Tall ride with us. We were delighted when one of our members of two years ago, happening to be in the neighborhood on business, dropped in to greet us and to listen from the control room.

Our program for the fifteen minutes:

Von Weber.... (*Orchestra*)—Theme from The Invitation to the Dance
Young..... (*Quartet*)—Gravi Allegro Energico from Sonata VII
Dr. Tall..... Greetings
Bizet]..... (*Orchestra*)—Agnus Dei
School Song..... (*Orchestra*)—Alma Mater

The Beethoven Country Dance in C was played as the announcer signed us off.

We welcome our student teachers who return to us, but look with dismay at the six absences for this nine weeks; the entire string quartet and two other members.



A Valentine Tale

Little Will, age six
Loved little Jill, age four.
His pants were always pressed,
His heart was always sore.
Now Jill loved handsome Jack
(Will owned freckles and red hair)
And vowed until her dying day
For him alone she'd care.

The moral of this tale, my dears—
"No matter what your station,
You'll always want what others own,
In all this great creation.

F. E. F.

Faculty Notes

ORDERS came from the editorial office to feature faculty anniversaries this month. The faculty correspondent, however, is a peace-loving soul, who believes that discretion is the better part of valor. Therefore you may decide for yourself who's who in February, and believe it or not, there will be no prizes.

- 1.—manages a monthly magazine of high repute, but low finance.
- 2.—is now engaged in landscape gardening.
- 3.—tells stories grown-ups and children both enjoy.
- 4.—is said to have gone so sound asleep in assembly recently that the daily noon rush took place without awakening her.
- 5.—tests everything, including you, at least once.
- 6.—has a name which belies her stature.
- 7.—barricades herself with books on Monday mornings.
- 8.—has an unknown germ which permits her to eat lunch only when sitting in a certain chair.
- 9.—helps you make your money go farther.
- 10.—likes to work in mono-types.
- 11.—is so neat she washes and irons her shoestrings.

An informal tea was given in Richmond Hall parlor on January 23 in honor of Dr. Crabtree and Miss Pierson. Dr. Crabtree is returning to her school at Chevy Chase, and Miss Pierson is resuming her work at the Hopkins. We regret their leaving, for they have both contributed to the progress of the school.

On January 21, Mrs. Brouwer spoke at the Baltimore Museum of Art.

It's an unjust world. Student gum-chewing is frowned on by the Faculty. But didn't we hear one of our most ladylike faculty-members state, in a recent assembly, that she chewed *pitch*?

Would you believe that one of the staff members recently consumed *half* a large pumpkin pie, thereby winning a wager?

"Love in Bloom," a current popular melody is the expressed preference of one of our music-loving teachers.



A little dancing now and then
Is relished by our greatest men
So be ye great or be ye a mite
Come shake your bones for the TOWER LIGHT!

Miss Tall

MISS TALL welcomed us back to work in one of the first assemblies of 1935. She gave us the thought that during the year 1935, we can have our heart's desire because the year will be what we make it. The main thought for all should be, "Truth will Light the Way." As we meet life daily, we can accomplish much, for each rich, full day presents its problems to be dealt with individually.

During 1935, our resolution should be to get to work on English; a speech campaign, to improve our slovenly ways of speaking.

Some of the new courses to be given in the fourth year are chemistry, electricity, physics and astronomy.

Lastly, Miss Tall told us of a list, found in "the Spillway," of great men who have passed away during 1934. These men represented fields of scholarship, drama, science, etc. Their work was great, but ours is just as great, so let us keep as our guiding thought through 1935 "Truth will Light the Way."



Miss Blood

ON January 21, Miss Blood entertained us by telling in assembly, her "out-of-school" interest. Last summer she and a fifteen-year old friend decided to build a telescope. There are two kinds of telescopes, reflecting and refracting both of whose purpose is to gather light and magnify. The refracting telescope is the more difficult to make. As the reflecting telescope was the least difficult to construct, Miss Blood and her friend made a six-inch reflector. After assembling the materials the next step was grinding the glass. Half a croquet ball served as a handle on the glass which was rubbed back and forth on another piece of glass, each consequently, wearing down the other. One piece of glass becomes concave and the other becomes convex. After the glass has been ground, the mirror must be polished by jeweler's rouge. The telescope is not yet completed but when it is, it will certainly repay the maker for all her hard labor.

Alumni News

We announce the following marriages among former graduates:
Miss Sarah Elizabeth Akehurst, '31, and Mr. Harry E. Fisher, Jr., were married December 21.

Miss Louise Burns, '32, and Mr. Edward Henly were married December 29, at St. Michaels.

On July 28, Miss Elizabeth McDowell, '28, and Mr. Otis Figgs were married at Wilmington, Delaware.

Miss Florence Viele, '29, and Mr. David Garfield, Jr., were married January 12.

Miss Margaret L. Rohrer, '27, was married to Mr. Donald Haines recently.

The new officers of the Hagerstown Alumni Unit are:

Teny Horst, Chairman.

Margaret Jenkins, Vice-Chairman.

Jean McLaughlin, Treasurer.



Te-Pa-Chi Club Dinner Meeting

THE annual dinner meeting of the Te-Pa-Chi Club was held on the evening of Tuesday, January 8, and brought out a large number of parents. Dinner was served at small tables in Newell Hall dining room under the direction of Mrs. Oliver Travers, chairman of the dinner committee; Christmas colors were conspicuous in the decoration of the hall.

As the guests took their seats, a grace was sung by the Chimes Guild of the Normal School. The waitresses were Normal School students who are at present practice-teaching in the Campus Elementary School.

Following dinner, a meeting was held in Richmond Hall social room presided over by Mr. Paul G. Ballard, vice-president of the Club, in the absence of the President, Mrs. Ralph D. Finkbinder. The speaker was Mr. James M. Hepbron, Secretary of the Criminal Justice Commission, who discussed the science and detection of crime. His talk proved especially interesting to club members in view of the prominence being given the Hauptmann trial, and he was called upon to answer many questions.

Preceding Mr. Hepbron's talk, a string quartet composed of pupils of Mr. Hendrik A. Essers, played several selections with an admirable feeling and precision. Several parents were heard to express the hope that the young men would appear again at future meetings of the club.

F.F.B.

In Pace Requiescat

If I should die think only this of me
And write it where the world may see
"Because I thought it to be right
I danced to death for the TOWER LIGHT!"



Revelations IV; '34-'35

OH me! Oh my!—how fittingly could this writer assume the role of Pagliacci this night—what, with practice teaching in the immediate offering and grades for courses just finished, slowly drifting into the office all following that unevadable principle that whatever goes up must come down—so, patient reader, I entreat you, forbear, if these few items appear as excerpts from "A Book of the Dead" rather than an attempt to portray a humorous side of our life here at school.

To a freshman (city and male) our profoundest sympathies do we proffer in this, his hour of affliction—on receiving such criticism; "You are very capable but you lack vision," he ventures, "Thank you Miss X, do you think glasses would help?"

We have no specific objective in keeping this name (Schwanebeck) before you but we are living in the hope that he will eventually take the hint. We are seriously considering dubbing him "Philandering Phil."

No! No! No! "Swanny," a steam shovel *does not* shovel steam.

And Teddy Woronka claims emphatically that we need more prescriptions to the TOWER LIGHT. We didn't know that such were issued but we're all in favor of the idea.

We have heard in some quarters recently, discussions on the fallacies in the prevailing system of grading—we are willing to wager that in the near future these debates will be greatly reenforced both "pro" and "con" but mostly "con."

Who is this "ducky" that a certain girl in Freshman 3 is always telling us about?

What has happened to the freshman piano player during the last week? He seems to have disappeared—temporarily, we hope.

Our blonde freshman friend seems to go to Hopkins quite often. I hear that some of the freshman boys wish she would keep her talents at home.

We sure would like to see that handsome young milkman who gave a lift to one of our freshman maidens during the recent snowstorm.

Have you heard? A new romance has sprung up in Freshman 7. We hope they don't neglect their schoolwork.

If you haven't heard of the wildcats, please inquire. It is becoming a very "famous" group.

Sport Slants

BASKETBALL is now in full fling. The elective classes have had intra-games. Monday's team won from Tuesday's class and thus gained the right to play the winner of the Wednesday-Thursday game. These games were played on Wednesday, January 23.

The results were: Wednesday's team "number one" defeated Thursday's team, but in the next game the team "number two" from Wednesday lost to the "Thursday six." "Monday's team" then played the winner of the first game and emerged victorious. Those playing on the winning team were: Misses Thomas, Eckstein, Straining, Brooke, Lambert, Yoder, and Chaney.

Thus the games of teams, with different classes represented on each, came to a close. Now electives will be held for each class in anticipation of the class games to be held Monday, February 11.

May the best team win!



Connelly, Marc, *The Green Pastures*

The theme of the play, as expressed by the author himself in his introduction, is "an attempt to present certain aspects of a living religion in the terms of its believers."

The quiet simplicity of *The Green Pastures* translates into tangible form the faith of the negroes in the South. Even the most humorous scenes arouse a strong impulse toward tears. To understand the play is to understand the childlike people about whom it deals.

The conception of God, and the Biblical stories, vividly portrays the imagination and basic religion of the blacks, and though the treatment of the play is bizarre and fantastic, never does it smack of the blasphemous.

As one reads *The Green Pastures*, it is easy to picture the scenes of the spectacle on the stage—the fish fry, God's office, the Ark, Pharaoh's court, etc.

While the language is simple, and in the negro dialect, there is a certain poetic rhythm underlying the entire play.

When *The Green Pastures* was produced several years ago, both the critics and the public, touched with its sincerity of feeling and expression, received it with unstinted praise and were quick to recognize in it the elements of true greatness.

MARGERY WILLIS, *Special Senior*.

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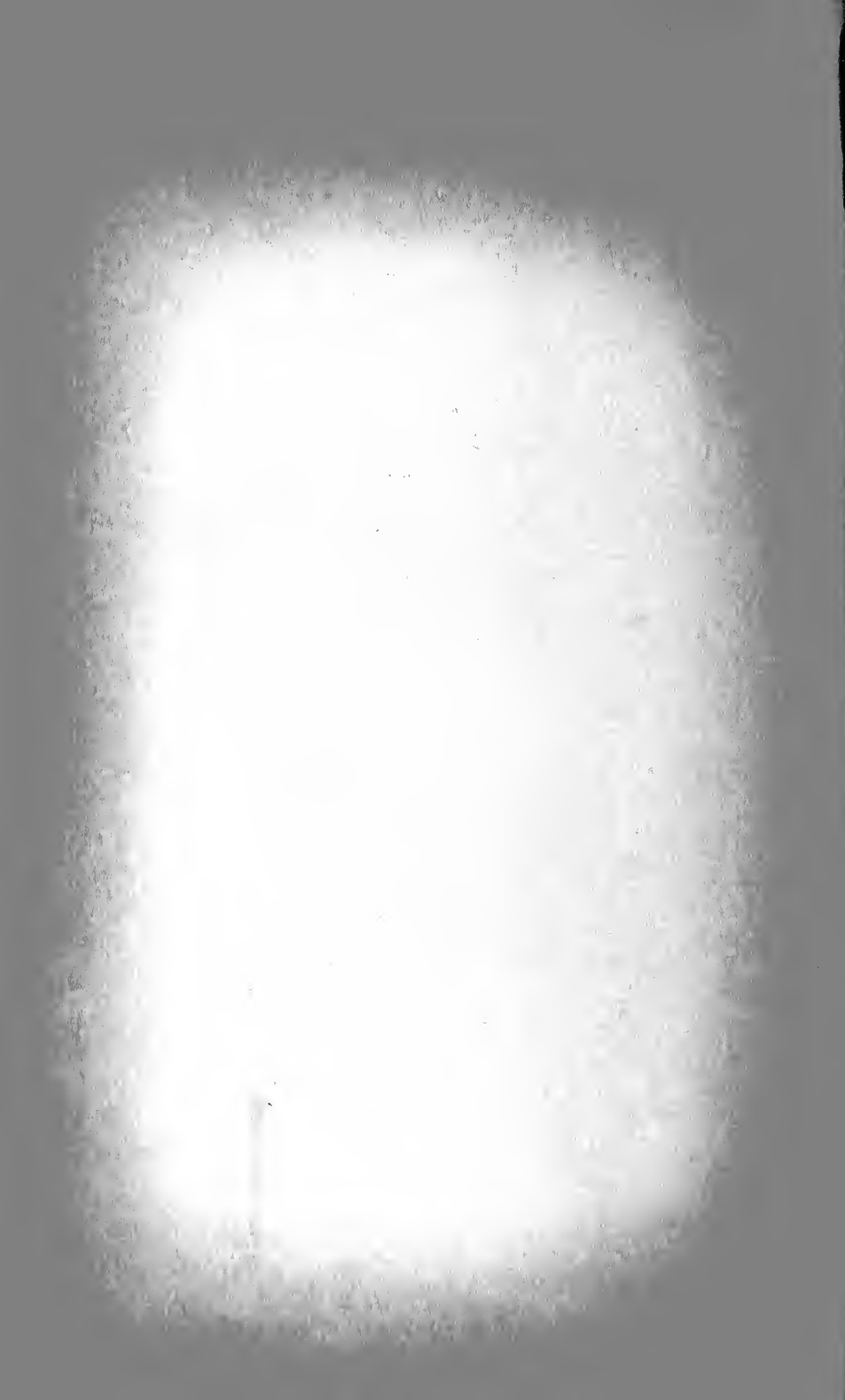


THE TOWER LIGHT



MARCH, 1935





The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

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Miss Minnie V. Medwedeff

The Tower Light

VOL. VIII

MARCH, 1935

No. 6

Miss Minnie V. Medwedeff

THE passing of Miss Minnie V. Medwedeff, a member of the faculty of the State Normal School at Towson, has been a great grief to the faculty, the students and the friends of the school.

Miss Medwedeff received her early education in the schools of Chicago and Charlotte, North Carolina. In 1913 she obtained her diploma in the Baltimore Teachers Training School where she led her class. For five years she taught in the intermediate grades in the Baltimore City schools.

In order to follow her special interest in general biology and invertebrate zoology she studied at Goucher from which she was graduated in 1920. Here her brilliant scholarship was recognized through the award of the Phi Beta Kappa Key and the Woods Hole scholarship with the highest commendation from her instructors, Dr. Ralph E. Cleland, Dr. William H. Longley and the late Dr. Hans Froelicher. She entered the faculty of the State Normal School in Towson in 1922 as a teacher of biology, elementary science and hygiene.

The summers of 1928 and 1930 she taught at the Indianapolis Teachers College. The winter of 1927-28 she spent at Columbia University from which she received the degree of Master of Arts.

But scholarship was not her only interest. She was an enthusiastic traveler, knowing Europe and the tropics. Last summer she took a trip around the world bringing back many interesting objects to share with the school and her friends. The friends of Miss Medwedeff have always recognized and appreciated her fine character and intellectual qualities. She was a person of great enthusiasms, perseverance, energy, accuracy and reliability. She was interested in many extra-school activities at the Normal, having been directing faculty member of the school's Honor Society, the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity. She was also the Class adviser chosen by the Class of 1932 as its honorary member, to follow and guide their life during their two-year course at

the school. This abiding interest and pleasure in her work and in the welfare of her students endeared her to her colleagues, her students, and her friends.

Her connection with the Towson Normal School, begun in 1922, has continued unbroken for thirteen years. She has rendered great service to the State.

The love and admiration of her friends is shown in this letter of sympathy from a former member of the staff, Miss Anna D. Halberg, director of practice at Wilson Normal School, Washington, D. C.:
"Dear Miss Tall:

Today I feel a hurt clear through in the loss of our Minnie Medwedeff. Dr. Blackwell of the State Department stopped in at my office and told me about her going, and I mourn with you, your staff and students. Only a few days ago I told a co-worker she was one in many who could teach the facts of scientific life and not lose the beauty and magic of it all.

It was she who when my days were filled to overflowing with work—hard trying work—taught me to play golf. I wonder if we sufficiently often let our students know what a colleague such as she was, means in an institution. There were no false notes but always life that was vigorous, fine, thoughtful of others, and intelligent. For her fine qualities, high spirit, and her many kindnesses as well as for all she stood for I admired her and loved her. With you I feel the loss of a friend and so with you I mourn and salute her living memory.

Yours very sincerely with kindest personal greetings,

ANNA D. HALBERG."



Praise

It was indeed a severe shock to learn of Miss Medwedeff's death. I remember her in two connections. It was my privilege to visit Towson and to observe her work. During the school year of 1927-1928 she was a student in one of my classes. In both of these connections she is remembered as an educational worker with high professional ideals. Her work as a teacher and as a student bore abundant evidence of her competence. The State Normal School at Towson has lost a valuable worker, as has the teaching profession in general.

S. RALPH POWERS,
Professor of Natural Sciences.

Minnie V. Medwedeff

MY wish for you is that all may become master builders, dreaming fine dreams and by your labor changing these dreams into splendid realities." Thus, simply stated, our adviser gave us a parting thought, a working philosophy, exemplified throughout her life, devoted as it was to building and beautifying the lives of those who were so fortunate as to know her.

As roughly hewn timber we came under Miss Medwedeff's guidance. Gradually, she showed us the better paths to travel, helped us create a new vision. Upon the completion of two years' work together, these were her own words: "I have seen delightful and heartening transformations take place." With this beginning, how could we be satisfied unless we continued to grow, gathering momentum and strength with which to meet the new life into which all have been plunged?

We rejoice in having known her, whose life expressed the art of living. May we live more abundantly because of the life she gave.

'32 and '33.



A Tribute

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest,
Acts the best."

In the life of Chi Alpha Sigma, Minnie V. Medwedeff holds a unique place. It is impossible to think of the fraternity without at the same time bringing to mind the tremendously important part she has had in its development. It is difficult for us to realize that physically she will no longer be one of our group; but the dynamic quality of her personality and the keen stimulation of her intellect—these we still have. The warmth and kindliness of her friendship which endeared her so to all of us, mere time will be powerless to erase. To have come under her sympathetic supervision was a privilege to be valued highly. Certainly if life is to be measured "in deeds, not years; in feelings, not in figures on a dial," then the fullness and richness of her achievements, the charm of her personality, will remain eternally alive.

EVELYN R. GIRARDIN,
President, Chi Alpha Sigma.

A Tragedy

Do you know what has happened under the hill?

They say that.....

I heard that.....

They're all of them whispering

Pan's heart is.....

Pan's song is.....

Pan's pipe is.....still!

GERTRUDE CARLEY.



A Teacher's Tribute

IT was with a profound sense of personal loss that I learned of the sudden death of Miss Medwedeff. She was my first pupil in botany, and had occupied in consequence a rather unique position within my circle of friends. But I valued her friendship and regard chiefly because of her own fine qualities of character and of mind. I found her, as a student, and later as an assistant, most capable and eager to learn, enthusiastic over her chosen field, loyal and devoted to her colleagues and friends, a happy, unselfish, quietly radiant personality. I was not surprised that she developed into such a strong teacher, and made for herself such a place in the affections of her associates; for she had all the elements in her character that make for growth, and was bound to increase in the value of her contribution as time went on.

Her life was unfortunately short. One cannot help but think with regret of what she might have accomplished, and of the influence she might have exerted, had she been spared. But one cannot measure the value of a service in terms of its duration. Some of the most potent and lasting influences in human society have been the result of shortened ministries, such as those of Mozart in music, of Shelley and Keats in poetry, of Jesus in religion. So, I believe, the influence of Miss Medwedeff will live on, in the standards which she maintained in the school, in the inspiration which her life has brought to her fellow instructors, and in the influence which she has exerted in the lives of the many students who have had the privilege of her guidance. While we sorrow in her death, therefore, we rejoice in greater measures, because of her life, so graciously lived, so unconsciously and whole-heartedly poured out in the service of her students and friends.

RALPH E. CLELAND,

Professor of Botany at Goucher College.

Mid-Channel Parting

I have sought with her
 the reaches of the stars
 through the close vastness of the
 summer night.
The river black beneath us;
The night a veil
 through which the glory of the sky
 beckoned
 to realms of wonder and surmise.

I have walked with her
 In the winter woods
 where every brown twig offered her
 a key, to unlock a secret
 of creation.

I have explored with her the realms
 of thought
 until the talk of time and man
 carried us to the heart of God in man
 His plan and meaning
 for blind eyes and groping hands.

I have shared with her the light
 of children's eyes,
 wide at the wonder of unfolding life,
 seeking her own, to read therein
 the meaning of the fluttering moth
 they clasped twixt folded palms.

I have watched her seize with
 eager joy the new,
 weigh it, and place it in the
 patterned scheme,
 share it, and in the sharing,
 make her joy
 a part of him to whom she
 told the tale.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Now shall I know no more
the challenge of her thought,
her gay companionship,
her tender care.
So soon she's gone—
Mid-channel,
Life's glamor still undimmed!

What intricacies of creation
now intrigue her spirit?
What beauties now enfold her,
higher than the reach of
mortal eye or ear?
What was the need for her
beyond the ken of man?

HELEN STAPLETON.



Resolutions on the Loss of Miss Minnie V. Medwedeff

WHEREAS we have with fearful suddenness found ourselves face to face with the loss by death of our dear and beloved friend and co-worker, Minnie V. Medwedeff.

AND, WHEREAS, in the years she lived here among us, she endeared herself, not only by her generous friendliness, joyous comradeship and sympathetic understanding, but more than all by her own thrilling and radiant personality.

AND WHEREAS, for us all, faculty and student body, life is the richer by reason of her fearless love and practice of truth; her vivid interest in life with all its manifestations; her insatiable zeal for adventure and for discovery; her clear, logical thinking and expression; her passion for social justice and for righteousness.

BE IT RESOLVED that, we, who have been thus blessed by her friendship and enriched by her companionship, take high courage from her to carry on the torch of true life that her hands have held steadily aloft all the years of her brief yet full and zestful earthly life, and that we keep forever fresh the memory of her inspiring and joyous nature.

LENA C. VAN BIBBER.

Mozart

BY MARCIA DAVENPORT

IN this biography, Marcia Davenport has set forth a living Mozart, the acquaintance with whom gives a human touch to his immortal music. Through perusal of letters (which are generously printed) and memoirs of contemporaries, the author has created a record of a great master whom we follow to Germany, France and Italy; and, in doing so, gain intimate glimpses of the life, customs and general conditions of the times. For example, a reader, knowing the medical attainments of the present age feels the part of a helpless bystander when a quack doctor prescribes—for Mamma Mozart who lies feverish and dying in a fly infested, ill smelling room, only wine and rhubarb powder.

The story is woven into a swinging pattern through the supplementation of the author's imagination, but not once does the text seem to overstep; giving an authentic picture of a man and his times. Miss Davenport undoubtedly has a keen insight into human personality and an accurate historical background to present so vivid a picture of Mamma Mozart saying good-bye to her husband and children who are bound for Munich.

"Mama bustled downstairs loaded with rugs and blankets, following the excited children. Leopold in tricorn and great-coat, stood aside while she bundled them into their places along with packages of food, and flasks of nourishing drinks. She wrapped up their throats, admonishing Nannerl to take good care of Wolferl, to see that he eats nothing "schrecklich"—

. . . She gave each child a big brisk hug and a kiss on both cheeks, backed out of the coach, and embraced Papa in farewell. He sprang in, the door slammed, the step was folded, the postillion's whip cracked like a shot gun. Mama retreated into the doorway to escape the flying slush, waving her apron at the two little faces pressed against the back pane as the coach turned and lurched away."

There are sufficient reproductions of contemporary artists to acquaint the reader still farther with the appearance of the most important characters as well as excerpts from Mozart's score which merely invited my wonderment.

The biography is stated in chronological order, the dates at the chapter heading facilitating the tying up of the events of the period with contemporary conditions elsewhere in Europe and in Colonial America.

* * *

Mozart is seen throughout as a genius of uncanny abilities; the first indications are observed when he, but four years old, is found concentrating abnormally on a minuet which in half an hour would be mastered. I experienced strange sensations of joy, wonderment and adoration as I read—when at this tender age, Mozart is found busy with pen and ink—"writing a concerto—; it will soon be done," smearing away the blots with the palm of his tiny, plump hand—on what his father was soon to discover to be not only a concerto—but one so difficult that no one could possibly play it.

Leopold, Mozart's father, was indeed through his instruction and encouragement, instrumental in the development of a great genius, but his false ambition, bigotry and material greed—did the most to wreck it.

The boy and his sister Nannerl were taken on long concert tours throughout the continent, whereby (he) received overwhelming recognition, which was to wane upon subsequent solicitation.

Grimm, a sponsor of Mozart, in a letter to Leopold, best describes the reason for Mozart's lack of material success. . . . "He is too sincere, not active enough, too susceptible to illusions, too little aware of the means of achieving success. Here, in order to succeed, one must be artful, enterprising, and bold; for the sake of his fortunes I could wish he had less talent, and twice as much of the qualities I have described, and I would be less embarrassed for him."

After a heart-breaking experience with a worthless young girl, Mozart, thinking the convenience of a home and wife—especially since his mother's death—necessary to him, he married the worthless one's sister, Constanze, for whom he had no spiritual love but rather a supreme devotion and camaraderie. Despite the fact that her life and his were overwhelmed with bills for infant funerals, his work created during their married life is undoubtedly the greatest. It was during this period that the famous Figaro and Don Giovanni were composed.

Constanze was not all that could be desired as a wife, mother and housekeeper, yet her pleasing disposition and the fact that she was one of the few eligible socially—made her an excellent companion for the composer. Mozart's social class was an unusual one since he was above the artisan yet beneath the gentry. His profession facilitated his connection with royalty and society and therefore he was always dressed befitting such possible situations.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was extolled in Munich, and Prague as a composer—and in Vienna as a concert pianist, due to court intrigues he was unable to secure a permanent position as court musician until late in his brief life. This position netted him very little materially and served only to lessen his professional standing. Hence

it was necessary for Mozart to live by teaching (a degrading vocation) and by composing prolifically for his patrons in society.

Withal Mozart had at times a remarkably light-hearted nature and was particularly fond of dancing, drinking and having gay times with the ladies. He was prone, however, to put off his copying work until the last minute, and as a result, we see him at one time writing an overture which was already composed in his mind, with Constanze sitting beside him in order to keep him awake with silly prattle.

The constant strain under which Mozart lived finally told upon him and a disease, which, had he been in normal health he might have thrown off, took hold of him, terminated the life of a man whose music was to become immortal.

* * *

Reading this biography was a soul reaching experience for me, now the *Eine Kline Nochtsmusik*—The Sonata VII (that I love, yet murder so terribly) mean even more—for I feel an identification with their immortal composer—Mozart.

MARY STEWART LEWIS *Sr., Sp.*



Canton

It is dusk in the slushy
moonlit streets of Canton
And the curving car rails
gleam uncertainly.
Men merge their weary breaths
Into the muddled air
And trudge the sidewalks
heavily.
A soft white blurs the dark
of housetops
As the boat calls muff
the grind of brakes.
The fruit shops show
their gold but haltingly
In dingy windows;
And women with large hips
Come out to call their
youngsters home to supper.
And cuff them affectionately
With kind red hands.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, '34.

Musical Notes

THE "piano" in Washington's drawing room at Mount Vernon is a harpsichord. It cost \$1,000. Washington gave it to Nellie Custis, his adopted daughter.

No one is positive of the origin of either "Yankee Doodle" or "America."

Thomas Britton, an English "cultivated coal heaver" of the eighteenth century, held musical concerts in his home (originally a stable), that were attended by people of nobility. Here is an example of music's power to break down social barriers.

An old poster tells us that there was a "Jew's Harp Club" in Salem, Mass. (1816), which attempted such numbers as Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" from his "Messiah."

Franz Joseph Haydn lost his head after his death. There is good reason to believe that, after travelling over most of Europe in an interesting though gruesome chase, the old master's head now rests in a museum of anatomy in Vienna.

Did you know that negro spirituals are of white origin? That's what Dr. George P. Jackson of Vanderbilt University says.

While we are on this topic, we musn't ignore the "movies." Lon Chaney, "the man of a thousand faces," was a gifted musician and orchestra leader. Buck Jones is quite a performer at the piano, and has taught this instrument to his wife and daughter. Lawrence Tibbett was not good enough to make his school's glee club; some progress, Mr. Tibbett!

Musical instruments assume many and varied proportions. John Seeley, 18, made a violin an inch and a half long, that can be played. The seventy-two bells of the carillon of Riverside Church, New York, in contrast, weigh one hundred forty tons (the largest bell alone weighs forty thousand two hundred ninety-six pounds). Then there's the new "bump jass bass"—an instrument which seems to be a cross between a floor lamp, a banjo, a "bass-fiddle," and a one-stringed Chinese lute.

There is only one contra-bass clarinet in this country, and not a great number of full-sized bass viols.

The folk tunes of countries reflect their geography.

E. McCUBBIN, *Sr. III.*

Bronson Alcott—the Educator

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT was a self-educated man, having received an abbreviated course in common schools and academies of New England. In 1813 he took up the itinerant occupation of peddler of small wares and subscription books, which occupation took him to many states of the Union. He began his career as teacher in Connecticut in 1823. His school at Cheshire soon attracted widespread attention on account of the improvements he made. Single desks were substituted for the long benches, double and three seated desks. The pupils were provided with slates, pencils and blackboards. A school library was established and light gymnasium exercises introduced. The children were encouraged to keep diaries and to make collections of common objects. Bronson Alcott broke away from the rule of severe and indiscriminate punishments, and substituted appeals to the affections and moral sentiments of the children. Concerning his course of study he wrote, "It is adapted professedly to the wants and genius of the young mind; it refers to children, and it insists that children are the best judges of what meets their wants and feelings."

His scheme of moral training was the most rational and elaborate in the annals of early American education. Equally important was the scheme of physical training. It aimed to train the physical powers in relation to the practical uses of life. It provided special exercises for the eye, the ear, and the voice, with emphasis upon such games as balancing, jumping, hopping, swinging and running.

His principles of intellectual education may be briefly summarized as follows: follow nature; employ the known to induce the unknown; teach by visible and tangible objects, by oral, illustrative and familiar methods; bring all of the powers of the mind into harmonious development and exercise; prepare the mind to investigate for itself; make experiments the test of theory and basis of fact; consult the minds, genius, and habits of the pupils; furnish constant employment.

The school was open in the evenings for story-telling, plays and games. Self-government was a notable feature of the Cheshire experiment. A superintendent, a recorder, a librarian, and a conservator—selected from the school members—coöperated with the teacher.

Reforms so pronounced were not to pass unchallenged, and A. Bronson Alcott met with endless opposition, not only from his patrons but from his colleagues. In 1828 he went to Boston, where he opened an infant school and published his "Observations on the Principles and Methods of Infant Instruction" which in some respects was an exposition of the Pestalozzian method. He was called to Philadelphia in

1930 to accept a position in a private school conducted by William Russell and four years later returned to Boston and opened the famous Temple School. In the school he repeated the experiments of the Cheshire school, and introduced innovations which shocked the pedagogic repose of his conservative contemporaries. He had as assistant teachers in the Temple School two women who later became distinguished in American education and letters: Elizabeth Palmer Peabody and Sarah Margaret Fuller. Miss Peabody's book "Record of Mr. Alcott's exemplifying the Principles of Moral Culture" gives an admirable pen picture of the Temple School. Bronson Alcott's daughter Louisa May Alcott in her book "Little Men" utilized many of the incidents of the experiment in her imaginary Plumfield School.

In 1836 Mr. Alcott published the first volume of his "Conversations with Children on the Gospels," and a year later the second volume appeared. These books met with a storm of criticism from the ultra-orthodox which ultimately caused the downfall of his school. The Boston experiment met the hearty approval of such well-known educational leaders as Horace Mann, Henry Barnard, Thomas H. Gallaudet, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walter R. Johnson and William Ellery Channing; the opposition from conservative and traditional schoolmen ruined the financial support of the school, and it had to be given up in 1839.

Harriet Martineau, after her return to England from America in 1837, published what she intended to be a caricature of the Temple School. It came to the attention of James Pierrepont Greaves, an English philanthropist and former associate of Pestalozzi. He saw in her burlesque the genuine Pestalozzian spirit and method, and at once began a correspondence with Bronson Alcott. He pronounced him the true successor of the Swiss reformer. An English Pestalozzian school which Greaves was organizing at Ham was named the Alcott House, in honor of the American teacher.

The last fifty years of his life Alcott devoted to the study and teaching of philosophy. He is known as one of the founders of the transcendental school of philosophy. The transcendental school of philosophy is a reaction against Puritan prejudices, old-fashioned metaphysics and Philistinism. Alcott's contributions to the literature of education may be found in the "American Journal of Education" (1826-1831) the "American Annals of Education" (1831-1837) and the early volumes of the American Institute of Instruction. During his closing years he took an active part in the conduct of the Concord School of Philosophy. Bronson Alcott, a man who contributed much to American education, died in Concord, Mass., March 4, 1888.

NANCY BURKE, *Sr. Sp.*

"Java Head"

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

THEME: The difficulties of adaptation that are necessary when the son of a staid New England family marries a Chinese wife.

REACTION: This book was, no doubt, more colorful and dramatic when it was first written. To the present-day reader it appears decidedly "dated." There are vivid surface impressions—a little too theatrical, perhaps—of the sleepy town of Salem, Mass., in the early nineteenth century, of the exotic Taou Yuen, the Chinese wife of Gerritt Ammidon, and brilliant suggestions of the romance of Far Eastern trade. Yet all this is inadequately held together by a weak plot and by a certain feeling that one has of Mr. Hergesheimer's setting out to do more than he achieves in the book. This may be due to the artificiality of the settings and situations, as well as to the rather trite philosophy which meanders throughout "Java Head."

MARGERY WILLIS, *Senior Special.*



"She Strives to Conquer"

By FRANCES MAULE

"She Strives to Conquer" by Frances Maule is one of the new books in the library which is in great demand.

This book concerns itself primarily with business behavior, opportunities and job requirements for women. It tells what is and what is not "the thing to do" according to present day requirements in the business world. You may easily apply such chapters as "Dressing The Part," "What Do They Mean! Personality?" and "Are You Fit For Your Job?" to yourself as a prospective teacher.

"She Strives To Conquer" may raise your standards of efficiency in either the business or professional world and will provide food for serious thought.

MILDRED LUMM, *Junior V.*

A Prophecy

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you.
And though they are with you they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls.
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot
visit, not even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

KAHLIL GIBRAN, "The Prophet."

"In Loco Parentis" 1929; Henry Watson Children's Aid Society of Baltimore.



How Prettyboy Dam Received Its Name

A FARMER who lived in the northern part of Baltimore County owned a colt. The colt was a very beautiful animal, therefore was called Prettyboy. Prettyboy had the run of the place and one day wandered off and failed to return. His owner grew uneasy and started to search. The search ended the next morning at the place where a small stream emptied into the Gunpowder. Here the farmer visualized the tragedy that had happened. Prettyboy had wandered down to the stream to get a drink and had been caught in the wire and drowned. The farmer to the end of his days nursed his grief and returned again and again to the scene of his loss until everyone in that section called the stream Prettyboy. Legends are told about Prettyboy. Some say the frightened neigh of Prettyboy can be heard in the valley. Others say that at a certain phase of the moon the shadowy form of the unfortunate colt can be seen galloping over the marsh along the stream which snuffed out his life.

Baltimore City decided to send engineers to the hills of Devil's Backbone to select a dam site for increasing the city's water supply. They selected the site where the Prettyboy Brook babbled into the Gunpowder. The now completed dam holds 20,000,000,000 gallons of water. What a memorial it will be to the colt that was lost in the stream and whose spirit plays over the hill at midnight!

JEAN MILLER, *Fr. VI.*

Five Qualities of a Good Teacher

Rollo G. Reynolds, principal of the Horace Mann School, Columbia University, asserts that all the qualities necessary in a good teacher are not known by any one principal, but there are fundamental qualities which are essential and which the wise principal seeks in his teachers.

According to Mr. Reynolds, the most important of these are: First—Devotion to and belief in the process of education; Second—Creative imagination; Third—An open mind; Fourth—Broad and deep interests; Fifth—A zest for living—a joyousness in life.

The principal who can satisfy him or herself that his teachers have these qualities developed to a high degree, and want nothing so much as to discover and develop the educable possibilities in children, has the faculty material of which a great school is made.

In extending his views, Mr. Reynolds has offered a challenge to the normal schools and teachers' colleges in the country, one that all prospective teachers should accept and make their goal.

FLORENCE C. MORAT.



Spring

Lo, the pussy willow
Swaying in the breeze,
A soft, gray pussy willow
An early sign of spring.

See, the golden jonquil!
On slender green stem rests?
A fresh awakened jonquil
An early sign of spring.

Behold, a purple violet
Nestled close furled leaves
A velvet, dew-brushed violet
An early sign of spring.

A. WILHEM.

Assemblies

MRS. BROUWER:

Mrs. Brouwer introduced us to a character from one of E. H. Young's books; a genius, who never learned to make adjustments and therefore went miserably through life, complaining that "nobody told him anything." Perhaps, if he had been alert, he could have found for himself, things that are lovely which would have made him happy.

We should atune ourselves to the beauty around us, beauty in music, in nature and in the written word. We must open our own eyes before we go out to open the eyes of children.

DR. BAMBERGER:

"Education and Social Progress" was the theme of Dr. Bamberger's address. From the beginnings of time up until the present, man has been acquiring knowledge. This knowledge is the heritage of the people of today and must be transmitted to the children of the schools. It is, of course, the teacher's place to convey this heritage. The two things for which knowledge is useful, are: to give factual material to the child; to aid the child for the purpose of interpreting these facts.

The criteria for judging if the educational system is functioning for the betterment of society are:

1. Larger, and more effective peace groups.
2. Higher levels of health.
3. In our democracy, there will be a steady decrease of corruption in public affairs, special privileges for certain classes, and of prejudices.
4. We shall have no slums.
5. We shall have greater creative work.
6. We shall have social insurance.

The schools are related to this criteria in that they are a stabilizing influence and help to establish the ideal of good workmanship. The teacher's responsibility, in the educational field is the interpretation of projects and activities and so passing on the heritage.

MISS SIMPSON:

What are you looking for in school?

What are you doing to attain your desire?

To be educated includes being well informed socially. Teachers need a broad outlook on life, and the Maryland State Normal School attempts to provide for cultural broadening.

Certain qualities of educated men and women are:

1. Deep abiding interests.
2. Less deep, more varied interests.
3. Adaptability to social conditions.
4. Intellectual independence.

MR. LÉCOMPTE:

Birds have an economic as well as an aesthetic value in our lives. They keep down harmful weeds and eat harmful insects. Many farmers have destroyed the habitats of birds by burning dead trees or destroying old stumps, (which were to the birds ideal homes) or have allowed hunters to destroy helpful birds. This has caused a decrease of certain species. The increase of wild bird life is checked by parasites, diseases, weather conditions and hunters. An increase can be accomplished by good environment for homes, feeding the birds in the winter, establishing bird baths and boxes, and planting certain kinds of trees, low shrubs and vines. The "red menace" of the birds, or *fire*, destroys acres of trees each year, and effective as well as preventive means of doing away with this menace would undoubtedly increase the wild bird life of our country.

MISS BROWN:

Today for the first time man has sufficient leisure time to improve himself and develop his interests. Many such activities are carried on in the home, but there is a decided tendency for people to get out-of-doors.

Nature widens the appreciation of man's relation to his environment, and millions seek hiking, camping and mountain climbing as their leisure activities.

Bear Mountain Park, easily accessible to both New York and New Jersey, has an educational program planned for nature seekers. There are nature trails, "open-air" museums, in which to study nature in its true setting, as well as ponds and exhibits along the trails. Many states have begun to develop this idea of recreational education. Maryland has several State Conservation and Game Farms.

Every school is near some beauty spot and the Normal School Campus is especially beautiful. The Normal students, faculty and Campus School have all contributed to making the grounds lovely. Let us all begin to see and identify the plants and trees so near to us.

The Tower Light

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Dr. Henry M. Fitzhugh

IN the death of Dr. Henry M. Fitzhugh, not only Carroll County but the State of Maryland has sustained a great loss. As a citizen, he was most outstanding; as a banker, most reliable; as a public servant, most sacrificing; as a physician, most eminent; and as a friend, most

loyal, sincere and true. His interests were varied and many, and extended from local to State, from Florida to Michigan. He knew literature, history, science, business, finance, education and medicine, and was an authority in all of them. His sense of humor was so pronounced that his sayings and amusing quips have become a part of the folk lore of Carroll County.

His friendship was something to be cherished, and its range extended from the lowliest to the highest in the community and the State. For the ones he loved nothing was too much for him to undertake, and his reward in most cases consisted only in the confidence and appreciation these had for him. He has left a host of friends, who mourn his removal from our midst, and Carroll County has lost its most distinguished citizen.

MAURICE S. H. UNGER,
Superintendent of Carroll County.



Why Make Youth War-Minded?

LATELY, I have been thinking a great deal about the results of the military training of college students. Peaceful, law-abiding, civilized, youths who are desirous of gaining higher knowledge in our American universities must accept military training in order to get the subjects they want. Instead of educating them in subjects that are befitting a gentleman, they are taught methods of war and we know that what youth is trained to do and whatever they are prepared for, they want to make use of. They are taught methods of war, their spirit is aroused for fighting, their thoughts run in a military trend and time that they could spend in study is used almost daily for drilling and learning how to use instruments of war. Hour after hour is spent in cleaning their guns and caring for their military equipment. During this time these young men are not supposed to heed the blood-thirsty instinct that is in all men; they are to concentrate on brotherhood and peace. Where are the psychologists and where is the American common sense? Those boys wearing the R. O. T. C. uniforms and other military outfits who train and prepare for war are going to want to try their skill. They are not going to forget what they have been trained to do; they have not made themselves "shot alert" and aim conscious; they have not marched and tramped up and down fields until they were

exhausted and foot weary, all for naught. And yet the public criticizes and blames "these young 'reds' who do not know what war means!" Wouldn't it be more sensible to educate the future backbone of the nation in political finesse and peace inspiring activities? Why not instruct them more fully in ways and means of bettering and stabilizing our own government? Why not teach them how to handle international affairs tactfully? Surely, peace is what the nation wants but cannot obtain while youth is taught war maneuvers. Let us strive to see into the future and save our men, our country, and our peace. Let us allow the youth to enter college and pursue knowledge that builds nations not with soldiering and war. Most of all, let us help youth to love peace and preserve it.

HELENE M. WHITE, *Freshman IV*.



My Heart Was Crying

Under a new day's sun,
Brave in its blue-gold birth,
My heart was crying.

Under a moon-cloud sky,
Paled by a frost-white wind,
My heart was crying.

Surely they did not guess
The people I knew that day—
That my heart was crying.

Surely they could not know—
I went the usual way—
My heart was crying.

Only the Father of Heaven
Looked at my heart below
And felt its crying.

Only the Love of Heaven
Can kindly and sweetly flow
And quiet a heart's soft crying.

You

You are here.
The world is peaceful, and
My heart's at rest.
I feel your presence
And am comforted
By your quieting words.

You are gone
The world is black, and
There is no peace.
But still I heed your voice
Saying, "Love long
I am not gone to you."



Why?

Why must we take the turns of life so hard,
They followeth sure as does the night and day.
Yet we can't but feel our happiness jarred,
When the hand of the Lord upon his child does lay.

We thank the God for helping us to know
A person who has given us such cheerful aid.
We thank thee for the times that we have,
In some small way repaid.

E. GOODHAND, *Senior IV.*



Early Morning

Have you ever risen in the young hours of the morning, and from your open window watched day break? The thin, gray sky hangs low. A mystifying silence pervades and the air is filled with an awe inspiring quiet. Then, through this stillness, the faint whispering of stirring birds is heard. Their far murmurings herald the day. Even as you watch, the sky becomes lighter. In a nearby house a light is flashed and figures hurry back and forth against the lighter framework. The odor of smoke finds its way to your window as a furnace is coaxed to life. Just as a faint glow of pink rims the horizon, a savory breakfast bids you hurry. Early morn has become daybreak.

F. F.

The Physiological Effects of Exercise

THE two problems of greatest importance in regard to exercise from the point of view of hygiene are (1) what is the value of regular systematic exercise and (2) is very strenuous and exhaustive exercise dangerous? These problems will be discussed on the basis of experimental evidence.

Although there is a universal opinion that regular exercise is of benefit to health there is no experimental or statistical evidence to prove that regular systematic exercise will prolong life or protect the person against degenerative or infectious diseases. There is, however, abundant evidence to show that it will lead to a more efficient condition of the body in the sense that the person is more capable of work and better able to withstand exhaustion. A person who has taken exercise regularly differs from the person who has led a sedentary life in the following respects (1) the skeletal muscles are larger, stronger, and have increased tone; (2) there is better coordination of movements with less waste energy; (3) there is a greater reserve power of the heart. The heart beats more slowly at rest and responds to exercise with less increase in pulse rate but with a greater output per beat; (4) the vital capacity of the lungs is increased.

Many persons believe that very exhaustive exercise may cause some permanent damage to the heart and that when a person is "tired out" they are more susceptible to infections such as the common cold. The modern point of view with regard to the heart is that in young people with normal circulatory systems severe exercise is not injurious to the heart. This however is not true in cases where there are pre-existing pathological changes in the circulatory system or in older persons when senile changes may be present. It is true that the heart may become larger with training just as the skeletal muscles increase in size and it is also true that during the exercise the heart is probably dilated due to the greater venous inflow but these are at present considered physiological adjustments to the needs of the body and not as evidences of or leading to pathological damage. With regard to the effect of exhaustive exercise on resistance most of the experimental work on animals indicates that animals fatigued to exhaustion are slightly more susceptible to infections than similar control animals especially if the infection is already present before the exhausting exercise. Statistical data on sickness rates in heavy industries tends to confirm this but this type of evidence is of extremely questionable value because there are many other factors in addition to the muscular fatigue which are much more closely related to the sickness rates. At-

tempts to show the antibodies which play such an important part in resistance are lowered with severe exercise have yielded very contradictory results. We know as yet so little about resistance that it is difficult to prove whether or not such factors as exercise have any influence.

ANNA M. BAETJER,
Assistant in Physiology, Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene.



Who's Who in Good Posture

JUDGING posture is far from easy. Posture changes from moment to moment depending upon many factors: mood, freshness, circumstances. Habit, however, seems to be a very important factor. In watching the Normal School students we have found that some people always walk and stand rather well, even when they are at their worst. We have noticed also that the women students seem to make more effort to maintain good posture than do the men students.

We have observed each of the following students at least five times and on every occasion they have passed the test. There were others on our list, whom we had to cross off on second, third, or later observation. Do you agree with this list? If not, whom do you nominate?

<i>Seniors</i>	<i>Juniors</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>
Eleanor Bounds	Blanche Mueller	Anna Stidman
Bertha Karpa	Mollie Kries	Nancy Birmingham
Jane Jacques	Doris Langeluttig	Alice Zerbola
Portia Crapster	Marguerite Schorr	Eileen McHale
Emily Ross	Doris Pramschufer	Doris Shipley
Olga Swann	Madeline Smith	Katherine Hanson
Adelaide Tober	Catherine Rine	Pauline Mueller
Mary Jacques	Doris Middleton	June Dousha
Eleanor Sterbak	Hazel Albers	Rebecca Howard
Mildred Heuisler	Mary Wilhelm	Walter Ubersax
Irma La Sage	Betty Straining	Leonard Wolfe
Donald Schwanebeck		

Midnight

The breath of night pulses slow.
A clock ticks undaunted thru slumber hours.
My house hunches alone at the end of the shadowed lane.
I cannot see thru the blackness that is the night
But I know my window sits across on the wall.
Thru the window and out to the yard,
My eyes lead to a shadowed hill
Where the wheat grows deep
And rustles and sighs
As the night wind glides.

The birds have tired of song
But a rooster in a hurry
Bursts into hoarse alarm.
When the noise is done the night shuts in
And its quietness drowns all sound.
With the weird dreams of midnight,
I think—could the frogs have drowned in the pond?
I cannot hear their deep chugging in the woods.

But my bed is warm
And the clock is my companion.
My eyes are weary—trying to pierce the dark.
I know—night—is for—sleep—



A Promise

“Black was earth for many a day,
Snows and tempest whirled and whirled,
Now the flowers are on their way;
April’s coming down the world.

Joy went by on broken wing,
All the leaves were dead and curled.
Now the dreams begin to sing;
April’s coming down the world.”

Social Calender — February

One heard the soft, sweet strumming of music, that kept time with the rhythmic pulsations of dancers, floating amid hearts, cupids and arrows. It was the Junior Benefit dance; the clever Juniors with whom we are all acquainted. We Seniors and Freshmen surely want to congratulate you on your huge success, and a most delightful four hours.

Monday, February eighteenth marked the day, long anticipated by faculty and student body. It was the annual tea given by Dr. Tall and Miss Sperry at "Glen Esk," where students and teachers intermingle and share confidences between delightful music and sips of tea. We thank you for a most enjoyable afternoon.

ELIZABETH GOODHAND, *Senior VI.*



Faculty Notes

MISS TALL and several other members of the faculty attended the meetings of the National Education Association in Atlantic City. Miss Tall presided at one of the group meetings, and also had a part in the forum discussion held. Among the others who attended all or part of the meetings were Miss Brown, Miss Treut, Miss Jones, Miss Tansil, Miss Woodward, Miss Rutledge, and Miss Birdsong.

Mrs. Stapleton and Miss Prickett went to the meetings of the Progressive Education Association in Washington. Mrs. Stapleton spoke on the use of puppets in school.

Mr. Walther spent February 26th and 27th in St. Mary's County, where he was the speaker at a meeting of the county teachers.

Would you believe it if we told you that Miss Scarborough forgot to "carry" a nine? We have heard that it is so.

It is said on good authority that Miss Keys bakes excellent mince pies.

Miss Daniels recently appeared wearing her "opera" glasses with her gym clothes. The Special Seniors induced her to make this change.

It is recommended that Miss Weyforth spend more time practicing folk dancing, so that next year she will be able to keep up with the music.

A Winter Carnival

"My, I'm glad I got to go to this birthday party!" This was what the resident girls said after the November-December-January-February birthday affair. The faculty guests having birthdays these months numbered eight. The party represented a winter carnival at which many goodies were eaten amid snow branches (white-washed sticks). After dinner came the "ski jumps"—(the skis barrel staves). Indeed even Miss Rutledge agreed it isn't so easy to ski. An honest-to-goodness ice hockey game then took place in the foyer, in which Miss Roach proved to be the star. Later, the benches of the foyer were turned into forts and newspaper snowballs began flying in every direction. The grand finale of the evening was a taffy-pull. Here sticky fingers became the height of fashion.

M. BUCHER.



Child Study Group Program

Topic V. Education for Tolerance.
Social and political intolerance.
Race prejudice.
Religion and the present generation.

March 13, 1935—Discussion Meeting Based on Book Reviews of Readings on Topic V, led by Mrs. James Wood Tyson.

March 27, 1935—Talk on Topic V by Dr. Raymond P. Hawes.

April 10, 1935—Business Meeting.

NELLIE BIRDSONG, *Leader*,
KATHRYN H. JOHNSON, *Chairman*.



Alumna Deceased

Miss Teny Mae Horst, a graduate of Towson Normal School in '28, died February ninth at Johns Hopkins Hospital, of meningitis, following an operation. Miss Horst was a most efficient teacher in the Surrey school of Hagerstown. Her scholarship and fine character was recognized by her election to the honorary societies of the Normal School and the Johns Hopkins University. Profound grief from both faculty and friends is expressed for our great loss.

Basketball Slants

ON Monday night, February 18, the Athletic Association entertained 6 teams of girls at dinner in the dormitory. After a most enjoyable repast and excellent impromptu speeches by Miss Daniels and Miss Roach the teams adjourned to the dressing room and then to the gym. All three of the games were interesting and were characterized by the cheering from the side-lines. Both of the Freshman teams were victorious and as the Seniors won only one game and the Juniors none, the Championship went to the Freshies.

The line-up and scores of the games were as follows:

<i>Senior B</i>		<i>Freshmen A</i>
Stanley	F.	Naylor
McCall	F.	Kroll and Howeth
Fastie	C.	Shipley
Waxman	S. C.	Cissel; Taylor
Bollinger	G.	Miller; Clark
Heuisler	G.	Stidman; Hoddinott
Score: Freshmen 32; Seniors 12		

<i>Junior B</i>		<i>Freshman B</i>
Smith	F.	Mueller
Boone	F.	Dousha; Goldstein
Ayres	C.	Muller
Yenkinson	S. C.	Parsley; Birmingham
Middleton	G.	Jones; McIntyre
Dayette	G.	Downey; Hanson
Score: Freshmen 27; Juniors 11		

<i>Senior A</i>		<i>Junior A</i>
Thomas	F.	Rine
Eckstein	F.	Stevens
Brooke	C.	Straining
Cook	S. C.	Merryman
Lowe	G.	Chaney
Muller	G.	Yoder
Score: Seniors 60; Juniors 7.		

Although the Freshies have won the Championship, the Senior team that was victorious has challenged them to a game to be played February 28. While Championship is not at stake, the game will give the Seniors an opportunity to play the Freshmen and it should be an excellent game.

FAIRFAX BROOKE, *Senior II.*

More Musical Notes

The composer Handel had a fine method to keep temperamental singers in their places. A famous contemporary soprano, Cuzzoni, was to sing in one of his operas. On the night of the performance, she refused to go on. Handel minced no words. He picked her up, held her out the window, and threatened to drop her unless she promised to sing. She sang.

Lucrezia Agujari, probably the highest soprano of all time, could reach F in the altissimo octave (that is, the highest F on the piano). High sopranos strut if they can reach tones over an octave below Agujari's maximum range. Mozart says that her tone quality was good on these high notes also.

Elson says, "It is well to get past the days of stage fright, but a due amount of nervousness is not at all bad if it keeps the singer eager to do his best possible work."

Mendlessohn was born Jewish. He later became a Christian, and at the same time (for no apparent reason) added his mother's maiden name to his: Mendlessohn-Bartholdy.

Professor Karel Absolon of Bruno University found what is probably the oldest musical instrument known. It is a 30,000-year-old lion's tooth made into a signal pipe to sound the tones G and D. These tones can still be played perfectly.

The many thrills, grace-notes, and other embellishments, characteristic of the eighteenth century had another reason for existing besides their decorative effect. Neither the harpsichord nor the clavichord could sustain notes for any length of time.

Before Bach's time the thumb was not used in piano-playing.

J. E. MACCUBBIN, *Sr. III.*



The Landing of the Colonists

The colonists landed in Maryland, Our State.
Sixteen thirty-four was the landing date.
The Arc was the boat, and the Dove, its mate.
At last they had reached Maryland's gate.

They had sailed on oceans, they had sailed on seas,
And now were in the midst of wilderness and trees.
The cross was put up, and on their kness they knelt
And told to the Lord how thankful they felt.

DOROTHY SCHEERER,
5A¹, School No. 231 (*Brehms Lane*).

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Rex News

An all-star cast with the speed and sparkle of "The Thin Man"—that is the reason for the tremendous ovations being given "Forsaking All Others," which comes Sunday and Monday, March 17 and 18, to the beautiful Rex Theater, 4600 York Road. Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, together for the first time, head the cast.

Each star seems to have concentrated on outdoing the other at turning in the best performance of the year. Joan Crawford is at her best as the society girl pursued by two men, but with a great sense of humor about it. Gable and Montgomery vie for her smiles.

THE TOWER LIGHT



APRIL, 1935



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

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The Tower Light

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No. 7

Easter in Little Things

NOT only in the joyous burst of celestial gladness which contrasts so triumphantly with the gloom of Good Friday, can be found the true spirit of Easter. In the unnoticed implications of countless little things, crowding upon us on all sides, bloom the profound truths of life. To the seeing eye, hope everlasting is revealed in the opening of the tight little maple buds, in the hatching of the tiny insect egg, in the daily wonder of the sunrise. Small human acts, beneath a cloak of vain triviality, often disclose intangible spiritual yearnings. The casting aside of garments, worn and faded by the rigors of winter, to be replaced by gay and bright raiment symbolizing the promise of spring; the joyous movements of youthful dancers, who can cast aside, for happy rhythm, dull care and foreboding—each of these evidences the indestructible spring of hope. Thus, all around us, deeply planted in all burgeoning nature, can be felt the eternal purposes of an all-wise omnipotent Creator, Who can bring from darkness, light; from death, life abundant in a glorious Resurrection.

ANONYMOUS.



Blue misty air,—
Blue gray space,—
 So thick
That sky and ground are both lost in it,
And only bare brown boughs fork through it.

MARGARET KNAUER, *Sr. II.*

"The Year's at the Spring"

SPRING is upon us almost before we have stopped shivering from the cold winds of winter. All nature seems alive and stirring. Even the most casual observer among us has seen the new leaves unfolding on the trees and bushes—has seen the buds bursting forth into bloom.

The hillsides afford an ever-changing panorama of color. First, the Forsythia contributes a gay note to the grayness of winter's passing and not long after, the Magnolia buds burst into fullness. The pale green leaves of shrubs and trees are now beginning to darken; these will soon be followed by the blossoming fruit trees as they present their delicate shades for our inspection: the apple, the cherry, the plum and others. More vivid notes have been furnished by the gaudy tulip and the jonquil, while the modest violet and crocus have revealed themselves to those who have frequented their haunts.

And what of the student? He, too, is changed. No longer does the class room thrill and intrigue him as in the winter season, for he is the victim of "spring fever", that delightful state characterized by a feeling of enervation which finds solace and interest in a more intimate association with the beauties of nature which everywhere surround him.

Spring is fleeting! Do not let its beauties pass unheeded! Avail yourself of the woods and countryside to observe the animal life as it launches its activity. For you who are equipped with field glasses (or opera glasses) bird life affords much pleasure. How many different birds have you seen this spring? It is fun to keep a notebook, you know, and record the dates of the earliest arrivals. The Blue Jay and the Cardinal have been with us all winter, but you will see more of them from now on. They are gayly colored and call loudly to attract attention. Look for the White-throated Sparrow, the Junco, and the Hermit Thrush. The Chickadee and Phoebe will be here soon, the Maryland Yellowthroat about the end of April, and a little later, the House Wren.

For you who are fortunate enough to possess microscopes, the ponds are full of beautiful Protozoa and small multicellular organisms, the Rotifers and Hydra, green and brown.

The surest harbingers of this delightful season are our cheerful choristers, the frogs, which sing in many keys down in the ravine back of The Cottage. In our immediate environment may be found tree frogs, grass frogs, spring peepers, leopard frogs, and bull frogs. Quite early this season, the ponds were full of masses of frogs' eggs surrounded by "jelly". Many of you have collected these and are watching the developing tadpoles. Why not use the warm spring days for getting better acquainted with these common but interesting creatures. Read Doris

Cochran's article, "Our Friend the Frog", in the National Geographic Magazine, May, 1932, and then try to find, in the haunts about the Campus, some of the varieties she so beautifully pictures.

Spring is fleeting! Do not let its beauties pass unheeded!

BERNICE PIERSON.



Rain

I love the rain—light rain that gently falls
And bathes the leaves and grass of gardens green.
And from the brazen summer's heat, a screen
Of clouds protects the flowers like a shawl.
I love the rain—light rain that gently calls,
And begs me watch the crystal dance and gleam—
The drops that splash and melt into the stream.
Persistently and urgingly it calls.
I love the rain—strong rain that blows and beats
Against the trees, and makes them bend and sway,
And wrenches gnarled, lifeless branches free
From sturdier wood of strength and force that meets
The storm. The fragile stems of flowers give way
In low obeisance to a great decree.

SOPHIA LEUTNER, '34



Give Thanks

I walked today in meadows green,
Where flowers broke the sod.
I saw a group of daffodils
Uplift their face toward God.
I thought how tiny flowers and birds
Are thankful for His care,
Should not we then at Easter time
Give thanks in solemn prayer?

S. J. WILSON, Jr. V.

Pittsburgh and the Eastern Conference

THEY believe in music out there in Pittsburgh. There is no doubt about that. Elementary school children have three forty-minute music periods each week, all phases of music work being provided for—singing, eurhythmics, piano, orchestra, and all sorts of creative activities. Here the slogan, "Music for every child and every child for music", is put into effect in a thorough-going manner. In the past, they say, singing only was accorded to every child, instrumental work having been limited to the talented few. Now the elementary schools are putting instrumental work within the reach of all as well as the few, and are creating choral groups for those who wish practice in singing in addition to that provided for everyone.

It was our privilege on the first day of the conference to visit the classrooms and see the children at work. I went in the morning to two elementary schools. In the first, I saw a sixth-grade lesson in play band orchestration and in sight singing; in the second school, a performance of a Christmas pageant and cantata which the children of the upper grades had given at Christmas time. I do not know whether I was more impressed by the fact that the words and music were all created by the children, or by the beautiful tone quality of the chorus and the sincerity of the whole performance.

In the afternoon I saw a teacher training class in public school music at the Carnegie Tech. Towson Normal is not the only place where students take turns in teaching their fellow classmates.

The Pittsburgh schools continued to play the part of a very generous host throughout the week. During the three days of the Conference proper, they gave us a "Pittsburgh Panorama" in nineteen episodes. The episodes were given on the stage of the ballroom at the hotel much as demonstration lessons and other types of programs are given in our auditorium. The episodes covered all phases of music work from kindergarten to high school. The elementary school divisions included kindergarten eurhythmics, percussion band work, the beginning of note reading in Grade II, sight singing, piano instruction, class instruction in instruments and schoolroom orchestra, and creative projects (original plays with music). The Junior High division included chorus, orchestra, and creative work. The Senior High included chorus, orchestra, chamber music and band work.

In addition to all this, the Pittsburgh schools gave an evening concert in a huge auditorium known as the Syria Mosque. An elementary school chorus of four or five hundred, a high school orchestra of about ninety, and a high school chorus of four hundred contributed. The de-

signer and organizer of all this was Dr. Will Earhart, who has been director of Music Education in the Pittsburgh schools since 1912, and who is recognized as being one of the leaders in Music Education in America.

As the conference was in session literally morning, afternoon, and night, there was much more still. There was, for example, an inter collegiate contest of Men's Glee Clubs, which was won by Pennsylvania State College. It was this Glee Club which gave, just for fun—not as part of the serious contest—the story of "Old King Cole", of which, by the way, you may soon be hearing an echo. Then there was the wonderful banquet, when nine hundred music teachers dined together, laughed at more than one funny story, and joined their voices in more than one song. There was the great concert given by the Eastern Conference Chorus, consisting of four hundred selected high school singers from all over the eastern states. And there were, besides, many small meetings and many luncheons, as well as hundreds of interesting things to look at in the exhibits of publishers.

Such was Pittsburgh and the Eastern Conference. It is not hard to enumerate some of the main events, but that which was most vital I cannot recall for you; namely, the beautiful sound of that music. But there is a way out of even this dilemma. You can supply the deficiency by making the beautiful sounds yourselves. A conference must have echoes. Else why the conference?

EMMA E. WEYFORTH.



Song of the Vanquished

It was a hard fought race today
I tried, I lost, I go,
Not with the soul crushed out of me
Not with my head bowed low;
But with a faith new born in me
Because I did my best,
And when my conscience tells me that,
My God will do the rest.

National Symphony Concert

UNDER the direction of Hans Kindler, the National Symphony Orchestra closed the nineteen-thirty-four series of concerts in Baltimore on March 19. At this time Harold Bauer, noted pianist, appeared as guest artist. In response to the enthusiastic reception of the Schumann A Minor Concert, Mr. Bauer played a "Novelette" by the same composer. In both of these compositions were displayed the fine technique for which Mr. Bauer is famous.

The symphony of the concert was the Fourth of Tchaikowsky. This familiar selection is ever welcome in the concert hall.

The program opened with a "Chorale Prelude" of Bach and closed with the "Traume" and a stirring rendition of the Overture to Tannhauser, by Wagner.

The National Symphony Orchestra, whose concerts have been so welcome in this city, promises to the music-loving Baltimoreans additional opportunities to enjoy fine music. There will be a series of Sunset Symphonies played in Washington twice weekly during the summer months.

These concerts, played out-of-doors, will be available at popular prices. Certainly, many of us are looking forward to them with pleasant anticipation.



Foreign Beauty

As a rule, we Americans are wont to overlook the beauty all around us. Nevertheless, there is one magnificent scene of nature that we do appreciate. This lovely gift, which will arrive with its companion "Spring" always seems to bring a message of friendship to us; the benevolence of a race from over the sea! Yes, the pink flowers have a name! They are called "Japanese Cherry Blossoms". With their delicacy of color they form a most fitting background for our Capital. There these fragrant blossoms enclose a body of water with their dark bodies. Far and wide, the people of our nation come to see this spectacle. As we drive around the lake we are mindful of the beauty given so freely by the pink-colored branches. If only other nations could seek and strengthen friendship by the lovely gifts of nature, rather than by elements made from it, how thankful we would be!

EDITH JONES, *Fr. I.*

An Appreciation Lesson at Montebello

Taught by EDNA KEEFER, 6A

I—PREPARING THE MIND AND MOOD.

A—Discussion of month of March.

- 1—Teacher calls attention to calendar.
- 2—Children describe characteristics of March.
 - a*—Blowing winds.
 - b*—Changeable weather.
 - c*—Early signs of spring.
 - (1) Early spring flowers.
 - (2) Buds on trees.
- NOTE—Child contributes, "March is a preparation for Spring"
- 3—Children tell why they like March.

B—Introduction to particular poem.

- 1—Teacher tells children the poet's name and the title of the poem.
 - a*—William Cullen Bryant was an early American poet who loved nature.
 - b*—"March", a poem in which the poet tells us that March is a welcome month to him.
- 2—Teacher gives them something definite to listen for—why March is welcome to him.

II—HOUR OF APPRECIATION.

A—"March"—Bryant.

- 1—Teacher reads whole poem.
- 2—Children answer previous question.
 - a*—Bryant likes March because it welcomes spring.
 - b*—Child, who had heard poem before, gives poet's exact words.
 - c*—Teacher re-reads sentence.
- 3—Teacher uncovers poem, which she had previously written on board.
- 4—Children re-read it silently.
- 5—Meaning in first stanza.
 - a*—Discussion of poet's characteristics of March.
 - (1) Wind.
 - (2) Stormy March.Children give evidence that March is stormy by recalling yesterday's weather.
 - b*—Discussion of picture words or phrases.
 - (1) "Changing skies".

- (a) Teacher asks child what picture he saw when he said that—child says that when winds are blowing the clouds move fast.
- (b) Teacher explains about the shadows and brightness of the sky as the sun is alternately hidden and exposed.
- (2) "Winds rushing through the valley". Children tell their impressions caused by these words.
- (3) "Blast". This word gives speed and movement to the picture.
- c—Children choose suitable title for first stanza—"Stormy March".
- 6—Content of each of the remaining stanzas developed in the same way. These are some of the points brought out.
 - a—Poetic language—doth; thou.
 - b—Figures of speech—alliteration, "glad and glorious".
 - c—Meanings of words and phrases—"passing few", "rills", "train".
 - d—Resemblance or one stanza to another.
- 7—Discussion of rhyme scheme of whole poem.
- 8—Individual children read each stanza aloud.
- 9—Children read phrase or sentence they like very much.
- 10—Summary for this poem—
Teacher says she is going to have the poem on the board and if they like it well enough they may copy it.

B—"March"—Wordsworth.

- 1—Introduction.
 - a—Teacher gives idea of poet's personality—lover of nature.
 - b—Teacher suggests question for them to answer later—See if you think Wordsworth is as thoughtful about March as Bryant was.
- 2—Teacher reads poem.
- 3—Discussion of mood.
 - a—Poem is like a jingle; it is happy; it is suited to poem.
 - b—Wordsworth is not as thoughtful as Bryant—he just writes down all the pictures of spring that he sees.
- 4—Comparison of rhythm with Bryant's poem.
- 5—Teacher re-reads poem.

III—SUMMARY.

Suggest painting some of these things in art.

References: Hayward, "The Lesson in Appreciation".

Strayer and Norsworthy—"How to Teach"—The chapter—The appreciation lesson.

*Reported by K. BUCKLEY, M. KNAUER,
F. LOOYMANS, for Senior II.*



Interpretation of an Oral Composition Lesson

Taught by EVELYN GIRARDIN, Grade 1, Montebello

THE big general aim of the oral composition lesson was to develop in the children the ability to express themselves freely and effectively before the group.

The immediate aims of the lesson were to have the children express themselves in good sentences, use correct words, and be able to carry on an effective telephone conversation.

Miss Girardin stimulated the children through the selection, organization, and presentation of her subject matter. First, she selected material which was of vital interest to the class and on their level. In the organization and presentation of her material she used pictures which were vivid and simple, and which the children could understand. Through these she started a discussion which led to their personal interests and experiences (telling about their own dogs). She kept the conversation going by asking guiding and stimulating questions. Before the telephone conversation Miss Girardin also made them ready by having the children discuss the things which they would consider in buying a dog. She did not, however, prepare them for the conversation of the store-keeper.

Miss Girardin in developing her aims, first, showed a picture of a dog which the children discussed. Next, they read the story under the picture. The teacher then asked which of them had dogs and which picture looked like their dog. She asked guiding questions to stimulate the children to talk. Miss Girardin asked the children which dog they would like to have and why. The pupils talked about "pet shops" and what they would say and ask if they were going to buy a dog. Finally, they dramatized a conversation, carried on over a telephone, between a man desiring to buy a dog and a clerk in the "pet shop".

Many things were being learned indirectly through this lesson. The children were learning what constituted good telephone conversation. They were made more familiar with the various names and breeds of dogs. Throughout the entire class they were reminded that they must be courteous and considerate of others.

There were many integrations made during this lesson. Miss Girardin used reading in her introduction of the lesson. She began by having the children read a chart orally about the dog, Spot. This lesson was integrated with their nature study course in which they had been studying about dogs. In this lesson they talked orally in a clear, organized manner about personal experiences with dogs, food of dogs, and pet shops. A very important connection was made with health. The children talked of the value milk and green vegetables have for dogs and for themselves.

As a whole the lesson was very good. The children showed a sense of freedom when talking over the telephone and when talking about their own dogs. Although at the end of the period the children were not making complete sentences there was great improvement shown. The pupils seemed interested throughout the lesson and this was due largely to the fact that they had been properly stimulated by interesting pictures and a topic within their own experience.

Reported by Jrs. III and IV.



What Is Life?

LIFE is one continuous journey across a vast sea. When you are born, you become a member of a crew of which your father is the captain. At first, you glide along unaware of what is happening about you. You are conscious only of the fact that the captain and his mate are doing all in their power to protect you from a great many winds or other disturbances which might cause you to lose your path. Days come and days go. One day your father takes the boat to shore, never to return. It is up to you now to brave the sea. You, and you alone, must steer the ship. Many times when there is a storm raging and the gushing waves cause the vessel to rock to and fro, you feel as though you must give up, but, instead, you cling to hope. Often after these raging storms, the sun shines brightly, sending upon you rays of happiness and hope. Sometimes you meet people passing by in other ships. Some of these people get to know you better and stick by you until you reach the other side. Some leave you when you need them most. You must reach that land beyond some day, but the path you take depends wholly on you, for you, and you alone, are the captain of your destiny. You are responsible for the way your ship comes to port.

LUCIA R. SERIO, *Freshman I.*

Heaven

LOOK up at heaven. A calm whirl-pool of softly-blended, delicate color meets my fascinated gaze. A brilliantly-scarlet ball of fire is openly flirting with a fair, white, fleecy cushion, which in turn is modestly, surreptitiously peeping through an ethereal curtain of blue. Coquettishly she returns his merry twinkle, and, embarrassed at her misdemeanor, she assumes a divinely haughty countenance. Her pursuer, though, has accomplished his malevolent purpose—his cheeks bulge as he laughs aloud in gleeful satisfaction. Ethereal figures are moving in a silence that befits their forms, yet they cause eternal questions. They laugh at our ignorance; they scorn our reach for knowledge. They play upon our fancies, and haunt our hoping souls and dreaming hearts. Why, then, do we yield so helplessly to their suffusing magnetism? These light, floating ghosts that seem to melt into one another will soon pass! The next minute, when we start to confirm our suspicion, there they are—still staring down at us in a halo of lovely mist. Foolish mortals, that we have even attempted to steal those secrets which shall be His, wholly and infinitely!

SYLVIA BERNSTEIN, *Fr. I.*



Did You Know That--

SPECTRAL analysis makes it possible to identify constituents of materials, even detecting copper, silver, and other metals in quantities as small as one-millionth of one per cent?

Recent chemical discoveries may result in greater use of tobacco instead of arsenic preparations in insecticides?

A new rubber compound that will withstand temperatures as low as 60 degrees below zero has been developed in rubber laboratories in Ohio?

Fragile porcelain has been developed scientifically until spark plugs stand chilling at 120 degrees below zero and then heating at 1800 degrees above?

A new factory in Sweden is to produce enough aluminum to meet Swedish requirements?

VIOLETTE V. HODDINOTT, *Fr. VI.*

A Gentleman

A TRUE gentleman does not have to be a paragon of all virtues, but he must possess a certain number in order to qualify. To be more explicit, he must at least be honest and tactful. A gentleman does not have to be a Sir Walter Raleigh, but it counts much in his favor if he is able to show some of the Raleigh courtliness and grace to the world. He should be able to play up to the whims and idiosyncrasies of people and should have sense enough to steer clear of their touchy points. He should be a man of the world in that he can adapt himself to queer or unnatural situations. To look after the comfort of the other person, and to consider himself last, is a trait that should be cultivated by every would-be gentleman. A gentleman should be kind and considerate of the unfortunate, and he should be able to meet children on their ground without losing any of his dignity. A true gentleman should be respectful to his superiors and should not begrudge anyone his good luck. If he discovers that he is in error, he should be the first to apologize and to make amends. He must be reliable, and most emphatically he should not be ashamed to thank God for his existence. The aspiring gentleman must be honest when the occasion demands; tactful when the question of someone else's feeling is at stake. He should be straightforward in all of his business dealings. To sum it all up, he should be able to do the correct thing, at the proper place, in the right manner.

PATRICIA CALLAHAN, *Freshman VI.*



Ode to a Cuspidor

O, thou—essential need of men,
Target of unjust derision,
Well-beknownst to mortals' ken,
Degraded by impaired precision—
Hast been banished with thy glory
From thy place in parlors staid;
Exiled to the farthest story
There thy golden gleam to fade.

ARTHUR SHAPIRO, '34

Dirt, Darkness and Death

THE silent sizzle of the sun was felt. We were one hundred feet below the surface of the earth, but the bright, burning rays penetrated tons of coal above us. We were sweltering. Backs aching and muscles taut, we struggled hopelessly to maintain the rhythmic hammering upon the petrified trees man was exploiting. The age-old rock crumbled under our blows, while each resounding whack throbbed in our ears. Damp, ill-smelling gases constantly spiralled into our nostrils. Our feet slushed in a warm, black, oily liquid. Were we Russian criminals sent to Siberia that so we worked? No, but this dark dungeon hidden in the depths of American soil was no heavenly haven of mercy. Noise, dirt, putrid, stinking smells, and heat, unbearable heat, all lent themselves to the oppressiveness of our task. We were coal miners, entombed in the bowels of the earth at day, only to emerge from this darkness, into a new dark. Here, where men gave their lives to a futile task, were we. Blindly, guided only by spluttering lights on our foreheads, we drove our axes into the crumbling mass about us. Always, the thud, thud, with forceful returns echoing from the walls. That incessant drip, drip of oil; that beating noise of axes; and that steady rumbling of hand cars nearly drove us mad. Thud, thud, thud, ever reminding us of our torture. The widening cave seemed to be closing in, squeezing, crushing, killing us. So was it, ever throbbing, ever beating, ever trampling us to dirt and death.

MAX BERZOFKY, *Fr. IV.*



Thought

Time after time while thinking at night
I wonder and marvel at the wrong and the right,
'Till my mind's all agog . . . and I? . . . well, a sight
from fruitless thought concerning our plight.
Now at last I've decided this thought is in vain,
And so, my conclusion not to start it again,
For indeed, you know, t'would be quite insane,
To think when our thoughts are all thought in vain.

E. TURNER.

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

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ALICE MUNN, Faculty Adviser

S. O. T.

S. O. T., S. O. T. were the distress signals flashed forth from the good ship Normal.

At first, the passengers aboard Normal were amazed and then distressed. They hadn't realized that one of their favorite members, Mr. Tower Light, was overboard. The news spread like wild fire and the

passengers hustled about in excess of all known speed laws. On March the first, they tossed a life saver overboard. But alas, Mr. Tower Light, though he had just reduced one hundred and fifty pounds, still weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and the rope was not quite strong enough to hoist him all the way up. Poor Mr. Tower Light was left dangling three-eighths of the way up with the angry waves of bankruptcy gnashing at his heels.

Decidedly, something must be done and done quickly. But what shall it be?

DORIS BURTNETT, *Fr. I.*



Eastern High Assembly

THE first in the series of Enrollment Campaign Assemblies was held at the Eastern High School on March 15. All former graduates now at Normal were invited to assist at an assembly. To make it more interesting (and to help us sing) we took with us other members of the Glee Club. Our aim was to induce the Easternites to attend Normal School to pursue a professional career.

Miriam Vogelmann, as chairman, introduced the speakers and musical selections. The chorus sang "Sleigh Song" and "Peter, Peter". The environment at Normal-Campus and activities were described by Marguerite Schorr. Ann Dayett told about the various phases of athletics for girls at Normal School. She also mentioned Girl's Demonstration which had been held the night before. The curriculum as a preparation for teaching and the outlook for obtaining a teaching position was discussed by Elise Meiners. The best was of course saved till last. Miss Tall, first of all, introduced Miss Roach who talked about the class stunts at Girls' Demonstration. Miss Tall then summed up all the points by giving more information about the outlook for obtaining positions and by inviting the capable students of the school to come to Normal School. She spoke about the standing of Eastern graduates at Normal and challenged the present Easternites to follow in their way. Our part of the program was closed with the singing of "Alma Mater" by the chorus.

The students at Eastern seemed to enjoy the program. We certainly hope that we have given them a desire and a purpose for coming to the Normal School.

E. M., *Sr. I.*

Pawns of Chance

CIRCUS day! Circus tents! Side shows! Barkers! Fat ladies! Sword swallows! Animals! Confused shouting! Throngs and throngs of people! Everyone was there! Money, hoarded since the last circus day, had purchased those tickets. Thrills! Danger! Balloons and laughter! Fleet-footed lads flew hither and yon, crying at the top of their lungs:

"Pop corn!" "Hot-dogs and mustard free!"

The grand parade was on. The audience cheered. The actors were ready to give their best in a gripping drama.

In one of a row of cars, where the light was dim, an old clown was dressing for his part in the show. As he fastened his costume, he mused to his dog, Rover:

"Rover, old fellow, this is the last time you and I will be doing this. It doesn't seem true after all these years. Years? Why, it seems like yesterday that Jane was here. Dear Jane. Remember how she used to make us laugh for her? She was the real thing, while I—I am only a clown. It is so hard to grin when the one you love best is gone from this earth. At last, I will have rest, too. Retired! Bah! How I loathe it. To be away from the life and lights that I have always known. Why, I can close my eyes and see Mother, as the circus queen,—and that night when she fell—. What will happen to us, Rover? You've been a faithful pal. Good old dog. Let's give the gang out there a surprise. We'll have them falling off the benches. After tonight there is time enough to mourn for the past. After tonight there will be no reason for living. Ready, boy?"

Farther down in the cars were Peter and Laura. They were bubbling over with youth, gayety and love. Today was their wedding day.

"Hurry," urged Laura with new-found wifely dignity, "We can't be late for our very last act in the Big-Top."

"How can I hurry, when I have you?" Peter had eyes for no one else. Tonight was to be their final performance. The ideal of home and family life had long burned within the hearts of these flying children. After this show, they were to quit the circus. Peter had secured a position as a district agent for a real estate concern. With the position, he was given a cozy little cottage and a small garden.

Finally they were ready. Together, they stood, young and vigorous. They must perform for the restless, thrill-seeking crowd. Mysterious Fate, what will you do with your actors tonight?

The parade had started! First came Sally, the leader of the elephants. Seated high on the animals were beautiful girls. Running between the animals, our clown somersaulted and jumped. He swung high

on the trunk of one elephant over to the trunk of another. The crowd loved it. Behind these came bare-back riders, lion trainers, snake charmers; all the champions of dangerous arts. And then—confident, charming—daring Laura and Peter, pulsating with life. The crowd leaped to its feet and boisterously welcomed the famed aces of the trapeze. The lovers bowed graciously. Pop—everything was happening at once. All the circles were humming with cracking whips as trainers took their pets through various tricks. Eyes shining, cheeks flaming, hands strong, muscles taut, the trainers, through the vividness of their own personalities, forced seals, bears, lions, snakes, camels and horses into flashing, difficult maneuvers.

And silence! All was quiet. Laura and Peter climbed to their lofty places above the crowds until they bent their heads to avoid touching the canvas at the tip-top of the Big Tent. To and fro—high, never low, went the swings—higher, faster, turning in air—hanging in air—risking everything—daring everything—all for the sake of the crowd. Deafening applause filled the air. The couple bowed.

It was Laura's turn, alone. Peter was down on the ground, watching her. Somehow he had wanted to be beneath her—looking up. He worshipped her so. Laura wiped her moist hands, grasped the bar, and began to swing. She gazed about her . . . "Thank you, Father. After all these years—peace, rest, not doing crazy things to satisfy a crazy crowd. But—" Grace and ease, rhythm and beauty, swinging and turning. Somersaults! Catching a lower bar! Up and down! Faster! Faster! Push! Pull! Oh!—The force, the rhythm to swinging! Turn! Turn! Hold by one hand, hold by one foot! Swinging! One, two,—she skipped a count, the bar slipped away. The crowd set up shrill, clamorous voices. Women shrieked! Men swore!

Down below, Peter felt the break in the rhythm. His heart pounded—He gulped and ran forward. He reached for her blindly—as she fell. Crack! Crush! Both of his arms broke. His chest was crushed. She slipped to the ground. Peter lay beside her, his own misery dulled by his fear for her. Laura opened her eyes.

"Peter, beloved," the voice faded.

There was no answer.

Over on the side lines the Clown watched, shaking. Tiny beads of moisture broke out on his forehead. His eyes popped. His hand clutched his heart. He started toward them. Tears coursed down his weathered cheek. He was left, a discard of circus life, never to find contentment, never to be satisfied, while at his feet youth lay—together forever.

MILDRED MELAMET, *Fr. II.*

NOTE—At a reading of Freshman stories, sponsored by Mrs. Stapleton, the above was selected as the best in the contest.

A Smart Fellow

MY, it feels good to be alive", Steve thought as the liveried doorman of New York's finest hotel helped him out of his car. "Only poor fish work; smart people don't have to work. The world owes me a living". After getting a room at the hotel, Steve thought he could use a little cash, so—he *must* get it.

He went to a nearby candy shop and looked around. He noticed the clerk was a pretty, young girl of about twenty. A simple young flapper without a grain of sense, thought Steve. After noting that the store had plenty of customers, he decided to lay his trap.

The young clerk came up and asked him what he wanted. Steve said he would like that 75c box of candy there in the showcase. As the girl was getting it he engaged her in a general conversation. The girl chatted with him happily. He drew out a bill to pay her—a one-dollar bill. Carefully folding the bill to hide the number, he handed it to the clerk. She rang up the sale and gave him the 25c change. Steve's trap was then set.

He said to the girl, "I gave you a ten-dollar bill." The girl, smiling blandly, informed him that he did not. Steve loudly demanded the other nine dollars. Other customers were taking an interest. The girl was frankly puzzled. The manager, noticing the disturbance, came up and asked the trouble. The girl was almost in tears. Steve then played his trump.

He informed the manager that he always kept the serial numbers of his bills and he would give the number of the ten if the manager wished. He read off the number, K 344. Sure enough, among the tens was the serial number. (They didn't know that Steve had sent a bell boy into the store a short time before to change a ten.) The manager apologized and ordered the girl to give him the nine dollars. The manager then told his clerk to report to his office. Goodbye, job!

As Steve was leaving, a shout arose, "Hold that man!" Several customers immediately seized him. The girl asked someone to get a policeman. When the officer arrived, the clerk told him that the management had recently been getting bad ten-dollar bills and this man had passed one. As the policeman seized him, Steve thought fast. Counterfeiting was a serious offense. In cheating the management of the store he could only be held for a misdemeanor, but for counterfeiting—ten years at least.

At last, Steve—the smart man—broke. "I didn't have a ten-dollar bill", he pleaded, "I only had a one-dollar bill, I guessed the serial number."

With a smiling face the girl put the nine dollars back in the cash register. The manager, of course, was all apologies. Just then the policeman scratched his head and said, "I don't remember the chief saying anything about counterfeit ten-dollar bills, ma'am". "You didn't", she replied, "I thought something was strange about his knowing the serial number. I *never* make a mistake."

T. PENTZ, *Fr. IV.*



Study Clinic

In response to the need felt by some of the students to improve methods of study, there has been organized a study clinic. Under the direction of Dr. Tall, Miss Jones, Miss Birdsong and Miss Cook, this group meets to avail itself of valuable aids to study.

Individual conferences are being carried on now, in order that specific study helps may be given. This clinic may be of great value not only to the student who feels a definite need, but likewise to any one who wishes improvement in his study habits.



The Rural Club Dinner

AT six o'clock on Friday, March twenty-second, Newell Hall Foyer was filled with the members of the Rural Club and their guests, waiting for a call to the dining room. Upon entering, they were greeted by decorations of golden jonquils, flickering candles and attractive menu cards, all suggesting spring.

The dinner, a delightful one, was followed by an interesting program at which Mrs. Donald Hooker was the guest speaker. Mrs. Hooker brought a challenging message of what citizenship means.

Two other highlights of the evening were Myron Mezick's solos, "Hills of Home" and "Rolling Down to Rio", and Wheeler and Johnson's "Mystery Show".

These annual dinners are red-letter affairs in the Club's activities.

V. LOWE, *Sr. V.*

Girls' Demonstration

WITH many a nervous exclamation and many a yell the night of March 14 was ushered in. This was truly the girls' night. This night was their chance to show what they could do.

Everything went off well but there were some things that were sufficiently outstanding to merit special attention. We commend: Misses Neunsinger, Keys, Treut, Daniels, and Roach for their valuable help in planning and carrying things through; the Juniors, Freshmen, and Seniors for their good work and fine spirit. The Juniors did a most effective Indian Dance. Senior 5 performed their stunts in excellent fashion. The Student Teachers did well even though they were not in Normal for the practices. Miss Daniels was most efficient in the part she took in the Senior Specials' Dance and Senior 2 were outstanding in "Topsy." The Freshmen did real work in their games, especially.

The Senior Class won the Cup! Final score: *Seniors*—423 2/3 points; *Freshmen*—422 2/3 points; and *Juniors*—409 points.



Sport Slants

NOW that we are having such warm, spring weather, the sports will change from indoor to outdoor and we shall soon have base-ball and volley-ball electives. Work will probably be begun on the tennis courts in the near future and the tennis fans will enjoy action. If "Spring Fever" has come upon many, the way it has upon some, we are sure we shall have numbers out for spring electives.

Senior Two recently defeated Senior Five in basket-ball and thus holds the Senior class section Championship. Two defeated Senior Six, and Five defeated Senior One. Then came the play-off. This was a very close game, the score being 2-0. Those playing for the winners were Clabaugh, Ay, Lorenz, Schikner, Looymans, Summers and Brooke.

More next time about base-ball and volley-ball.

FAIRFAX BROOKE, Sr. II.

The Tower Light Dance

The face of the old Tower clock looked down on a happy and gay scene. It seemed as though it knew what was happening. Perhaps some little bird had whispered the news that a dance was being given in its honor, and it was trying its hardest to send out a stronger light than the low and misty moon.

The fragrance of sweet peas and roses in the air reminded one of a balmy night in June, yet we knew it was only March first. Thrilling! Romantic! and a Stupendous Success! (To the tune of \$114.25 cleared!)



Do You Remember?

Do you remember the dashing D'Artagnan, the kindly old L'Abbe Constantin, and the highly intelligent Cyrano? If they were your old friends at high school, they can still be your friends now that you are at the Maryland State Normal School.

There is a French Club now at M. S. N. S. At the first meeting, on March 15, those interested in renewing acquaintance with French organized the club and discussed future plans for their organization. They enjoyed a delightful talk by Mr. James Frederick Moore, outstanding in the French department at the Forest Park High School. He suggested that the club divide into groups interested in one particular phase of the subject. Mr. Moore briefly reviewed some of the historical, musical, and literary high points in the life of the French.

In future meetings of the Club, we hope to carry out Mr. Moore's suggestions, sing French songs, dance French dances, gradually become better acquainted with the language, and have a good time while we are doing all these things. If you are interested, we shall expect to see you every other Tuesday in Richmond Hall Parlor.

LUCIA R. SERIO, *Fr. I.*



Assemblies

DR. WEGLEIN:

Dr. Weglein brought statistics to the students which showed that Baltimore City is rapidly placing Normal graduates, and expressed the belief that in 1937 there will be a shortage of teachers. He then proceeded to his address, the topic of which was, "Democracy and Education."

In a democracy, everyone is permitted to have an equal voice and equal opportunities; so, in an educational system, democracy means equal opportunities to all children and an equal voice for all participants. Real democracy is being put into education in Baltimore City today, for the varied and useful curriculum is made for mentally and physically abnormal children as well as normal children; teachers have a say, too, in suggesting and revising this curriculum. In the 19th century there were no equal opportunities for children, and as a result many did not even complete elementary school. Now we have opportunity classes, vocational centers, and junior high schools all making for interest and betterment of the system.

In the secondary schools there is a lesser amount of equalization of opportunities and democracy in education.

Research Work in Radio and Movies:

MRS. BUCK:

Mrs. Buck gave us facts gathered from a recent experiment conducted in the Campus School, the data of which were composed of figures pertaining to children, the movies, and radio.

The children were given questionnaires both for themselves and their parents, and it was found that 25 parents went once a week, and 27 parents took their children twice a week. The children preferred movies to everything else, in the third, fourth, and fifth grades, but in the sixth and seventh, athletics was the favorite pastime. As to imitation, the 3rd grade children were ardent copiers of Shirley Temple; next in importance being May West, Janet Gaynor, Clark Gable, and Grace Moore. The 3rd grade rated romantic stories highest, the 4th and 5th were partial to cartoons and animal pictures, and the 6th and 7th preferred musical shows.

The radio question is a serious one. It was found that 16 children listen 30 minutes a day, 18 children listen 45 minutes a day, 33 children listen one hour, and 62 children listen more than one hour. Two children in the 3rd grade listened to 9 and 9:30 programs. However, the children confessed a preference for plays on the stage rather than on the radio.

From the above, it can be seen that children are radio and movie-minded. Therefore, it is up to the parent and teacher to guide the children in selecting their movies and radio programs, and also to fortify the children by building up an adult discrimination in them.

MISS COOK:

Collecting old glass is a very interesting and worthwhile occupation. The first glass-makers were the Egyptians. They were followed by the Venetians in the fifteenth century, the Bohemians in the 17th century, and lastly, of course, the English. Old glass has a pleasant irregularity in its pattern, is less clear and brilliant than newer glass, and feels soft to the touch. These characteristics are due to the way in which the glass was made, in moulds of wood or iron. In America, in early times, glass was a luxury. There was an attempt to manufacture it at Jamestown. Other factories were set up at Salem, and in 1756 at Philadelphia. About this time bottle making became America's leading glass industry. Miss Cook exhibited some of her valuable collection of glass antiques and told us facts about them.

MISS TALL:

Miss Tall talked about the subject of study, using Benjamin Franklin as one who had good study habits.

The greatest Freshman difficulty in college is inability to read and comprehend and inability to study correctly. Perhaps life would be more rigorous if thinking were more rigorous, and to have rigorous thinking, we must, as in history, find the causes of the causes. A test was given to the seventh grade, to find the children's methods of study. These were found to be the same as college students, only the subject matter was different.

Benjamin Franklin made himself what he was, through rigorous study. He was born in 1706. His formal schooling ended when he was 10 years old, but through the influence of his uncle he began to study books and write poems. He began to make a name for himself as a printer in Philadelphia, and from this time on, his list of achievements is almost endless. He made books, was postmaster in the colonies, established a hospital, was influential in having lighthouses placed along our coast, and was foreign minister to France. He was acclaimed by great personages, and was greatly revered. With a small amount of formal schooling he became a great man because he could read and assimilate, and study correctly. Effective use of books can make great persons of us all.

MRS. LEWIS:

Mrs. Lewis, the author of "Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze" and "Ho Ming—a Girl of New China", talked to us about China. Her clear, well-chosen words and fluent speech made this assembly one of the most enjoyable of the year.

Faculty Notes

THE faculty skaters have reluctantly put their socks and mittens back into the moth balls again. We expect that some of those who did original figure skating will be asked to take part in the ice carnival next year, though we doubt that the figures can be duplicated.

Is Miss Treut going to take up aviation? It has been observed that she circles the parking place before coming to a stop.

Miss Sperry recently spent some time visiting the Maryland State Normal School at Salisbury.

Miss Dowell, Miss Van Bibber and Miss Scarborough motored to Chambersburg a short time ago to visit Miss Willis, a former instructor of the Normal School.

Certain members of the staff have recently divulged considerable knowledge of the workings of the occult. Should you become aware of anything queer in the mien of a faculty member, attribute it to the powers of mysticism which are probably being concentrated on your palm, your handwriting, or the bumps on your head.

We may expect one of our geography instructors to be pulling out for Hollywood at any time now. The Camera Club has been exhibiting a series of the trial photographs, of various sizes, on the main bulletin board.

Miss Weyforth spent several days in Pittsburgh where she visited music classes in the schools, and attended the Pittsburgh and Eastern Music Conference.

Miss Jones addressed the Dundalk and Roland Park Parent Teacher Meetings recently. We shall hear more of this next month.

The histrionic performance of Mrs. Brouwer at a recent entertainment in the Campus School left the audience greatly moved.

Miss Birdsong has difficulty in keeping track of many of the attractive furnishings of her room. Whether it be a fern, a table or a vase you need in a hurry, you are bound to find just the right kind in her room.





1. on balmy days and all the effects that may accompany them.
2. on our spunky dancing faculty. (folk dance assembly)
3. on more doughnuts in the dormitory.
4. on a profitable and joyous N. Y. trip.
5. on the seniors who have weathered the storm and are back in home port.
6. on progress being made in the development of our glen—may it be the scene of many happy gatherings.
7. on the inspired contributions to the Tower Light.
8. on the one point by which hung the fate of a worthy class.
9. on the splendid spirit shown by all classes at the Girl's Demonstration.
10. on everyone who helped make the Tower Light dance a genuine success.
11. on the nursery—may it blossom soon!



1. on the regularity with which the bus appears for student teachers.
2. on jay-walking—it's unhealthy.
3. on the guy who invented spring fever.
4. on the never-ceasing music for freshman dance tests that floats through the garden and into students' rooms.
5. on those who persist in talking during assembly periods.

Campus School Excursions

EDUCATORS know that a trip to see how a vase is made or how water is purified makes a far more vivid and lasting impression than material read from books. Then, too, after a trip, printed material becomes increasingly clear and meaningful. To know how the cup we drink from daily was transformed from earthy clay to the glazed and painted porcelain, is but an example of how seeing for one's self makes life richer and more interesting.

In the Campus School excursions have been taken whenever learning values justified such activities and transportation facilities were available. The following is a partial list of trips taken by the Campus School, along with the study which occasioned the trips. The list is arranged from lower to upper grades.

<i>STUDY</i>	<i>EXCURSION</i>
<i>Study</i>	<i>Excursion.</i>
Clothing.....	Sheep in Druid Hill Park
Shelter.....	Houses Under Construction at Rogers Forge
Communication.....	{ Towson Post Office
	{ Parcel Post Building in Baltimore
	{ Campus Farm
Farm.....	{ Dulaney Valley Poultry Farm
	{ Essex Dairy Farm
Colonial Soap Making	Procter Gamble Soap Plant
Transportation.....	{ Camden Station in Baltimore
	{ Exhibit at Hochschild Kohn's Airport
	{ Walters' Art Museum (Egyptian Art)
Ancient Egyptian Life	{ Baltimore Museum of Art (Lecture and Slides
	{ Egyptian Art and Architecture)
	{ Glass Factory
Moon and Stars.....	Academy of Science Observatory (Orion)
China, Caribbean Sea, Mexico	Academy of Science Lectures and Pictures
Baltimore City.....	Baltimore Harbor
Medieval Life.....	Baltimore Art Museum Lecture and Slides on
	{ Gothic Architecture
Insect Life.....	Collecting Trip on Campus and Glen
Tree Study.....	Observation Trip on Campus and in Glen
	{ Baltimore Art Museum Lecture and Slides on
	{ Colonial Homes and Furniture
Colonial Life.....	{ Baltimore Art Museum—American Wing
	{ Ridgely Mansion on Dulaney Valley Road
	{ Carroll Mansion at Mount Claire Park

Read and study books? Yes. Visit farm, factory, and museum with parents and friends? By all means. But as a part of the organized plan of education, let us push aside the limits of the class-room walls and take children to see world-famous art treasures, the world at work and the out-door story that nature has to tell. Let us give reality to the materials of education through well planned school excursions.



Alumni Notes

MRS. MARY KANE TOLSON

IT is with regret that we announce the passing of Mrs. Mary Kane Tolson at the age of eighty-seven, on March 22, 1935. Mrs. Tolson was graduated with honors from The Maryland State Normal School in June, 1877. She was a member of our faculty from 1879 to 1887, specializing in English. She married Mr. William Tolson, a principal of one of the schools of Baltimore City. Mrs. Tolson was a most capable and beloved teacher. Many alumni sorrow at her passing.

Miss Helen V. Stromberg, M. S. N. S. '34, was married recently to Mr. Ridgely Jones of Sykesville, Maryland.



Hits and Bits

The Ursinus Weekly, publication of Ursinus College, announces the shattering of a new record. The radio was listened to for one full hour without the familiar phrase, "We're Not Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf", being heard.

A system of adult education by radio by means of listening centers in the Kentucky mountains has been inaugurated by the University of Kentucky.

The Crimson White tells us of a certain professor at Wisconsin State College who recommends the old institution of cramming, because it represents concentration of the highest order. He further asserts that modern psychologists believe knowledge gained more rapidly will be retained longer.

The Morrow Dormitory at Amherst has been presented a library of 3,000 volumes by Mrs. Dwight Morrow, wife of the late ambassador and trustee of the Union Theological Seminary. This will be the third dormitory library at Amherst.

THE TOWER LIGHT

"The next person who interrupts or says anything irrelevant during this recitation will be put out of class."

"Hurrah for the professor."

Women can keep a secret just as well as men, but generally it takes more of them to do it.

Forty of the 70 candidates who reported for the football squad at Notre Dame in 1933 had been captains of their respective prep school teams.

Fraternity houses at Rutgers University employ 140 students, whose combined yearly earnings are \$26,300. Most of these men work at washing dishes and waiting on tables.

According to a professor at Washington University, students who aim for "A" grades are barren of personality. Those who get "C" are the ones who move the world.

"That book you sold me was awful—terrible."

"What do you have to complain about? You have one. I have thousands."

Algernon (reading jokes)—"Fancy this, Percy. A chap here thinks a football coach has four legs."

Percy—"Ha, ha, ha, ha. And how many wheels has the bally thing?"

Little Izzy is a funny
And eccentric sort of waif;
Swallowed all his sister's money—
Said that he was playing safe.

From the Smith College Weekly we learn that: Success consists not so much in sitting up nights as being awake in the daytime.

An extension class at the University of Hawaii holds its classes on the rim of a volcano so that the students may better study botany, geology, and volcanic phenomena.

Yes, and at some later date Newton's "law of gravity".

It pays to stop at the
Fashion Shop

511 York Road

Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

Apparel of Taste for the Woman Who Cares

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Rex News

What happens when a timid little clerk is mistaken for a desperado is humorously depicted in "The Whole Town's Talking", a fast-moving, exciting comedy-drama which comes to the Rex Theater, 4600 York Road, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 16 and 17. Edward G. Robinson is cast in the starring role of Arthur Jones, the harassed book-keeper whose life is transformed by his resemblance to the rogue, Mannion. "The Whole Town's Talking" is said to be the most exciting picture in a decade.



THE TOWER LIGHT



MAY, 1935





The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

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The Tower Light

VOL. VIII

MAY, 1935

No. 8

God's Gift

CREATED by an infinite power sent from heaven, God molded and transformed it into a precious form called "Mother." Delicate, sweet, and pure, He made her. Into the mold, He poured something unknown that makes her able to face and experience the things of life. Her pattern might not have been lovely and beautiful to all, but to her children her grace and charm beam above the rest. Like a guardian angel does she hover over us and guide us. In our trials and moments of sorrow, mother always remains faithful. Many a night, mother lies awake with a troubled heart and eyes that pierce the dark. Why? It is for her child's sake. It is hard for her to witness many scenes, but with her everlasting courage, she does abide with us. To her, we can turn for advice and words of encouragement. How many things she does for our happiness! If we had one wish, we should desire that her pleasures might always be as delightful as the deeds she does for us. She is the sole necessity of our life—she molds us; she transforms us; she controls us; she makes us what we are. Are we in turn appreciative of her?

No, sometimes we are ungrateful for the things she does. Yet, with our tiny tokens of love and by little deeds of courtesy only understood by a mother, we make her happy. In all situations, we place her on a pedestal and worship her and her ideals.

EDITH JONES, *Fr. I.*

Conservation Week at M. S. N. S.

MISS STELLA E. BROWN gave the following radio talk over WBAL on *Nature Trails*, on April 11, for the Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland.

NATURE TRAILS

THE trail has played an important part in the history of our country. The buffalo trails of prehistoric time became the trails of the Indians. They later became the arteries of communication used by the pony express and covered wagon. As migrations moved westward these same trails determined the routes of the railroads and paved highways. Thus were the early trails absorbed by modern transportation.

But the love of the trail still lingers. Nature lovers, hikers and campers seek the foot paths for release from the ardors of modern life. For some, this experience spells adventure; for others, friendship and protection; for many, peace and communion; and for still others, inspiration and creation.

Many officials are laying out trails through the public parks for the benefit of citizens who like to stroll where the landscape has interesting physical features and vegetation. Bear Mountain Park along the Hudson River is one of the places that offers this form of out-of-door education. The development was directed through the cooperation of the American Natural History Museum of New York and the Commissioners of Palisade Interstate Park. Thousands of children accompanied by teachers, parents and friends visit the park for the purpose of enjoying and studying the plant, insect and animal life in their natural habitat. Here they learn the principle of conservation, "live and let live."

The trails are narrow foot paths a mile or more in length, offering ever changing moods of nature to those who seek their charm. The success of a trail is due chiefly to the alluring, well-written, non-technical labels that give the names of the specimens and the important facts regarding them.

Maryland, with its varied and beautiful scenery, is well suited for the development of outdoor recreation and informal education. The arbutus, gentian, trillium and dogwood, as well as many of our forest trees, are fast disappearing. Algae, ferns and mosses are frequently disturbed in their struggle for existence. Even the law fails to protect them in hidden places.

But, a group of people with a common interest, a chosen place, a determination to study, cherish, and protect nature's gifts can start a nature trail and translate some of its wonders for those who would not know them otherwise. The Appalachian Trail that passes along the crest of the mountains of Maryland has been sponsored by nature lovers for more than fifty years. Some teachers make regular trips with their children to the haunts of nature. But this privilege should be the birthright of every man, woman and child in our land.

The Federated Garden Clubs co-operating with the Garden Club of America invite the children, teachers and other citizens of the state to help them promote the development of nature trails for conservation and recreation.

May the opportunity to promote this program challenge the interest and ardent support of every Marylander?

STELLA E. BROWN.

Written for Conservation Bulletin, issued by Maryland Federated Garden Clubs under the direction of Miss Elizabeth L. Clark, Conservation Chairman.

CONSERVATION WEEK IN THE CAMPUS SCHOOL

The Elementary School opened Conservation Week as the guests of the Rural Club on a tour through the glen. The children assembled near the cottage and followed the trail down to the spring, turning right toward the Council Ring. Here and there stops were made while the guides pointed out wild flowers and trees that had been planted. At the Council Ring Miss Jacobsen told about the proposed Bird Sanctuary and other plans to make the glen more useful.

During Conservation Week, two trees, an arbor vitae and a white pine were placed about half way between the Elementary School and the parking space.

On Friday morning, the official Arbor Day assembly was held at the usual time. Miss Brown gave a talk on plans for the glen. One of the interesting things she mentioned was that the stones lying at the bottom of the hill in the glen were to be used for building a shelter. Then a representative from each grade gave a talk on what that grade had been doing for conservation. The classes had been studying birds, making bird houses and a bird sanctuary sign, collecting wild flowers, caring for the rock garden, observing the growth and work of trees on the campus, arranging a tree and twig exhibit in the corridor, and studying conservation work going on in the United States. After the talks on conservation, the newly planted trees were dedicated; to increase the beauty and add to the resources of the Campus. The special chorus sang "Out of Doors" and "The Tree Song."

The spirit of springtime and joy in the out-of-door world was present everywhere.

THE QUOTA CLUB

On Tuesday evening, April 23, the Quota Club of Baltimore, which has given several loan scholarships to Normal School students, were entertained at the school. The Girls' Service Committee with the Quota Juniors whom they have helped in securing an education, met at the entrance of the glen in the late afternoon and with a short, impressive service planted three beautiful Japanese Cherry Trees on the slopes amidst a background of hemlock, bitter sweet, tiger lilies and violets contributed by other Quotarians. In connection with the program a beautiful poem, entitled "On the Hill Top," was read, after which Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" was sung by Ruth Hershfield Forward, one of the Quota Juniors, who was accompanied by Frieda Etelson on the violin. Miss Anna Trentham, Chairman of the Girls' Service Committee, in the name of the Baltimore Quota Club, presented the trees to the School Glen. They were accepted by Edith Crouse, a Quota Junior who is a student and a member of the Rural Life Club. "America the Beautiful" was sung, and Arthur Guiterman's poem, "Blessing on the Woods" was read as a benediction.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR GLEN PROJECT

Mrs. Edward Shroeder, of Perry Hall, Baltimore County, gave six beautiful arbor vitae trees, four box and some small plants.

Mrs. Elmer Haile sent one hundred German iris bulbs that have been planted along a trail.

Through the enthusiasm of Miss Anne Trentham many members of the Garden Clubs of Baltimore County have offered lilies of the valley, iris, forsythia, and lilacs. These will be delivered as soon as the men of the Works Division return for work in the glen.

Senator Mary Risteau, a member of the State Board of Education, has offered one hundred trees from her woods.

Mrs. Louise Clark, chairman of the Blue Ridge Garden Club, donated wild flowers from the "Nature Trail" at Sabillasville for our hillside near the Council Ring.

Colonel Edward Carrington gave us four hundred trees including dogwood and red bud that were planted last fall under the supervision of Mr. David Prince of the State Forestry Department.

Other contributions will be named later.

We are still in need of the following trees: hemlock, hawthorne, cypress, mulberry, fruit-bearing trees for the birds, nut-bearing trees, and flowers for the trails.

Spring

Green pastures—
Flowers frilling,
Frogs trilling,
World thrilling
To a "song" of spring.
Blue skies—
Swallows skimming,
Life beginning;
Nature flinging
The beauty of spring.
E. TURNER.



Spring Magic

The World is very old;
But year by year
It groweth new again
When buds appear.
The World is very old;
And sometimes sad;
But when the daisies come
The World is glad.
The World is very old;
But every Spring
It groweth young again,
And fairies sing.
CICELY MARY BARKER.
(Exchange)



Skiping Ropes

Someday
June shall
Have, she
Hopes,
Rainbows
For her
Skiping
Ropes.
BY DOROTHY ALDIS.

From her book "*Everything and Anything*," p. 99.

People

I sit on a high hill and watch the trains go by.
I think they lag at the bottom of my hill
So that I can see into their mysterious recesses
Where young women powder their pretty noses
And fat old men read their newspapers,
Where tired, dirty workmen lean their heads against the windows
And wish that they were home, perhaps,
Where shining black faces bend obsequiously
Over fussy old ladies' tables
And curse the old ladies in their hearts.
My friend would like to be on a train
Going somewhere
But I stay where I am and travel too.

MARGARET COOLEY.



Prelude to Spring

Rain-drenched April
Spread her soft, wet blanket
Over dusty, dry earth.
The thirsty land drank heavily
Of the blessed, heaven-sent waters.
Clouds of many moods,
With threats or gay caprice
Hold unchallenged sway.

Soon the warm sun's rays
Penetrate the dewy, dark depths
Of rich earth. In the ground
A quickening beat of pulsating life
Is felt. The bursting buds
Throb into blooming sprays of color,
As dark, drab forests assume
Brilliant, gay hues.
Spring's prelude!

H. B.

I'm Glad

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,
And the earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

ANONYMOUS

From "*The Junior Poetry Cure*"

By Robert Schaffler, page 233.



Spring Afternoon in the Street

Girls jumping over a writhing rope
Tripping as it catches their middle.
A yellow car whirring by. Going where?
White sun painting a brownstone house
Shining in a nosy neighbor's eyes.
Blue sky rising over the backs of tall roofs,
A path of white leading upward where a black bird soars.

M. C.



Tribute

In him are burning the fires of all primal instincts
For he is a creator—
Born with the "hate of hate"
And the "love of love"
And spurred on by impulse.
So does he fill me with strength—
A strength of inspiration
An urge to create the beautiful.

MARGARET KNAUER.

"The Life and Mind of Emily Dickenson"

BY GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD'S "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickenson" is both a tribute to and a defense of the poetess. Miss Dickenson is revealed as a human and very sensitive woman, not as the sour recluse that legend makes her. In this biographer's eyes Emily could do no wrong; she was merely a victim of circumstances. It seems that Miss Dickenson had a father who loved her mightily and was accordingly jealous of everything that was hers—books, flowers, friends, lovers. For that reason, Emily forgot them all and stayed in her room to ruin her eyesight writing poetry by candlelight.

If one does not study the story carefully, he is apt to find himself somewhat muddled when he has finished reading. Miss Taggard gives any number of dates, but she mixes them up in a most alarming fashion. The main purpose of the book, as the title indicates, is to describe the life and mind of Emily Dickenson. Miss Taggard keeps to her avowed purpose, dividing the life of her subject into several periods, each of which tells some facts of the life of the poetess and the corresponding effect upon her mind. It is easy enough to point out these periods, but it is exceedingly difficult to place in chronological order every individual fact in the book. To remedy such a situation, Miss Taggard has in the Appendix a chronological table called "Ninety-nine years' calendar of dates pertaining to the life and work of Emily Dickenson." But why should we quibble over such an unimportant matter as dates when a biographer presents us with such well-selected and interesting material as Miss Taggard has done? She has made use of contemporary books, letters and papers, later books about Miss Dickenson and even the works of the poetess. The letters and poems have been used thoughtfully throughout the book to illustrate many important facts about the major characters. The illustrations—pictures of manuscripts, of people who figured in Emily's life, and of scenes in Amherst where most of the action is carried on—serve to build a clearer picture of the characters and the setting of the story.

There have been so many legends about Emily Dickenson and so many conflicting statements about her life that it must have been a difficult task to choose the facts that were true and cast out those that were merely myths. I believe Miss Taggard has had some measure of success in compiling a true story from all the evidence she had at hand, and she has presented her information in a thoughtful and interesting manner. The story moves slowly, but not ponderously, for it is too

much alive with the mind of Emily Dickenson to be boring. At times, there are possibilities for drama, but Miss Taggard skips over such situations by having Emily write a letter about the joy or sorrow, whichever it might be, and letting it go at that. We are never allowed to feel any emotion toward Emily save that of unbounded admiration. Humorous situations and thoughts too are ignored. Emily was a bright, gay child if we may believe Miss Taggard, but according to her the lonely poetess had no sense of humor. But I am inclined to disagree when Emily says to me:

I'm nobody. Who are you?
Are you nobody too?

The biographer's point of view is ever judicial. She consults all her references, decides from the evidence pooled what is correct and then she presents the facts to her reader. But Miss Taggard does color Emily's character with her own opinions. She will accept no accounts that seem to deny her own idea that Miss Dickenson was a rather unhappy child who had grown old too soon through the selfishness of a jealous father and who had learned to exist with only her thoughts for companions.

In spite of the fact that little of Miss Dickenson's work was published before her death, she has been represented as a part of the world of poetry of her time—not in action, but at least in thought. She studied Shakespeare, and she was vastly interested in her contemporaries, Elizabeth and Robert Browning. She read avidly and always was she influenced in her writing by what she read. She had but one contact with the outside world and that was through her letters. She carried on eager correspondence with several friends and with Thomas Higgenson, a man of letters of the time.

I had read so many stories about Emily Dickenson, all representing her as a dour hermit that if I had not read some of her poems before hearing these stories, I should not have been interested in her at all. Even now, after reading Miss Taggard's decidedly enlightening account, I am not at all sure that I have the whole truth. So I shall continue to study Emily Dickenson through her poetry, for to know her poetry is to know the poetess.

MARGARET COOLEY, *Senior 1.*



"GOOD reading is not only a magic carpet to take us beyond the mysterious walls that usually hide from us other lives as well as other lands and times. It can startle us with sudden new understanding of ourselves, of things in us hidden from eyes that have grown dull, or even crossed by staring at the immediate realities of our daily existence.

Good writing has been defined significantly, if rather too simply, as just a matter of using the right word. The right word is the word that expresses my meaning exactly. In the fullest and best sense, it is not only the word which gives my meaning literally and correctly, but the word which also suggests all that I may feel or experience in connection with what I am saying.

The rules of good expression are simply general definitions or descriptions of how the mind works. They set the wide limits within which all minds—yours and mine and Aristotle's and Mamie O'Rourke's and Shakespeare's—must work if they are to function in full health, freely and vigorously, in accordance with their nature. By conforming to the rules and laws of good writing I am simply being myself in so far as my mind is by its nature like the minds of other men. Rule and law will help toward really good writing only when they are made integral and vital in our thought.

Coming to know other minds, by watching them at work, is one of the most clearly evident rewards for engaging in bouts of talk. But usually an even more important return than this may come from a "session." This arises from the necessity—so often apparent in informal discussion—of clarifying thought and defining terms, of knowing what we really mean by the terms we use and by the things we say we believe.

Man is not only an argumentative animal; he has dreams, moods, tastes. There are still those who gaze at the moon on summer nights, and now even those who like tomato juice. "Let us be thankful for our prejudices," says the American critic, Huneker; "they lend to life a meaning." They do add meaning to it, by making it more interesting, by giving it gusto and flavor.

But the greatest reward from this writing to share experience often comes to us in the form of a new richness and depth in the experience itself, gained through the attempt to write about it."

"If ever I am a teacher, it will be to learn more than to teach."—*Mad. Deluzy.*

To Marc Connelly

YES, "de Lawd" is dead. It seems incredible, does it not? After thirty years of steady perseverance, of mighty characterization, of beautiful loyalty, of inspiring enaction—our beloved Richard B. Harrison has quietly passed away and left us to our precious mental souvenirs. To us, as well as to you, Marc Connelly, this actor, is invincible. He has made your "Green Pastures" a tangible spot. We have breathed the fragrance of its atmosphere; we have spoken to its populace; we have stood in awe at its life, pulsating with the rhythmic beat of life in all its splendor. "De Lawd" it was Whom the people looked up to for encouragement, He it was Whom they loved and worshipped for the blessings He bestowed upon them, He it was Who always had a funny joke to tell, and He it was Who made your "Green Pastures" what it is. We wonder at Richard B. Harrison in incredulous amazement, for it is hard to believe that this actor of actors was mortal. Surely, Marc Connelly, he perpetuated your beautiful play. His excellent, even divine, portrayal of "de Lawd" is a thing which will always be alive, burningly penetrating in the hearts of many as a fervently vivid memory. How sad, Marc Connelly, to have so dear and good a person (for he was good) leave you so unassumingly and so calmly. How depressing, Marc Connelly, to have empty a space that will never again be as richly and successfully filled as heretofore. Yet how fortunate, Marc Connelly, to have had so beautiful a person as Richard B. Harrison immortalize your greatest character!

SYLVIA BERNSTEIN.

"It is the hardest thing in the world to be a good thinker without being a good self-examiner."—*Shaftsbury*.

"Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness is its poison."—*Stanislaus*.

"Friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation."—*Washington*.

Prejudice

SCHUBERT'S "Ave Maria" was gliding from the organ of Pastor W.'s church. This was more than the pastor had bargained for. Should he move with stately tread to the organ and scornfully tell the organist that this sort of thing was not tolerated in his church? He hesitated. Then the pastor laid his impulse on the altar of etiquette, and kept his place, promising himself, however, to fire that new organist right after the service.

Miss Priscilla, in the congregation, pricked up her ears when the first strains of the gorgeous melody greeted them. What beautiful music! That new organist is a wonder! With one eye fixed warily on Pastor W., she whispered her feelings to her friend beside her, and asked her the name of the piece.

The friend whispered back, "That's 'Ave Maria' by Schu——."

She went no further, since she was interrupted by a shocked gasp from Miss Priscilla, who threw up her hands in holy horror. The next instant, she was holding her breath in fear; Pastor W. was gazing at her. Expecting to be wilted by one of his searing, reprimanding stares, she received a pleasant surprise. He was smiling at her—an understanding, ashamed, tight-lipped ghost of a smile. Then he, too, saw what was wrong. Miss Priscilla sighed her relief.

This little episode reminds one of a letter received by a prominent group of radio entertainers. It requested them not to use the term "comrade," since that is the term that the Russian Reds use in speaking to each other.

Perhaps it is a little premature to expect many church-goers to adopt anything but biased views toward religion. It does seem a shame, however, that these people will give vent to their childish feelings on beautiful music.

E. M., Sr. 3.



Glee Club Program at Cockeysville

ON Thursday, May 9, at 8:00 P. M., the Glee Club sang for the Parent-Teachers' Association at the Cockeysville School. The program was as follows:

SANCTUS.....*Mozart*

FOREWORD FOR A SONG BOOK (adapted from C Minor Symphony),
Brahms

Chorus

THE SPIRIT FLOWER.....*Campbell-Tipton*

Emily Ross, Bernice Shapos, Eleanor Wilson, Edward
MacCubbin, Myron Mezick.

SING, SING BIRDS ON THE WING.....*Nutting*

Emily Ross, Bernice Shapos, Doris Middleton,
Eleanor Wilson.

I GOT SHOES.....*Negro Spiritual*

Max Berzofsky, Morris Miller, Leonard Woolf,
Merton Fishel.

AN OPEN SECRET.....*Woodman*

Mary Stewart Lewis.

ROLLING DOWN TO RIO.....*Edw. German*

Myron Mezick.

PETER, PETER.....*Old German Tune*

Chorus.

OLD KING COLE.....*Forsyth*

Isadore Cohen, Theodore Woronka, Edward MacCubbin,
Irvin Samuelson.

HEY MARINKA.....*Bohemian Folk Song*

CUCKOO.....*Shaw*

Girls' Chorus.

BROWN OCTOBER ALE.....*DeKoven*

Men's Chorus.

LULLABY.....*Mozart*

Chorus.

The Tower Light

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ALICE MUNN, Faculty Adviser

Orchid Given to Miss Tall

(From The Baltimore News)

ANOTHER Baltimore woman who set a specialized standard acceptable to the nation was singled out today for recognition with the presentation to Miss Lida Lee Tall, president of the Maryland Teachers' Training College, with an orchid.

She was given the floral tribute in her office in the State Normal School, Towson, by Mrs. Isabel J. DeMuth, florist, who congratulated her for the high standard of education she has given the country through the training school.

Both Miss Tall and Mrs. DeMuth are members of the Baltimore Quota Club, and the latter was selected by the Florist Telegraph Delivery Association to make the presentation because of their mutual club affiliations. It was the sixth "Walter Winchell orchid" presented in Baltimore in connection with the National Flower Week. The seventh and final presentation will be made tomorrow.



Spring Fever

SPRING Fever! No doubt you have already been stricken by this dire disease, this pesky plague which returns early each spring to torment human sufferers. If not, you are exceptional, but do not for one moment consider yourself immune, for, of all the fevers known to mankind, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, hay fever—spring fever is the most contagious. Its grasping hands reach everywhere, and everyone eventually succumbs to its awful spell.

I must confess that I, too, am a victim, and the disease is upon me in its worst stages. How can I work when the sun is smiling so radiantly in a clear blue sky, when birds flit about among budding trees and sing sweet songs? My study is neglected, housework cries aloud for attention, and my mentality is at its lowest ebb. I sit gazing out of the window, dreaming of what, I do not know. And each day that fiendish Spring Fever tightens his clutch upon me.

But I am not the only one whom he has attacked. One glance at Normalites tramping through the glen arm in arm, spending school hours in a stupor, walking home without any books, and whiling away the evening absentmindedly reading a romantic novel or listening to the soothing strains of Wayne King's music proves this. Even our staid and stolid teachers are beginning to feel this scourge of spring. Business men may be found in their offices asleep, their feet propped up on their desks, their chairs tilted back at a precarious angle, a newspaper swinging lazily in their hands, and their work lying before them unfinished. Parks are filled with lovers, nature worshippers, artists, and dreamers. Love is at its height, causing adolescents to spend all their time on their toilet and all their money on

flowers for that girl friend who is "so sweet." Animals, too, are stricken by Spring Fever; dogs lie basking themselves in the sun, contentedly blinking one eye while cats stroll nonchalantly by. Birds alone seem to escape infection and glorify spring in their songs, while we poor mortals feel our faculties becoming duller and duller with each chirp.

What can we do to overcome this powerful enemy, Spring Fever? He, ingenious one that he is, creeps upon us so subtly and strikes with such speed and force that we are powerless to overcome him. Science has cures and preventives for all other fevers, but Spring Fever, the black sheep of his family, is left unhindered to wreak his annual destruction upon the world. Do you desire to be famous? If so, just rid the earth of this pesky disease, and you will win not only world-wide popularity, but also the deep gratitude of every living person!

VIRGINIA HAGERTY, *Fr. I.*



Thun Lake

My favorite picture at the art exhibit at Towson High School is Thun Lake by Zuricher. Beyond the splendor of a virgin forest a picturesque lake nestles snugly in the motherly embrace of the old lavender mountains. These mountains cast slender shadows in the mirror-like lake. A long zigzag path winds its dusty body through the low grasslands leading toward the peaceful solitude of the enchanting lake. Stately pines hum quaint lullabies rhythmically with the wind. The pastel shades of the autumn leaves blend harmoniously with the other scenic views. The deep clefts of an enormous rock in the foreground are covered with autumn flowers, telling the onlookers that the cold season of the year will arrive in a short time.

AGNES MULLEN HICKS,
Towson Elementary School,
Grade 7, Age 12.



Circus Advertising

Two thousand dollars a day for advance advertising! Have you ever wondered how the circus posters reached their places so long before the company arrived in town? The circus accepts no outside help and follows a definite plan of organization. Three weeks ahead of the circus comes the "Bill Car" containing its own boiler for making paste, lockers equipped with billing, and papers to last two months. There are, too, sleeping quarters for the twenty to twenty-five men who tack banners and paste posters. Along with this comes the general contracting agent who arranges for grounds, billboards, exhibition and parade licenses, banners which overnight appear on the front of trolley cars, and food for the entire company and menagerie. Following the "Bill Car" comes the "No. 1 Car," whose duty it is to paste more billing and tack more banners. Some bills are placed forty miles outside the city. Two more cars, one two weeks, the other, one week before the circus, repair the billing that has been torn or blown. In addition, these cars fight opposing circuses, advertise in the paper, and check up on the work of the cars that have gone ahead. A day before the circus arrives the "twenty-four-hour man" is on duty. He sees that the fire department has a man stationed at the fire plug nearest the circus grounds to supply water for the sprinkling carts, horses, elephants, and lemonade. He attends to the clearing of the grounds in that high weeds are cut down and the holes filled. Sidewalk crossings are well provided with boarding to protect them from the heavy circus wagons. Using small red flags, the "twenty-four-hour man" lays out the plan of the circus. After checking up on twenty or thirty other items he may go to bed until four in the morning, when he must await the arrival of the show cars, arouse the crew, and direct the food wagon to its place. Perhaps now you can see that there is more to a circus than the show.

MARGUERITE SCHORR, Jr. 3.

"With the fearful strain that is on me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die."—*Abraham Lincoln*.

"Love really has nothing to do with wisdom or experience or logic. It is the prevailing breeze in the land of youth."—*Bruno Lessing*.

"As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men."—*Greville*.

Assemblies

On March 22, 1935, Senior One presented an original version of "Hansel und Gretel." This presentation was the outgrowth of a "Children's Literature" course. Harmony between scenery and costumes was one of the aims of the play, which made it necessary for the class to make its own scenery.

DR. CALDWELL:

Dr. Caldwell, of the Lincoln experimental school at Columbia, talked recently at assembly. He mentioned at the beginning of his address that Miss Tall worked with him in promoting this school, and that her influence is still felt there. We should have, Dr. Caldwell stated, education for our goal, but in order to achieve this big goal we must achieve smaller goals as tools for work. A first grader works at the first steps of reading, then as his experiences vary, he adds to his vocabulary. This step achieved, he then reads for interest and pleasure. What to read is a great problem. We must choose by standards not based merely upon those of best sellers and newspapers.

Self-respect is essential to progress and achievement of goals is necessary. These goals if achieved properly are helps on the journey toward education. We should always take our smaller goals seriously and not overlook one as we travel toward our topmost pinnacle.

RUTH KEIR.

DR. MANN:

Dr. Mann, a Professor of Philosophy at the University of Jena, gave us a vivid description of present-day Germany under the Hitler regime. She traced for us briefly German development from before the Great War to the present time.

Germany was defeated in the war. She lost a great deal, but under the splendid leadership of President Von Hindenberg she made rapid progress. At the death of Von Hindenberg, Adolf Hitler took over the reins of government, ruling Germany with an iron hand. Today, Germany is Nazi Germany. Militarism in all phases is a potent factor under Hitler's direction. Press censorship, Jewish persecution, strict supervision over governmental teaching in schools, and loss of personal freedom characterize Naziism. A plot to overthrow Hitler was uncovered, and the speedy trial and execution of seventy-seven persons followed.

Inefficient leaders, according to Dr. Mann, can cause great catastrophies. Good leaders make good nations.

MISS HILL:

Vivid descriptions of Russia, humorous sketches of famous writers, a hair-raising mystery thriller—all went together to make us firmly resolve to read Woollcott's "While Rome Burns," the book which Miss Hill so interestingly told us about during her assembly.

MISS TALL:

Did supervision really aid you in your teaching?

Was your teaching unit helpful to you?

Does subject matter mean more to you since you are back from student teaching?

These are the questions Miss Tall asked us to think about seriously and then discuss with her. Besides these questions, Miss Tall presented some rather startling and very interesting statistics comparing the scholastic record of students going home every week-end with those going home once a month. Still more interesting revelations came with statistics on the number of students with foreign-born parents, and the comparative enrollment figures.

H. ZIEGLER, Sr. 6.



The Easter Dinner

ON April sixteenth, the annual Easter Dinner of the Resident Students was held. This dinner helped to give us the happy and joyous spirit of Easter before going home. After the dinner, the group gathered in Richmond Hall Social Room, where our two guests, Miss Bessie Stern and Mrs. Gene Ziegfeld, were introduced. Miss Stern, Statistician of the State Department of Education, played several lovely piano selections for us, and Mrs. Ziegfeld, a member of the Baltimore Branch of the National League of American Penwomen, told us about her short-short story writing in a way that made us all want to be creators.

The evening ended as merrily as it began, with dancing in the foyer and many thoughts of home.

MARY BUCHER.

Montclair Teachers' College

WE came up a steep, curving drive on a bright Thursday morning to white Spanish buildings set among trees and New Jersey hills. Members of the Student Council greeted us cordially and conducted us to classrooms which we were invited to visit. These included high-school classes in French and English or college classes in American political biography, economics and German civilization, but since in the latter class discussion was entirely in German, we found our way to one of the others.

At the end of the class period we attended a meeting in the lovely parlor of one of the dormitories. There we met in groups to discuss extra-curricular activities in both schools. One of the members of the Student Council explained its functions and membership. The treasurer told us that the Student Council are financed by a ten-dollar fee, which is appropriated to the organizations by the Council. In the dormitory we were served an appetizing luncheon during which we were entertained by a musical trio.

After luncheon we had a choice of attending either a meeting in which the editors of the school publications explained how these were carried on or a delightful concert by the school choir. We were interested in finding there Miss MacEachern, who helped compose our own Alma Mater. She is at present a teacher of music in this school.

Leaving Montclair about 1:30, we had pleasant memories, not only of beautiful buildings and campus but also of a beautiful spirit among the students.

MARGARET CLAYTOR.

"Just got back from a trip around the world."

"Great! Did you stop in Egypt?"

"Oh, yes."

"Go up the Nile?"

"Sure! Swell view from the top."

According to the Pennsylvanian, Denison University statistics show that "walking dates" are 62 per cent more popular than any other kind; church dates are on the wane, while movie dates are considered out of the question.

Things Our New Yorkers Will Talk About

1. Forty-three bucks; ooh! (Pat the forehead rhythmically, three times, with the palm of the right hand.)
2. Our punsters (?).
3. The pig parties.
4. Free samples of illustrative material (or "Where Meigs Put One Over on Poor Davies.")
5. Mr. Flower's "ecstasy."
6. "Seven o'clock, and the sun is shining." (Oh, yeah?)
7. Two-thirty Mass at St. Patrick's.
8. Miss Neunsinger's nose after a bout of "Pig" on the Montclair trip.
9. The beautiful, unique staging in "The Great Waltz."
10. "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" with spotlight accompaniment.
11. The spider-lady. Ohh! Ahhh!
12. "Elevator-ears" from going up in the Empire State Building.
13. The elaborately uniformed gentleman who guided us through the studios and, as incidental learning, gave us a lasting impression of superiority; he said that some of the studios are so large that "they conceit" many hundreds.
14. Trying daintily to sip tea in a swerving dining car.
15. Heavy lidded eyes on Monday morning.

E. M., Sr. 3.



Le Cercle Francais

A LA dernière assemblée de "Le Cercle Français, notre conseiller charmante, Madame Elliot, parlait avec nous de son amie bonne. La conversation était très intéressante et delectable chaque membre de notre ecot prit bien son temps, spécialement quand on servait les rafraîchissements. Nous désirons que tout le monde viendra à l'assemblée la fois prochaine.

Faculty Notes

MISS DANIELS and Miss Keys attended the College Conference on Body Mechanics in Washington on April 13. Miss Daniels was secretary of the Conference and assisted in arranging the program.

During the past month several Normal School instructors have talked before parent-teacher or other organizations. Mrs. Brouwer spoke in Towson and Bel Air, Miss Jones in Baltimore and Dundalk, Miss Rutledge in Baltimore, and Miss Birdsong in Baltimore and Towson. Miss Brown gave a radio talk on conservation.

Miss Tansil attended a Registrars' Conference in Raleigh, North Carolina, during the spring vacation.

Miss Sperry's garden is beginning to give promise of its usual loveliness.

If you ever need a speaker at the last minute, don't hesitate to ask Miss Birdsong. It is rumored that she discovers her topic by asking strangers en route to the meeting what the talk is to be about.

Who says that men's styles never change? Watch Mr. Minnegan.

Several faculty members visited New York during the spring vacation. Among these were Miss MacDonald, Miss Diefenderfer, Miss Daniels and Miss Woodward. Miss Jones and Miss Blood drove to western New York. It is said that Miss Blood needs instructions as to how to read a road map. Miss Yoder visited in Easton, Maryland; Miss Stitzel went to Hagerstown and Pennsylvania, and Miss Holt traveled to Philadelphia.

We suggest that Miss Dowell look in her pocket for her glasses.

Don't try to "pick up" Miss Bersch on York Road. It doesn't work.

A multiple-eared, full-time correspondent is really necessary to keep up with the faculty, but the financial difficulties of the TOWER LIGHT make such an employee impossible. May we remind you, therefore, of the request made early in the year, that contributions to "Faculty Notes" be sent to the TOWER LIGHT office?

"Gossip has been well defined as putting two and two together, and making it five."

Teachers' Chorus Performs

ON Sunday, March 31, 1935, at four in the afternoon, Mr. Denues and his Teachers' Chorus graced the auditorium of the Maryland Casualty.

We saw several of our old friends take part. Among the familiar faces were Charlotte Wagner, Margaret Schneider, Pete Baer, Ray Harter, Jules Seeman, Howard Seidman. It was a great pleasure to see them again.

Contrast was the theme of the program. A cappella singing was followed by accompanied singing. Sacred music was balanced by secular. The heavy chorale plodded beside the skipping of the lighter music. Instrumental selections were provided by the masterly performance of Mr. Denues on the organ. The concert was executed with artistic finish.

EDW. MACCUBBIN, Sr. 3.



An Ancient Practice

Jazz, is it really so modern? In studying Greek manuscripts of about the year 322 B. C., it was found that a man named Aristotle wrote about vulgar music and musicians. He says the musicians are "like bad flute-players who whirl themselves around as if they would imitate the motion of the discus."

Although this was said 2200 years ago, it has all the spiciness of the most nimble-penned writer of today. While the flute-player naps between the spasms of the terpsichorean contortions, substitute for his instrument a saxophone, and you have our omnipresent Jazzist, the stimulator of the giddy, or as Henry Van Dyke said, "the torment of imbeciles."

SARENA FRIED, Jr. I.



Orchestra

SINCE the opening of this, the last quarter, the Orchestra has returned to the full schedule of rehearsals.

For the enrollment campaign at the City College, we were represented by the violin trio—Frank Zeichner, Morris Hoffman, and Malcolm Davies, accompanied by Charles Haslup.

On the evening of April 11, the Orchestra went to Cockeysville to play a short program as a preliminary to the annual Cockeysville physical education demonstration for the parent-teachers' association.

Our program was:

Festal March in C.....	<i>Cadman</i>
Artists' Life.....	<i>Strauss</i>
Romance in F.....	<i>Raff</i>
Theme, from Invitation to the Dance.....	<i>Weber</i>
Country Dance in C.....	<i>Beethoven</i>

We enjoyed the kindly reception given us by the Cockeysville audience, and we should have liked to stay for the demonstration, but lessons to do compelled our early return. As it was, we had the pleasure of watching from the wings of the stage one or two numbers, while we ate the delicious ice cream generously served at the behest of the principal of the school, Mr. Hammond.

For the rest of the year we turn our attention to music for the commencement programs. Not many Mondays remain, which means that each rehearsal hour will be crammed full of work.

FIFTH-GRADE DIARIES

For the past nine weeks the fifth grades of the city have been studying the Thirteen Colonies. An integration with English was the writing of diaries that might have been written by Colonial children. Here are three interesting ones that the 5A1 of Brehm's Lane School wrote. These compositions show that the children who wrote them knew their history, and knew how to "spice it up."

Dear Diary:

Can you guess what a dreadful sin I have committed? I have been arrested for swimming on Sunday! Do you think I will get the ducking stool? I wonder what Mother will think of me when I get out of prison?

Your friend,

KENNETH ANDERSON.

(Continued on page 30)

A Lonely Little New Englander

ENOCH hurried down the rocky, irregular path that led to the pond where the boys were going to look for three-legged turtles that afternoon. He was later than he wanted to be, because, unfortunately, the school master had detained him. There had been some slight trouble during the arithmetic lesson. Instead of adding and subtracting, as he should have been doing, Enoch had been counting nails. Click, click, click they had gone, as he had emptied his pockets and laid them out on his desk. He had been beaming with pride over his collection, when Mr. Southworth had so unexpectedly and so sharply tapped him on the shoulder with his birch rod. That meant giving up the precious nails and finishing his sums after school.

Enoch had hurried through his work because outside the Massachusetts sunshine was warm and the scent of purple and white lilacs coming in the open windows made it hard to keep one's mind on sums. May in Middlesboro was the most wonderful month of the year.

And now he was free again, his nails jingling in his pockets as he hurried down to the pond. His round, solemn little face was puckered up in a whistle.

The other boys were all there paddling around in the little puddles. Some had taken off their shoes and stockings and were squeezing smooth black mud between their white toes. Some were on the rocks of Betty's Neck examining for at least the hundredth time the marks there. These were said to have been made by Indians who used to live in the very place where Middlesboro now is.

"Look, Enoch!" John shouted as the late arrival came into view. "Here's his big toe just as plain as can be!"

Enoch scrutinized the rock closely and nodded in agreement. Then he threw himself down on his stomach and flung his arms in the pond. He brought up a handful of mud and something else.

"I found more iron ore," he called out. "When I get big I'm going to make nails out of all the iron ore in Middlesboro."

So Enoch Pratt grew up and went to school in Middlesboro and Bridgewater, a little town nearby. When he was just fifteen he graduated from the Bridgewater Academy. A few weeks before graduation he wrote a letter to a friend in Boston asking for a position. There are no records to tell what sort of work this was, but we do know that he worked at it until he became of age. Then he did something which has perhaps made the life of every Baltimore boy and girl different than it might have been.

Nearly one hundred years ago, in 1831, he came to Baltimore. He had not forgotten about those fascinating nails of his boyhood days, and before long he established an iron business. If you walk down to 23 and 25 South Charles Street you will see just the place where Enoch Pratt began his company. There is a story that at first he used to deliver the things he sold his customers in a wheelbarrow.

When he was well fixed and things were going along smoothly, he was married to Maria Louisa Hyde.

A few years later he and his brother became partners in a hardware business, and after that, for fifty-six years, he was president of the Farmers' and Planters' Bank. He was also interested in railways and steamships, and for a while was finance commissioner on the city council.

It was May, many years later than the one we just talked about, in a place far away from that little Massachusetts town. Trivoli, the lovely estate of Enoch Pratt, stretched out on all sides, wide and spacious and green. In those days the York Road and Woodbourne Avenue were far, far into the country. Mr. Pratt had just driven home from the city with his bay horse and top buggy. He got out of his buggy and wandered around the house by the kitchen. Seeing the garbage pails by the door, he lifted the lid from one and peered in. He frowned. The apple skins were thick and much apple had been wasted. Ends of celery that were good had been thrown out. He tapped on the kitchen window sharply with his umbrella and nearly frightened Alice, the housemaid, to death. She flew to the kitchen door, her hand on her heart.

"Oh, Mr. Pratt," she panted, "such a fright as you gave me!"

Mr. Pratt waved his umbrella at the garbage pail. "Alice," he said, "is it necessary for you to waste so shamelessly the food the good Lord has provided? You must use more care in removing skins and peels."

Then he turned on his heel and marched around to the side of the house. It did make his New England Scotch blood boil to see things wasted. He buttoned up his faded, shabby old coat as he climbed his porch steps.

"Maria," he called, a smile lighting his rather lonely face.

His wife answered from the side porch, and he hurried to her. He kissed her fondly and sat beside her.

"Maria," he said with a little quiver of excitement in his voice, "I've thought it all out about the library. I'm going to build a library for all the people in Baltimore. It's going to be free for everybody—whether they're rich or poor, black or white. And I'm going to see that it gets built and begun just right. I thought I'd offer the mayor \$225,000 for the building and about \$833,000 to get started."

He leaned forward on his umbrella. "What do you think, Maria?"

"I think it's wonderful, Enoch," she beamed.

"But until I die the city will have to pay \$50,000 a year. In my will I'll arrange that the library gets that much every year."

That was Enoch Pratt—unable to see apples peeled too thickly but giving away more than a million dollars at one time as a gift for the people.

When he gave the check to the mayor, he said, "It did not affect my nerves any more to draw that check for \$833,333.33 than it would to give one for \$4.00; not a bit, sir!"

So Mr. Pratt saw that the building on Mulberry Street—just where it is now—was made just right. It was to be fireproof, and hold 200,000 books, and that year the \$50,000 from the city was to build four branches.

That's how the fine libraries that Baltimore now has were first begun. Today there is one within walking distance of nearly every boy and girl in Baltimore.

The year 1933 was a landmark in the history of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, in that the new library building was opened in February. Three million dollars was voted by the public in May, 1927, and \$600,000 additional was spent for more land, so that the new building now covers an acre, facing on Cathedral Street and running through from Mulberry to Franklin Streets.

The cornerstone was laid January 12, 1932, and the moving in from the temporary quarters on Redwood Street was completed in February, 1933. This beautiful new building with its fine architecture, decoration, and interesting display windows is a lasting tribute to the man who first had a vision of a public library for the people of Baltimore.

And the library wasn't the only gift Mr. Pratt made. He got money for a school and a church in Middlesboro. He gave money for a school for negroes and he gave some property to the Maryland Academy of Sciences. He also left \$1,000,000 to the Sheppard Asylum on York Road, which then became the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital. When he gave anything he gave enough so that whatever he did was a success.

Enoch Pratt was a lonely little New Englander, saving every penny he had that he might offer gifts of real value to other boys and girls, to give them a better start and advantages in life than he had.

NOTE—There is no authorized biography of Enoch Pratt and so, while the fact about his gifts are true, the stories of his boyhood and life at Trivoli are fictitious, but according to a history of the time and the brief notes to be found about him, events of that sort probably occurred. This was written by Mary Louise Zschiesche, '30. The paragraphs about the new library were furnished by Miss Osborn.

THE TOWER LIGHT

(Continued from page 26)

Dear Diary:

A few weeks ago I told you I was going to make a visit to the South. I went, but I didn't have a good time. They had different clothes, and I was ashamed of Cousin Catherine! The children wore wigs, or had their hair curled. They danced, and played games that I had never heard of, or would care to play. I wish you had been there to correct them, as I was spellbound.

Your friend,

CHARLOTTE ANNA MEDLEY.

Dear Diary:

We had a fine time at a husking bee yesterday. A friend of mine, named Jack, found a red ear of corn. I suppose you know what happened then?

Your best friend,

GLORIA SCHWARZ.

Housewife—"Don't bring me any more of that horrid milk. It is absolutely blue."

Milkman—"It ain't our fault, lady. It's these long, dull evenings as makes the cows depressed."

Youth (to fair companion)—Have you ever tried listening to a play with your eyes shut?

Voice (from behind)—Have you tried listening to one with your mouth shut?

Jones—"That man Smith is going around telling lies about you."

James—"I don't mind that, but if he begins to tell the truth I'll break his neck!"—*Log.*

What is the name of the great dipper?

John the Baptist.

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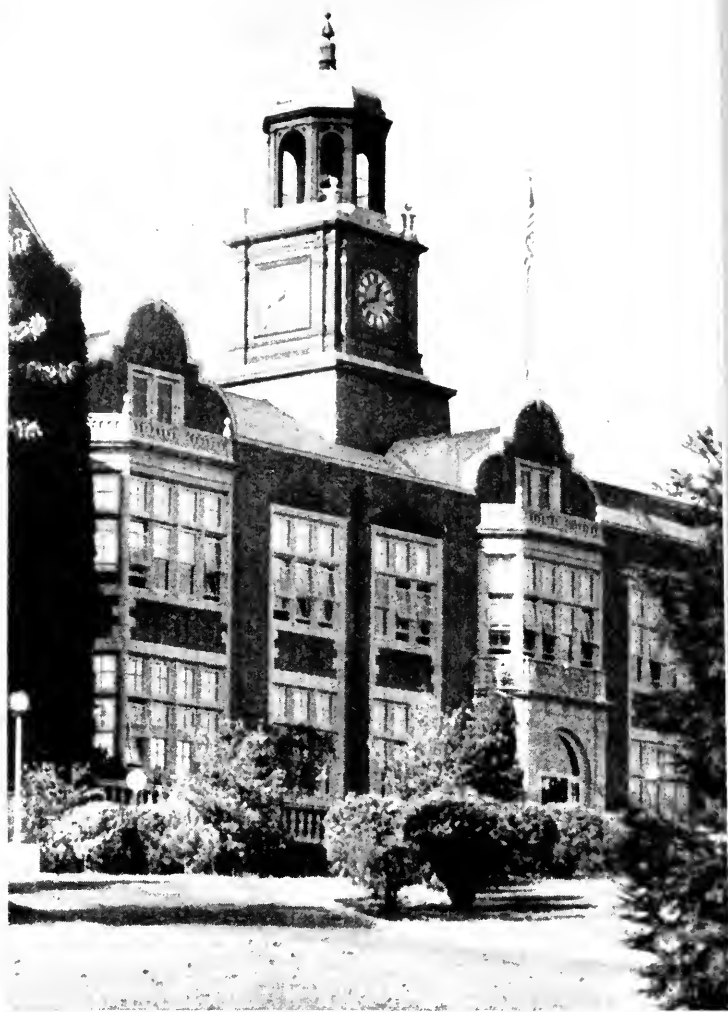
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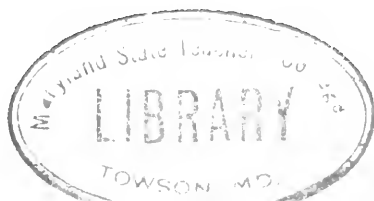
Rex News

"The Gilded Lily," the new Claudette Colbert starring vehicle which comes May 21 and 22 to the Rex Theatre, is a romantic and frothy comedy that boasts a totally new and unconventional approach on the romantic angle.

JUNE
1935



THE TOWER LIGHT





LIDA LEE TALL
President



ALVINA TREUT
Senior Adviser

THE TOWER LIGHT



Maryland State Teachers College
at Towson

TOWSON, MARYLAND

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THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. VIII

JUNE, 1935

No. 9

The Class of 1935

BUT IF you were to ask me what I like most of all at The Towson State Teachers College, I should say without any long reflection—the students. Then I would think of the faculty; next, of the buildings; then, of the grounds; next of the work; then of the fun we have together. But since I mentioned students first, students it must be. And from all the students today, I select the members of the Class of 1935 and speak especially to them, for them and of them.

As a group they are unique in that they are not wholly homogeneous. Some will take the B. S. degree; many the three-year diploma; some are two-year graduates who returned to take a third year. But all have merged into a fraternally solid group as though they had been born on the same day, the magnet of chance drawing each significantly, shaping the other's association in a potent way, as only classmates can. This class has brought a great wealth of ideas and ability to the school. They go from it with greater wealth—personality and character further developed; principles of the better understanding of human beings; a sense of the value of human materials as well as other natural resources; a widened horizon; a forward looking, vigorous, fearless attack on their life problems and their life work. I've been impressed as I have watched the building process go on among these students. "We build for eternity when we build men." May the Class of 1935 pass from our doors into the wide, open portals of life—loyal; wise, cooperative; searching and seeking; friendly and just—as they have been while here with us.

LIDA LEE TALL, *President.*

Evolution and Resolution

"THERE shall be located in the city of Baltimore a Normal School" Thus simply did the legislators of Maryland in 1865 frame the paragraphs which provided for the creation of the Maryland State Normal School. One of the first seven states to provide an institution for the training of teachers, Maryland has held her leadership in teacher training, and has steadily improved her facilities for this work.

There is abundant evidence of Maryland's ever rising standards shown in the history of the Normal School, first in Baltimore (1866-1876-1915), then in other localities (Frostburg, 1902; Towson, 1915; and Salisbury in 1925). Consider, for instance, the early advances in the use of the experimental school, the continual enrichment of the curriculum, the expansion of the school into larger quarters, the increase in enrollment brought about mainly by the growing prestige of the teaching profession, the rise to a full two-year professional course, the selective admission plan and the advance to a three-year course. These stages of growth which seem so cold as they are set down in print, did not just "happen". They were reactions brought about by the personalities of certain leaders in conjunction with favorable conditions.

To sense some of the romance which is interwoven with the Normal, therefore, it is necessary to acquaint oneself with some of the circumstances surrounding the improvements, as well as with the deeds of the leaders. Visualize, if you will, the State when an elementary education was all that most young people from the counties of Maryland could hope to obtain free of cost. Consider the extra load this condition laid on the Normal School. Not only was professional material needed, but also the academic subject matter which is now taught in high school. Remember also that it was possible for one to obtain by examination a teaching certificate for any chosen grade without attending Normal School. The fact that the school had grown to the point at which it seemed fitting to offer two whole years of professional training after two years of academic work at the Normal School, is ample and recognizable evidence that real progress had been made. Since this development was brought about as early as it was, the names of Mr. Newell and Sarah E. Richmond, whose hard work and selfless efforts, in combination with the labors of other workers, really supplied the energy necessary for the taking of such a step, live on as those of "saints who nobly fought of old".

The paucity of students at the Normal School was made even more

acute by the effects of the World War. Government jobs were open to those who were ambitious, and teaching positions at comparatively low salaries had no appeal for those who were not aspiring. In 1920, however, there occurred three events which were to help solve the problem of enrollment and which affected the school immeasurably. Free secondary education was made universal throughout the counties, the standards for certification were raised, and the present President of Teachers College at Towson was appointed. To try to evaluate each of these occurrences as to its relative importance would be a difficult task. Suffice it to say, after the above changes, the period between 1920 and 1925 was one of growth in enrollment despite the alluring offers of easy positions at high salaries which the period of inflation was beginning to present. 1921 saw the end of the academic course, for, with universal secondary education, there was no longer a need for high school work at Normal. By 1927 the number of students desiring to enter Normal had grown to such a degree that it was possible to put admission on a selective basis without impairing the supply of teachers. This innovation resulted in a reduced number of students, but raised the standard for entrants, so strengthening the position of the Normal School as one of the institutions in the country offering superior facilities for delightful and valuable dormitory and student living as well as work directed toward a specific end.

In keeping with its standard of leadership, the Normal School was made a three-year institution in 1931. The advantage to the students of this change was twofold. It made available at no increased rate of cost another year's education, and it helped reduce the temporary over supply of teachers by keeping a graduating class out of the field for one year.

There is no need to mention again the fact that these later developments were not "happen stance". Such were not gifts from the Heavens. Both sprung from the Guiding Spirit of the School, stanchly backed by a sympathetic administration and a generous State.

Such was the history and status of the Maryland State Normal School in the beginning of fateful 1931, the year when the destinies of the people who were to form the Class of '35 became united with the destiny of the Normal School.

Numerous, grave, and varied were the forces that acted upon those destinies. There was an economic depression which necessitated a decreased State appropriation for the Normal School budget and so made it expedient in 1933 to require a tuition fee from students. Assurance that the situation was well and thoughtfully met lies in the fact that although enrollment slumped the first year, the number of entering students is rising as the standard is accepted. Coincident with this development, trends toward purposefulness, and mutual understanding

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among the students were observed to deepen. Evidently, appreciation of the real but not necessarily prohibitory sacrifice involved in attending Normal did much to discourage the irresponsible and to mature the responsible.

Then there was the fact that great advances in education were being made all over the country. The results of the steps taken during and after the World War to correct the disturbing conditions exposed by the army tests and the investigations, were being felt. More training was being demanded of teachers everywhere. The Guiding Genius of Normal School had vision to see that the tendency in more advanced institutions was toward a four-year course. She grasped time by the forelock, and became one of the leaders in making the arrangements which in May, 1934, culminated in the addition of the fourth year to the course at Maryland State Normal School. We owe much to the acumen and wisdom of the State Superintendent of Education, Dr. Albert S. Cook, and the understanding and insight of our most capable State Board of Education who made this step possible. The advantages of this advance are legion. It makes available four years of education at a very much lower rate than other colleges charge, it makes possible the immediate taking of the basic B. S. degree upon which graduate work may be built at once, and it raises the level of the teaching profession in the State of Maryland.

There has been glory in all the history of the Normal School, but it would seem that no single three-year period since the founding of the school has been so significant as that between 1932 and 1935.

Class of '35, we are profoundly privileged. Many of the same factors which concerned the fate of the Normal School have affected us. We, as well as the Normal School, have been seasoned by the depression, worked under the guiding influence of a real leader, Miss Tall, and have been stimulated under the care of a progressive state for three of the most impressionable years of our life. May the effects of these contacts be as significant to us as they were to the Normal School.

WILLIAM PODLICH.

The Registrar Looks Statistically at the Class of 1935

MANY varieties of statistics could be given regarding the Senior Class. We could attempt to be entertaining and show in graphic form the number of brunettes and blondes, the median height and weight of the members, the color of eyes, the median age and other details. Probably we could work out a personality chart of the group but with the rush of the commencement season upon us we must content ourselves with the statistics that are already at our finger tips.

Of the 158 graduates of 1935 the following facts stand out:

- 10 will receive the B. S. degree
- 148 will receive the three-year diploma
- 121 of this number are girls and 37 are boys
- 71 are city students while 87 are county students representing 18 counties
- 54 are resident students and 104 are day or commuting students

When a freshman class enters the Normal School each September it immediately becomes known by the year when its members are expected to graduate. In the days of the two-year program practically all of the students graduating each June were the ones who had entered two years previously. Now, the picture changes with the increased program. As a class moves along from year to year it loses from its ranks certain of its members, but, in turn, receives into membership students from former years or students transferring from other institutions. Thus the Class of 1935 has received into its rank the following: 10 members of the 1934 Class who elected to return to the School for the fourth year. The Class of 1935 feels proud, I am sure, to include these students for they will make history both for themselves and the school by being the first group to receive the B. S. degree from the Maryland State Teachers College. In addition to these 10 students there are 16 other graduates who did not enter with the class in 1932; these include students who because of enforced absences were unable to complete their work with their own class as well as students who had received the two-year diploma in previous years and who returned for the three-year diploma; among this number, too, are four students who transferred to the Normal School from other institutions and became members of the Class of 1935. Deducting these 26 students we find that of the Senior Class, 132 remain of the original number entering the school in September 1932.

And now shall we digress a little and review that registration day of September 6, 1932 when the freshmen presented themselves for admission. They were a sizable group; two hundred thirty-three at the close of the testing period. This means that 101 who entered that fall are not graduating with their class. Some of this number after sampling the teaching profession chose other fields of work and entered training for those vocations.

This entering class of September 1932 also made history for the Normal School by its excellent showing in the Thurstone Psychological test that fall. For the first time since the tests were initiated the median score of the freshman class surpassed the median score of the 40,000 students entering the colleges and universities giving the test. This immediately set a high standard for the group and an examination of individual records will show how these talents have been used.

Nor will the statistics of the class end with graduation. As we start our statistical picture of the freshmen next fall we shall continue our figures of the Class of 1935. An In-Service record is set up for each member of the graduating class and on this is listed information regarding placement, further study, special honors, and other interesting data. This material, of course, can only be complete if the graduates cooperate by sending us information from time to time.

And when setting up our statistics for the Class of 1936 who knows how its numbers may be augmented by the members of the Class of 1935 who return for fourth year, next fall? I am sure they know the warm welcome they will receive.

So we could go on ad infinitum regarding statistics but in all the complexity of the figures we do not forget that the Class of 1935 is a family of 158 individuals. But here we must limit ourselves to a study of the group, because a study of the individuals would be another story.

REBECCA C. TANSIL.



Raising Standards for Graduation at Towson in the Past Fifteen Years

FROM 1920 to 1935 significant progress has been made in teacher training in Maryland. The wise and able leadership of Dr. Albert S. Cook, and the farseeing and significant action of the State Board of Education have made possible these forward steps in the pre-service work in the preparation of teachers:

September, 1920: Secondary Education in the Normal Schools was abolished, because all counties by that time were able to provide four-year high-school facilities within their own organizations. Only graduates of accredited four-year high schools were admitted in September, 1920.

1927: All four-year high school graduates from accredited high schools were admitted, but were divided into two classifications—those with no conditions against them, and those on probation. The legal standard passed was that a student who presented a record of 60 per cent A's and B's, 40 per cent C's, and no D's, would be accepted. All others were to be given an examination set by each Normal School according to its vision for the selecting of students on a high plane. Health standards were set up which applicants had to meet.

1931: The course was raised from a two-year curriculum to three years, a requirement for all students. At this time the student teaching experience was lengthened from twelve weeks to eighteen weeks.

1934: The course was raised from three years to four, and the Degree of B.S. in Education granted. By request of the Baltimore City Board of School Commissioners the State Department of Education will continue to grant a three-year diploma to City students who ask to withdraw at the end of three years to teach in Baltimore City.

The courses added were extended Oral and Written English, and English Literature; Principles of Literary Criticism; Economics and Sociology; Physical Science including Astronomy, Electricity and Chemistry; Philosophy of Education; and an Educational Conference composed of Seniors and Faculty which discusses vital problems facing education in the world today. The four years really provide a major in Education, a major in the Social Studies, and a minor in English.

The advantages of a continuous program of four years is that now since a B.S. degree is the minimum standard, graduate study will surely follow. The hitch-hiking for the undergraduate degree which has been so expensive and so wasteful of time, energy, and money will be abolished. There should be an awakened intelligence on the part of teachers on the elementary school level.

LIDA LEE TALL.

The Fourth Year

THE belief is becoming more and more prevalent that a teacher should be a well-rounded, real person. Present-day living is so complicated one cannot help but meet problems of politics, economics, religion, science, social conditions, international strife, etc. More than any other humanitarian, a teacher must understand these forces that mould the world (she, too, can be a moulder). She must have a broad cultural background by which she may interpret life, make it meaningful, and cope with its increasing controversies.

How does the addition of a fourth year aid in preparing better teachers? The subject matter of the fourth year does not concern itself primarily with teaching, but with enriching the student to make him a deep-thinking, mature individual, and thus a finer teacher.

The terms that come to my mind as I consider the fourth year, and what it has meant to me, are,—*contact*, and *perspective*. Not only does the student in his enriched course come into contact with the big vital present-day problems, but also the subjects offered seem to contact with each other: the principles gained in Philosophy of Education seemed to build right into the structure and fabric of Science, Psychology, English, and Economics.

By perspective I mean the maturity of vision, thought and expression that enriched cultural experience brings.

If you feel that, at the end of three years, you will have an adequate background, that you will not need to grow "educationally", then do not think of remaining for the fourth year! It is not designed for those who wish to cease creative growing, but for those who would delve deeper, to be stronger.

M. D.



Class Officers of Senior Class

<i>President</i>	MARGUERITE EHRHART
<i>Vice-President</i>	EDWARD MAC CUBBIN
<i>Secretary</i>	WILLIAM EVANS
<i>Treasurer</i>	WILLIAM GONCE
<i>Social Chairmen</i>	{ ELIZABETH GOODHAND ELEANOR STERBAK

The Seniors' Farewell

THERE really is no definite farewell message that we, as seniors, can give to the school. Although we may not come back next year, Normal will remain as an intrinsic part of us, something most vital; a thing from which we cannot depart. No matter *what* we may address in parting, we shall never leave that thing completely.

As we Seniors leave Normal we think of the most immediate events—our banquet and prom, class night, music rehearsals, professionals, new clothes, and graduation. It is more difficult to name some things less tangible. There are broader things, which are more lasting and which have definitely become a part of us; we have acquired a deeper understanding, a broader judgment, an attitude of good sportsmanship and the ability to work with other people, because of our stay at Normal. Our relationships with the faculty have been most valuable and satisfying and we hope that these friendships will be a part of Normal which we shall keep with us.

The Class of '35 is not stepping out of the school, but is stepping forward into new fields and leaving a place for others to fill. Normal has guided us and helped us get set in the right direction, a fact which we shall realize even more after we have gone out independently into our new work.

MARGUERITE EHRHART, *President of Senior Class.*

Installation of Officers for 1935

To the accompaniment of its class song, the Senior Class of '35 marched to the front of the auditorium and remained standing while its members sang the song composed as Freshmen but which fittingly expresses the high hopes and devotion of the class today.

The retiring presidents of the student councils and classes introduced their successors in a manner adding seriousness and dignity to the occasion.

Miss Ehrhart, in presenting the Senior Class gift, said that those of 1935 had tried to work cooperatively and harmoniously with the school throughout the three years of Normal life. She cited two definite examples of this: the class song, which is sung as an obligato to Alma Mater, and the class gift, which is a share in the purchase of a telescope. The class gift was selected because of a felt need for it in the science courses of the curriculum and because it symbolized so well a forward and upward looking class.

Miss Tall accepted the gift for the school and congratulated the class on its wise selection.

Immediately following the assembly, the Faculty served the Senior Class a delicious luncheon in Newell Hall.

W. EVANS, Sr. 4.



The Telescope

THE Class of '35 has shared with the school the gift of a telescope. The gift has a double symbolism. Just as the Senior Class has always worked, not for its own glory, but with all the student-body, for the betterment of the whole school—so the gift remains not as a mere memorial of the Seniors, but as a practical, useful thing that will serve to enrich the whole school for many years. Then, too, the Seniors like to feel that a telescope is an expression of their way of striving to search beyond, for truth.

What does a telescope mean to you? Funk and Wagnalls' Dictionary defines it as "an optical instrument for enlarging the image of a distant object, as a star, upon the retina of the eye".

But it means more than that! Think back to the days when men observed the sun, moon and major planets without instruments. They tried to find reasons for the motions of these bodies as they saw them; they were filled with superstitious fear. People came to believe that the earth was the dominant center of the universe, with the sun and moon and planets revolving about it on crystal tracks, making eternal sweet music to the glory of creation. It was a comforting idea. It made men feel secure, important in the scheme of things. But in 1609, Galileo, putting to astronomical use a principle discovered by a Dutch optician, constructed the first real telescope. When he turned it on the heavens, he made startling discoveries! He perceived that Venus had phases like the moon; that Jupiter had four satellites revolving around it (not around the earth!); that Saturn had "rings" of some unknown material, and that the sun and moon which had always reverently been considered to be perfect bodies were not perfect—the Sun had great spots on its surface, and the moon seemed to have craters and mountains!

These things were most revolutionary to the world, and Galileo was persecuted. But other men followed him, improved the telescope and carefully recorded what they saw with its aid. And so passing down through the years with Newton, Cassegrain, the Herschels and others, we come to the present day with its increased store of knowledge. What a step it is from the simple contraption of lenses that Galileo used, to the giant Cassegrainian telescope with its 200-inch object glass, now in construction. It seems hard to wait for its completion to know what it will reveal.

If you are the dull person who never lifts his eyes from the humdrum happenings of this everyday world—a telescope will seem only a cumbersome instrument through which one sees uninteresting little spots of light. But if you are one who has been caught by the beauty of the night, and looked deep into the sky at the stars and moon, and wondered, and maybe shivered a little at the mystery of it all, then you will find the telescope a magic avenue.

When you become sick with the tangled affairs of men, and life seems to shut you in with drab, sordid walls, the telescope will reveal such greater mysteries of existence as will make the sorry misfortunes of men seem unimportant. Earth will drop away, and you will be alone in time and space, with that great unknown force that seems to order the universe. You will be able to turn back to the world of men, a little saner, finer for having stood in such a presence.

M. DOUGLAS.

Senior Banquet and Prom

"EAT, drink and be merry" seemed to be the philosophy of the Senior Banquet. Why shouldn't it have been, since the banquet included a combination of Miss Diffenderfer's savory foods, merry songs, and short (oh, very short) speeches.

And the Prom—we had looked forward to it for three years, we had lived in joyous anticipation for three weeks—and we had a "marvelous" time for three hours! "Heavenly Harmonies" and the Southern-ers invited us to dance in the foyer and dining room where all our sorrows and cares were forgotten in the romantic surroundings. For the evening, we danced among the stars of the heavens. What futures were dreamed of and foretold by Venus and the Moon only time will tell!

ELEANOR STERBAK.



Class History

Sept. '32 Appearance of shy and unassuming group of freshmen at State Normal. Freshmen register proper expressions of fear at entrance exams; joy at tea dances; inspiration from Induction Service; animation at entire freshman week.

Oct. '32 Class organizes—girl elected for temporary president. What ho! Such unprecedented behaviour. Miss Treut becomes class adviser.

Play Day gives Freshmen the opportunity to play their favorite games—Looby Loo and Mulberry Bush—without being scorned. Ripping hockey game terminates Play Day, and brings out the power of freshman girl athletes.

Nov. '32 Freshmen fairly well settled. Knack of library system more or less in hand. Science shelves particularly familiar.

Reports of radical uprisings issue from the problem section—need we be specific?

True caliber of Freshmen shown by splendid program for Mother's Week End. Will you ever forget "Schnitzelbanch"?

Large crop of bangs very much in evidence. Garbo, the old style setter, is at it again.

Dec. '32 Freshmen deep in Paleolithic Age. Heredity and environment holds its own. Several couples noted who are "that way"—Freshmen come through again!

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Christmas celebration at school proves to be a joy and inspiration. Glee Club sings over radio. Five freshmen interviewed as prospective big timers on the air.

Jan. '33 Freshmen acquire class colors—green, black, and silver.

New parking space comes into existence—one freshman has particular difficulty in following white arrows.

Feb. '33 Freshmen move along in the same way. Girls struggling through stunts and basketball skills for physical education.

St. Valentine fails to make an impressive appearance.

March '33 Girls' Demonstration finds Freshmen nervous about performing in gym suits before fellow classmates. Individual section stunts show undreamed of ingenuity among members—especially the dance marathon.

Several Freshmen attend Roosevelt's inauguration in Washington via a school bus. President feels as though day was a success by reason of Normal School representatives.

Freshmen surprise school by singing their new class song.

April '33 Easter holidays—time certainly does fly. Freshmen already have assumed the bored and condescending attitude of Juniors.

Agitation spreading among members with prospects of one week's participation in practice centers.

May '33 *The Men's Revue!* Words inadequate. Freshmen girls overwhelmed by the array of male talent. Gasp for breath in approved manner at the daring feats of the tiger leapers. Appreciate to the nth degree the knees exposed by the Pirates of Penzance.

Freshmen completely unnerved by week of participation. Many quoted as being ready to go out and conquer the world through the teaching of small children.

June '33 What! Time for a summer vacation! Freshmen, with a smothered sob and a tear in the eye, shed the cloak of green inexperience, ready to don—anyway, they are now Juniors.

Sept. '33 Juniors help with registration. Many become walking information bureaus with "Ask Me" signs across their fronts. Agree, with reservations, that the new freshmen are a promising group.

Exclusive cliques appear consisting of World's Fair Goers. Those not included bear their ravings with calm resignation.

Oct. '33 Juniors seem to fit in with the general schedule—nothing particularly exciting happens to them. All attention lavished on Freshmen and Seniors. Juniors assume a hard shell of haughtiness to cover up sensitiveness.

Browsing room comes into existence for "group studying". One Junior section considers moving their beds there—they spend all their time in browsing room anyhow.

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Nov. '33 Juniors who are student teaching have found the straw that broke the camel's back, they are now at the end of their ropes. Circles under eyes tell their own sad story. Thanksgiving holidays greeted with enthusiasm.

Dec. '33 Christmas at Normal again a happy and exciting time. Annual request for Christmas tree complied with. Trend for ball decorations seem to be all one color. Leaders at Govans Sing seem like old friends.

Olde English Dinner celebrated by one and all. Ye lords and ye ladies most gracious. Kris Kringle, himself (who would have recognized him?), honored us with his presence. The court jester (that tall, lean Englishman) held forth in witty rhymes. Ah, would that all days were Christmas in Merrie England!

Feb. '34 Girls' Demonstration really tests Juniors' athletic stamina; what with the Highland Fling, triple somersaults, and a snappy game of dodge. Mother Goose and all her goslings make a unique stunt—King Cole stuffed to the proper diameter and Humpty Dumpty broken effectively.

March '34 The Men's Revue—bevy of beautiful girls sally from men's rooms. The hero of Schnitzelbanch becomes a blushing bride. Junior girls all of a sudden become aware of a combination crooner, tiger leaper, male fashion plate, and what have you.

April '34 Disappearance of male section for student teaching gives school a much needed rest. Librarians particularly relieved—no longer heckled by "group studying" in its worst form.

May '34 Juniors uncomfortably insignificant.

June '34 School year completed—Juniors mourn loss of Senior Class. Ready to become humble Seniors.

Sept. '34 Freshmen receive pearly words of wisdom from venerable sages—alias the class of 1935.

One Senior reported studying for professionals.

Oct. '34 Life goes on very smoothly. Seniors hardly aware of their prominent positions in the school. History courses cause daily migrations to library at three o'clock. Emphasis placed on candle wicks and games of Puritan children.

Dec. '34 Seniors, after 3 years of experience, are now acclimated to cold of Towson and really appreciate the beauty of the snow. Several bards inspired by the lovely sight take pen in hand for TOWER LIGHT contributions.

Christmas celebration joyous but tinged with melancholy—our last year at Normal?

Jan. '35 Six more Seniors begin studying for professionals.

Feb. '35 Seniors win Girls' Demonstration! Three Cheers! Tricky costumes of Uncle Sam's would-be defenders make quite a hit.

March '35 Seniors now know which is annex and which is main library.

April '35 All Seniors return to fold after student teaching.

Bill to call us "Maryland State Teachers College" passed by the state legislature. Rose from Miss Risteau's bouquet now in gold and will become an archive.

New York Trip: April 10-14. Words fail—remember the \$43, the rain, the gardenias, the push carts on Broadway, New York at night, from the Hotel Pennsylvania's roof, the ride across the river on the ferry, and so on and on?

The Men's Revue of all Men's Revues. *The Student Teacher* turns out to be a real masterpiece. We heard that Ringling Brothers tried to contract the stooge for the tiger leapers. Congratulations, men!

May '35 May! makes all Seniors veritable social butterflies. Seniors share in a telescope to school to symbolize looking onward and upward. Installation assembly followed by grand luncheon served by faculty.

May day celebrations crowned this festive day. May Queen and her lovely attendants gracing the Campus, are a beautiful sight. Can't resist adding that the May King fitted into his part exceedingly well.

Heavenly Harmony on May 18 disguises the familiar foyer and dining hall. With the Southerners and all your friends around, how could the night be anything but perfect?

June '35 Professionals!

Class Trip and Class Night!!

Graduation!!!

The Seniors leave Normal as students but they take with them the memories of three happy years.

ELEANOR M. GOEDEKE, Sr. 3.



Celebrities of 1935

WE have been asked to bring to your attention the students of the Class of 1935 who have been most outstanding in their achievements here. We submit the following list of deeds and personages—dutifully arranged in alphabetical order—for your approval. If we have neglected anyone who thinks that he should be included in the ranks of the great, please let us know of our omission and we will surely make retribution.

First comes Catherine Ay who is famous for the fact that she got her name in Christopher Billopp's column. For what? Why, for having the shortest name that appears in the telephone book.

Fairfax Brooke rates a medal for being the starriest athlete the girls can boast.

Isadore Cohen, Izzy for short, expends so much energy on his singing that Miss Weyforth has begun to fear for his vocal cords. But we say that we need a good tenor to make our Glee Club a success.

Helen Cole is the ever pleasant and smiling President of the Resident Student Council.

Melvin Cole (no relation) had his picture in the paper, girls! He is our star soccer player. If there is anything more for which he is famous, please tell us about it at once.

Muriel Cook manages. Muriel Cook manages fall sports. She manages Gym Revues. These managing women!

Kathryn Coster rates this column because she is the one normal note in an otherwise illustrious group. Casey is a fine student and a good sport. We hope that there are many like her in the coming Senior Class to build a willing background for more prominent students.

Marguerite Ehrhart attains glory through her ability to step in at the last moment and lead our class to fame and to Commencement.

We must not forget to bring to your attention the sweet disposition and the charm of Bobby Ensor. Strange to say, both the girls and the men appreciate her.

Eleanor Goedeke is guilty of a sense of humor. In spite of this, the students and the faculty insist that she has led the school through a year of penury and virtual starvation to a bright and shining Spring that actually reveals a surplus in the treasury of the General Student Council—or so we hear. Added to her executive ability is the talent for composing verse—may we call it poetry, please?

Bill Gonce is dependable, good-natured and faithful—especially to old flames. He served us well as our President and now he is holding our money bags for us. Watch him closely!

Elizabeth Goodhand is the fair maiden who got her picture in the paper. The Seniors aver that there never was a more beautiful May Queen in the history of the school.

Carol Gray is most famous for her odd coiffures and for her temperament—

Perhaps Ruth Kreis does not belong in this column since she has already left us; but because she was so important to us when she was our president, we feel that we should line her up with the elite of the school. Ruthie was a fine student and a finer leader. We wish we could have her back, but Carolina calls.

The lovely voice and the gay dignity of Mary Stewart Lewis have made her more than welcome in our exclusive group.

MacCubbin may be classed as the unwilling (?) ladies' man; but, what is more important, he is a musician. What would the Class of 1935 have to offer the school—besides a telescope—if it had not been for Mac's famous counterpoint?

Myron Mezick is a rare specimen in Normal School. What Freshman girl (and Senior too) has not sighed at the remembrance of the flashing smile of the so devastating Mr. Mezick? *He is endowed with a fine voice that Normal School shall long remember. Our Paragon can act, too; he was once in a play but they wouldn't let him play his violin. We whisper this with awe—we fear he is a grind.

And we have an orator in our class. When Bill Podlich stands before the assembly waving an eloquent arm and drawling comments about the beauties of the glen, he brings tears to these old eyes. Bill can execute the duties of President of the Day Student Council and still study so diligently that members of his class secretly curse the Missouri marking system.

Ruth Roseman is a real worker. If you don't believe it, look at the Senior Prom decorations.

Emily Ross is the charming, lovely and sleek nightingale of our group. Perhaps the dimples explain her fascination for the men of the Senior Class.

Then there is the artistic trio. Bernice Shapos, Margaret Russell and Katherine Gilbert have helped our class dances to be the outstanding successes they were, through their original and artistic decorations.

Donald Schwanebeck's saxophone has more than satisfied the students who indulge in the terpsichorean art. And Swass's "plus 4's" are the envy of every male student in the school.

We haven't forgotten the Senior Specials in this column, as you perhaps have noticed. But we must mention them again collectively.

*Editor's Note: I, for one.

Do you know that they call themselves the Orphans because they have no one to love them? Seniors, see that you do something about this if you have the opportunity.

Senior 3 has presented a musical quartette that we think is the backbone of the orchestra. When Herman Bainer, Malcolm Davies, Frank Zeichner and Morris Hoffman go into their harmony, the whole school sits up and takes notice. Mr. Bainer is doubly famous in that he plays the cello and composes poetry—one thing at a time, of course. Mr. Zeichner is a powerful rival of one of the gentlemen already mentioned.

Jimmy Tear is the India-rubber man with the Southern accent. He looks studious, but is he really?

Josh Wheeler is famous for his athletic ability and for his "ad libbing". Get Mrs. Brouwer to tell you about the Matisse from the Art Gallery and Josh's impromptu appreciation lesson.

We have thrown bouquets—and some gentle brickbats—until we are weary. Address all criticisms to Miss Munn's office. There is a fine waste basket there.

DISCRETION.



'Tis Said That:

Helen Cole has already spotted her position for next year.

The willow tree is still weeping with the departing Seniors.

Muriel Disney is to grace next year's Senior Special Class.

Both the Senior Gonces received "A's" in Student-Teaching.

There are such things as professionals for city Seniors.

There will be some songs in our Commencement Exercises.

Charlie Meigs could not decide whether to hit a street car or a truck, so he hit both.

The Seniors are having difficulty in deciding how to distribute their quintuplets (5 commencement tickets) among the many members of their families.

A Senior 4 and Senior 3 old, old friendship has been renewed.

The Seniors don't know whether they've reached the dignity of a "Miss" or "Mr." as yet. (On calling cards.)

Superintendents are getting to know that there are such things as graduating Seniors.

Herman Bainerd can give a perfect interpretation of the symptoms of pediculosis. (Men's Revue).

Muriel Cook has been the salesman for snapshots of the May Day celebration. (\$6.00 in orders)

A member of Sr. 6 has not missed a day of school in 11 years.

A member of Sr. 1, never having heard of Dr. Morgan, made this fact known to a woman sitting beside her. (It was Dr. Morgan's wife).

Edward MacCubbin can hit 20 on the homeward trip from Cockeysville.

One Senior comes from the place where the sun rises. (Rising Sun, Md.).

This year's Senior Class was the first in several years to wind all three May poles correctly.

This year's May procession is said to have been composed of the most attractive girls who ever graced Normal School.

Joshua Wheeler knows all the bumps on Kenilworth Avenue.

William Podlich waited for 3 years to obtain an opportunity to make a long speech in assembly (That made on May Day).

It isn't fair for Senior Special boys to send out invitations to graduation again this year. One present for graduation is enough.

Some members of Sr. 5 do not know the difference between a giraffe, a tulip, and a four-legged ostrich.

A member of Sr. 3 singed his eyelashes while smoking his second cigarette.

Donald Talbot is anxious to know how much a pound of iron ore weighs.

Ruth Kreis will not return to Normal School next year as she is to be married.

Sr. 4 is always obliged to repeat a joke for the benefit of one of its eminent members. (His initials are D. B. S.)



Class Night---Class of '35

THERE is a certain something in the air as our life at Normal nears its end. It envelops all of us, and transforms even the hardest Senior into a person who is awed by the realization that he is about to begin anew; who is exulted at the many festivities during this time; who is deeply impressed by their intimate implications.

On the evening of June the tenth will occur the climax of all other activities—our Class Night. During this revel the whole gamut of our emotions will be played upon. We shall witness an actual demonstration of that old saying, “going from the sublime to the ridiculous”. There will be a resume of our class’s illustrious history; delightful parodies on the highlights of our career; take-offs on our revered faculty; and, woven into the whole pattern, will be the unifying force of our school and class songs.

This mirthful occasion will be one of lasting moment. “Shall you come?”

ROSALIE JACOBSEN.



Commencement Activities, June Sixth to Eleventh

Thursday, June 6

Visiting High School teams arrive (our guests at Newell Hall).

6:30 P.M.—Visiting teams entertained by the Athletic Association.

Friday, June 7

9:00 A.M.—State Volley Ball Meet (Stadium Athletic Field).

6:00 P.M.—Supper on Campus.

7:00 P.M.—Step Singing, Athletic Stunts.

Saturday, June 8—Alumni Day.

3:00— 3:30 P.M.—Reception in Sarah E. Richmond Hall.

3:30— 4:30 P.M.—Class Reunions.

5:00— 5:45 P.M.—Business Meeting.

6:15— 8:30 P.M.—Dinner, Music by School Orchestra.

9:00—12:00 P.M.—Dancing.

Sunday, June 9

4:00 P.M.—Baccalaureate Service, Auditorium of School.

Sermon by Reverend Mark Depp, Rector of St. Marks Methodist Episcopal Church.

Monday, June 10

6:00 P.M.—Campus Supper, Class Night.

Tuesday, June 11—Commencement Day

10:30 A.M.—The procession of Guests, Faculty and Students will form.

11:00 A.M.—Commencement—Campus (Weather permitting)

May Day

*Thus, thus begin the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights.*

ONCE more the Senior class has challenged May to display greater beauties than her own. In an array of sunshine and brilliant color, the May Queen and her attendants held sway over the May day festivities of our school. Whether it was the lovely picture posed for by the Queen and her court, the eagerness of the children, the interesting and delightful program presented for the pleasure of the queen, or only an inner feeling of joy and beauty, or that the day really became warmer, the writer cannot say, but surely the chill of the day was not noticed during the program.

Of the four May day programs which I have witnessed I have said that each in turn was the most inspiring. Of this year's celebration, I say, that never was there a queen more alluring, and never attendants who threatened more seriously to equal the loveliness of their queen.

To me, the May day celebration symbolized a joyousness of spirit at the awakening of the earth to new and more beautiful things, and a new, more courageous beginning. My wish for the future classes of the Maryland State Teachers College is that they will continue to live and carry on in the spirit of the first day of May, 1935.

F. E. F.



Communion

A silver trail, a wisp of cloud . . . so sheer . . .
Floats radiantly across the blue.
The tender songs of soaring birds
And summer's happy sounds drift through
To gay green earth. No silence sad
On such a day of beauty, but joy
Of color . . . music . . . life!

HERMAN BAINDER, Sr. 3.

A Summer Night

Air heavy with the perfume of roses
Hangs still in the quiet night—
Above—stars—steady and brilliant
In a deep slumbering sky—
Add silver to the sleeping earth.
The bay, quiet and saturated
With a spreading ribbon of moonlight—
Unprotesting in the peaceful calm.
My soul-filled with wonder
Is motionless—afraid to speak—
Afraid lest God's creative peace
Be broken!

H. ZIEGLER.



The Mocking Bird's Song

I heard a mocking bird singing
In the gray of a dull May morning.
His song told of tears and of heartache
His call was mournful, melodious
In the still of a gray May morning.

I heard a mocking bird calling
In the hush of a blue May morning.
His tale was of hope and of reverence
His song, an encouraging measure,
In the mist of a blue May morning.

The mocking bird's lilt is a glad one
As he tells of the May and the spring,
As his heart and mine
Seem to echo each line
Of his song in a glowing May morning.

F. E. F.

Moonlight Sonata

The stream flows gently;
Above my head,
The pine tree sighs;
And shrilly through the moonlit night,
A wild bird cries.
The mountain breeze stirs softly;
O'er and o'er
A nightingale sings,
And thoughts of you drift to my heart—
On crimson wings.

LORELLE HEADLEY, *Fr. 1.*



Twilight and Night

The Great Outdoors is calling, calling—
Can I remain within
When gentle twilight's stealing, stealing;
And summer light grows dim?
The brilliant sunset fades,
While twilight takes its place.
It covers woods and glades,
Revealing not its face.
Then black of night is falling, falling,
Replacing dim twilight;
And o'er me steals a feeling—feeling—
Of the mystery of night.

ELEANOR BOUNDS, *Sr. 4.*

THE TOWER LIGHT

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ALICE MUNN, Faculty Adviser

Reflections

THIS being June, the time for reflections as well as graduations and weddings, the TOWER LIGHT in retrospect swings its beam over the year passed, and takes this opportunity to thank individually everyone who through mental and physical labor, sacrifice of time and money, and helpful publicity has made this year's publication a success.

And to the seniors whose hearty cooperation and generosity has made the June magazine a reality, we dedicate this issue!

THE EDITORS.



Beethovenhaus, Bonn--July 20, 1934

THE name of Ludwig von Beethoven had symbolized something of a household god to us as far back as my memory reaches. Visiting his birthplace had become so old an ambition that the trip took on, in actuality, something of the nature of a pilgrimage.

There were no particular hardships to be suffered in this Pilgrimage except those incidental to our very sketchy knowledge of the German language.

After several misunderstood inquiries we found the little inter-urban electric train that runs between Cologne (Koln) and Bonn, the natal town of the great maestro. The short journey seemed as flat and monotonous as the country along the lower Rhine and so we were over-anxious to have done with it. Misunderstanding the conductor's announcement we got off at the edge of the town and had to walk several miles to the main station in order to get a cab. And this after many hours of trudging over the rough and twisted streets of Cologne earlier in the day! Eventually we found a cab and, to our great relief, its driver could understand our English and we could understand his German.

In a few minutes we were driven through the busy main section of the city to the older streets running along the bluffs overlooking the river. Neatness and good care were characteristic of the housefronts along this street. "Beethovenhaus" is distinguished from the others only by a simple plaque. We rang the bell and after several minutes of waiting were admitted by a buxom, blond "maedchen" in blue. A fee of a few pfennigs paid, we were free to wander over the little house alone and at will.

The newer house fronting on the street had been joined to a smaller, older one making now an L-shaped building. It is this little old house in which the child Ludwig was born. Up narrow, twisted stairs and we were in the room into which he came. This room, with a ceiling so low one can easily touch it and with a rough, uneven floor, is utterly bare of furniture today. A wreath from a Shakespearian Society and another from the Goethe Society lie at the foot of a pedestal on which is an excellent bust of the composer. What a triumvirate of great souls thus represented in so humble a chamber! A tiny window looking out over the garden admitted little enough light at just this twilight

hour to leave most of the white-washed room in kindly, mystic shadows. The spell of this musical Bethlehem brings the observer to new realizations of the relativity of the great and small.

In other rooms of the old house are kept some of Beethoven's original manuscripts, pictures, etchings, as well as instruments of his own and of his contemporaries. Among the collection are six Cremonas! But it is in the tiny room in which he was born and in the garden below that one feels the spirit of his early years. The little garden fits into the space left by the L of the house and is filled with the usual greenery. In one corner is a very strange old wooden pump about twelve feet tall, a relic of the earlier years. A simple stone memorial to Beethoven's mother bears his immortal words about her:

"She was so good and lovable a Mother: my best friend."

All too soon had come the hour for closing the house and we had only enough time to buy some pictures and to chat for a minute with the pleasant girl who had admitted us. Out again in the lighted street, we were recalled by the activity of a busy Saturday night to the Bonn of the twentieth century. We drove back past the famous University, the beautifully kept city park with its inevitable swans and petunias, back to the station at which we should have alighted. Young Nazis on parade were bugling and drumming their way about the streets. Storm-troopers, in uniforms that looked brand-new each day, made themselves as conspicuous as always against the mellow background of centuries.

A mere tourist does not dare to add his eulogy to those of competent critics of Beethoven. He had been termed "The Liberator," "The Man Who Freed Music" by biographers and students. The artist himself wrote, "He who truly understands my music must thereby go free of all the misery which others bear about with them." A woman friend of his early years called him "the rare genius, the great artist, the good man." And Father Tabb, a poet and teacher of Maryland wrote to Beethoven and to Michelangelo this crowning apostrophe:

"One made the surging sea of tone
Subservient to his rod;
One from the sterile womb of stone
Raised children unto God."

ALVINA TREUT.



"Beethoven, His Spiritual Development"

By J. W. N. SULLIVAN

THIS biography, as the title implies, is concerned with the spiritual development of Beethoven. The author, as he states in the preface, is concerned with Beethoven's music solely as a record of his spiritual development. Mr. Sullivan believed that in his greatest music Beethoven was primarily concerned to express his personal vision of life. This vision was the product of his character and experience. To attain his goal, the author has given the significant experience of the great composer and has delved in a scholarly manner into the characteristics and attitudes of the man. The author believes that the development and transformation of Beethoven's attitude towards life, the result of certain "root experiences" can be traced in his music.

Little insight into the life of the times is given except in so far as that this insight would give a better view of Beethoven as a man. Specific detailed minor incidents of Beethoven's life are lacking; for this sort of thing one should go to a biography such as Thayer's or even that found in Mr. Ernest Newman's "Stories of the Great Operas." However, the character of the great composer is the object of very careful study. I will illustrate how the author makes use of his conclusions as to Beethoven's character. The author maintains that Beethoven's capacity for "deep and passionate realization of suffering, necessitated, if he were not to be reduced to impotence, a corresponding capacity for endurance and an enormous power of self-assertion." Mr. Sullivan then shows how these forces against suffering are evident in his music. I think that even the untrained lover of music cannot fail to feel the force and the "will to victory", in the fifth symphony.

Mr. Sullivan has made admirable use of Beethoven's letters in attempting to bring out certain points. In describing the contempt which Beethoven had for the bulk of his fellow men he quotes the composer as saying of certain people, "I consider him and . . . mere instruments on which, when it pleases me, I play . . . I value them according as they are useful to me." The arrogance of this genius is brought out when he is quoted as saying in one of his letters, "Power is the morality of men who stand out from the rest, and it is also mine."

Mr. Sullivan divides Beethoven's life into three sections according to the experiences of the composer and his reaction to them. He calls the period dating from 1792 when the composer went to Vienna up to Beethoven's struggle against the terrible fate of deafness which ended in the Heiligenstadt Testament, the "Morality of power." The next

section entitled "The Hero" discusses the place of the Eroica and C Minor Symphonies in the spiritual development of the composer.

Mr. Sullivan thinks that the Eroica Symphony is his first work that has a really profound and spiritual content. Beethoven's realization of the victory that may be achieved by heroism in spite of suffering is depicted in that symphony as well as the C Minor. This Mr. Sullivan called the second period but concludes with still another period in which Beethoven realized his separation from the world and an entry into a different and more exalted region.

Mr. Sullivan's interpretations of Beethoven's compositions have a sincerity and loftiness which is remarkable. One marvels at the understanding and sympathy which the author had for the great composer. Although one may not have reached the stage of understanding in Beethoven's music to feel completely the spiritual significance of which Mr. Sullivan speaks, his interpretations cannot fail to make one all the more anxious to hear more of that immortal music.

FRANK ZEICHNER, Sr. 3.



Eleven Books for a Deserted Island

IN a questionnaire distributed among the faculty of the Maryland State Teachers College the following books were chosen in the order in which they occur, by count.

The Bible
Dictionaries
Anthology of poetry and verse
Hugo, Victor—*Les Misérables*
Wells, H. G.—*Outline of History*
Carroll, Lewis—*Alice in Wonderland*
Browning—*Complete works*
Gibbons—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*
Zweig, Stefan—*Marie Antoinette*
Dickens—*The Tale of Two Cities*
Comstock—*Handbook of Nature Study*

Other books that were chosen included subjects such as the following:—Music, Travel; Science; Astronomy; Botany; Cook books; Geology; Medicine; Mining; Advanced Mathematics; Campcraft; Zoology; and last but not least Sears and Roebuck Catalog.

Some of the reasons for the varied selections follow:

The Bible—"It is a tremendously powerful force just in itself."

Poetry of Shakespeare—"My father quoted Shakespeare a great deal. Reading Shakespeare's plays during the later high school period led to an interest not so much in drama as in poetry generally."

Plutarch's Lives—"This, I first read after an illness when I was but thirteen, so old Rome and Greece live for me in the lives of these breathing dynamic personalities. Later, when I grew interested in the Commercial Revolution, Yule's Marco Polo, and Piafetta's Voyage of Magellan, and Guilmard's Vasco da Gama, held my interest completely."

Gayley's Classic Myths—"This is the first book I bought with my own earned money."

"The books chosen must be the kind that one could read again and again to seek diversion, understanding of life, courage and inspiration. My selection would touch the Ancient World, the Elizabethan Period, the Victorian Era, and Modern Time. One would have to depend upon the 'tried and true' under the conditions described."

"Because I shall never have time to read them until I am cast off somewhere!"

"No particular reason for any except that I like them; I like to read parts of them any time I can."

"I'd choose an island with abundant flora and fauna. Since there is no society, books about any social phenomena would be undesirable as they would lead to subjective thinking eventually."

"Best possible anthology of World Poetry. One would miss sound very much. Music would be rather impossible. One could read the poems aloud for sound; also models for writing poetry."

"If I had to live alone with Nature I should feel intimately the presence of the Creator of Nature. Hence, I should want first the Psalms and then other literary means of giving expression to my human grasp of the intangible as recorded by the writers of the Bible . . . Living with Nature, I should want to cultivate her language in my own way and I should need the Handbook to Nature and Astronomy. Even on an island funny things must happen and I should want to appreciate them if they did. I believe I should remain human longer with a dash of Humor."

"Sears and Roebuck Catalog would be one of the most helpful of books, I would see things that I could make, also inventions of men of the past."

Do you think our faculty would be happy Crusoes?

What do books mean to you? The following inscription on the wall of the Welch Memorial Library at Johns Hopkins University aptly expresses my opinion. "For books are not absolute dead things but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as the soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve as in a viol, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

JOHN F. OWINGS, *Sr. 4.*

The Pumpkin Coach

By LOUIS PAUL

LOUIS PAUL, author, is new to the literary field of novels, "The Pumpkin Coach" is his first offering. However, "The Pumpkin Coach" does not reek with the odors of clumsy, groping first attempts and a smug egotism which often is evident. In fact, one is able to forget this story has an author . . . it is merely the song of the humming life of "these United States" suddenly evolving into words.

The story has a hero, Uan Koe, a brown Samoan boy here in America; but when one closes the cover he knows nothing of this hero, "Uan." Uan has merely been the staff upon which the notes of life have been recorded; he has had the feelings of human beings revealed to him in their true state; he has looked into the hearts and souls of musicians, lawyers, writers, workmen, vagabonds and artists and looked at life through their souls' eyes. Uan has been the record for the impressions of the beauties of water, sky, rain, earth, cars, trains, tall buildings, ferry boats and city streets; he has taken the commonplace which escapes our everyday notice and woven it into a symphony of color, pattern, harmony!

One must admire Mr. Paul's vocabulary—his clear, concise, detailed and vivid word pictures; but, not in the usual use of a description of actual happenings. One is able to see the picture of rain-drenched Uan crawling into the hay loft, pulling his precious sketches from his brief case, but one is also able to feel his tiredness, his exaltation at being alone with the beauty of rain, his concern and eagerness for his sketches—and the true picture is one of emotions.

To read "Pumpkin Coach" is to study psychology, to appreciate a new style and attack in the writing game; to feel a strange wonder at the life which goes on day by day suddenly snuffed out only to leave memories; to be carried away on the tide of a stranger's emotions and know them to be your own.

"The Pumpkin Coach" is a truly refreshing novel with an appealing style all its own. It rises above most attempts at realism in that it succeeds in touching our emotions in the most human and fundamentally real way in a beautiful, rather than a sordid, ugly manner.

PORTIA CRAPSTER, Sr. 4.

Fleeting Time

THE longer I live the more I realize the verity of the old expression "Art is long and time is fleeting."

My interpretation is not "art" in a literal sense, but rather the art of living. There are many things to be done in work and play; there is little time for doing them. "Fleeting" is the alarming word, for truly the fleeting quality of time is frightening. We have only a few years at best, and they fly by all too swiftly.

There is much being said and written about "leisure time." This is a pleasant topic, for the word leisure suggests *more* time. Upon analyzing the term one discovers that actually there are no more hours in the day, but there is a change in emphasis. There are fewer hours for work and more hours for recreative and creative pursuits. Such an arrangement means that the hours devoted to our avocations and hobbies will go faster—(They always do; don't they?). And time will seem to fly even more swiftly.

Arnold Bennett's "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" gives some helpful ideas on the use of time, and points out ways of avoiding unnecessary waste of minutes.

The pitiable person is one who "has time to kill." I can't imagine such a condition. Perhaps he means time to relax or to do little things. He couldn't possibly mean what the words imply. If I have to wait at the barber shop, I welcome that wait. That may be my *one* opportunity for reading the newspaper or a magazine. Should all papers and magazines be in use, I have a few minutes to think through and plan some new work in social studies or arithmetic. Often more effective teaching results from such periods of unforeseen contemplation.

Time ahead seems slow, but it is deceiving, for as it becomes time of the present and time of the past it is flying. When I was told that it would take two years of study at the university before receiving my degree, I thought two years were much too long a time. After starting the work, however, I found the time passing more rapidly than I wished. I discovered then, too, that time was going on in years, months, weeks, and days no matter what I did. The two years would come and go and I could decide to be with or without the degree at the end of that time. A friend signed a contract to teach in India for five years. Looking ahead that seemed an interminable length of time. She is returning in June and she says that the five years seem like so many months.

I know of no greater game in the world than that of trying to fill the fleeting moments of time with those wonderful things one wants to do.

E. K. CRABTREE.

A Willow Weeps

IT was a still, humid summer night, and dark, oppressive clouds hung low in the heavens. I stood looking out of my window. There, silhouetted against the sky, stood a lonely weeping willow tree, its long, slender, pendulous branches motionless except when a gentle zephyr breathed through them. In the far horizon hung dark masses of crowded trees which formed a soft blue curtain as a background for this sad child of Nature. Suddenly, a crash of thunder, followed by the blue glare of lightning and a terrific gust of wind, ushered in the storm. The willow rocked and swayed with a confused movement as the torrential, smothering rain drenched its summer finery. Each time the wild wind rushed through, the willow wept aloud and tried to lift her arms in defense of the aggressor; but the storm had sapped what little strength they had, and they could only bow limply to Mother Earth. With magical suddenness, the rain ceased, and the thunder clouds drifted away, leaving a bright, clean moon in their wake. It shone radiantly through the willow tree, making her graceful leaves glisten like satin tassels.

VIRGINIA HAGERTY, *Fr. 1.*



Father --- Son

A new note was struck in the school's social program when the fathers of the men students gathered here on the campus to partake of dinner with their sons and the faculty and to be entertained by the modest talent contained in their composite progeny. The occasion such as was inaugurated on May fifteenth will, we hope, claim a permanent date on each year's calendar. The response to our invitations and the favorable comments expressed at the conclusion of the festivities augurs well that our hope will be fulfilled.

—And About the Bachelors

DAYS before one of the most momentous occasions in life, the air is full of mysterious packages, parties, and congratulations. The night before the great event is to take place, a farewell party is usually planned. At this affair, one is told, many reminiscences are exchanged and many toasts to the future, are drunk. Gaiety, hilarity, and good fellowship are the order of the day.

Should one venture in to the Seniors' Bachelor Party a few days before *the* event, one might hear something which would sound like:

Did you know that two of our number are being seen a great deal with prominent New York and Baltimore physicians?

—'s ring is a beauty.

The Metropolitan Opera Company has approached....with a contract.

Guy Lombardo requests....to join his orchestra as a soloist for special Chinese numbers.

It does seem unusual for....to become excited and, shall we say angry, but take our word for it, it is possible.

The State of Maryland will be enhanced by a system of summer camps which....aspires to organize.

The twins are joint editors of a weekly magazine, "The Seminar".

Who is the fiend who is responsible for breaking the carefully cultivated finger nails of the Senior Specials?

Our beauty specialist seems to bring added vigor and morale to her art of "Beauty Specializing" after each of her frequent jaunts to Westminster.

We like red neck ties, too, Tom, but "nufs' 'nuf."

Do you remember the good old times of the astronomy course when we congregated in the wee sma' hours of the morning muttering Baker and Path under our breath?

Performing the Russian dance may have enriched our appreciation of folk dancing and Russia but our muscles suffered.

We wonder if....would really be able to express herself if her hands were tied behind her.

Do you suppose the book "From Song to Symphony" is the record of our creative endeavors as inspired by our music course? Ask to see some of our original manuscripts.

Slowly the party became quieter and more thoughtful. A toast was proposed that incorporated the fineness of the group, the possibilities and strengths of the individuals, a wish for success, and a challenge for all to serve and work for the happiness of mankind.

The toast was drunk. And those who thought of the meaning of life went out unafraid, confident, with hope.

THE OLD BACHELOR.



In the Beginning

In the dark silence of the night,
Far over head the wild geese flew,
Their high wild cry echoing back into the night.
The brown earth sighed,
Turned over in its sleep
But rested less easily now.

And in the morning warm rains came
To wash the earth and make it pure,
To purge the hills of lingering snow
And leave a field for grass to green;
To clear the skies of hovering gray
And set a path where birds shall wing.

Now the earth breathes again
And slender trees droop
Under green lace leaves
That ripple soft in a gentle wind.
The star disc of the dandelion
Gleams yellow on the tender grass
And violets purple the hills.
The warm air carries the scent of lilacs,
Lavender and white, far away and faint,
And dogwood splashes the river's edge
With white and roseate glory.

An impudent bird calls from its new-made nest,
Bids the world rise, come out, rejoice,
Lift up its voice in one sweet song of Spring
To welcome May.

MARGARET COOLEY.

The Case of "Yes"

SOME years ago it was a common thing to hear my refreshing syllable spoken. Conversationalists respected my simple forcefulness, mothers chided their little ones for not assuming that "yes, mother" attitude or because they forgot to use my right form. Today, alas, I am nearly lost in the speech of man. Forsooth, I, a refined vocable, have become as extinct as the desire of many to study the flora and fauna of the Jurassic period or the giasticutus—that hybrid animal which had its legs longer on one side than the other because of its long-time habit of feeding on hillsides.

Today—alas, alack—the nearest thing in sound to my original form are such words as "yep," "yup," "yeh," "yeah," or "yippy." Other current synonyms are "um-hoom," or "uh-huh," etc. Besides such sayings, man has created other expressions to take my place. Such phrases as "You said it," "Ain't it the truth," "You're telling me!" and "You said a mouthful," have assumed the cloak of the affirmative and dispelled "yes" from the minds of men.

The last straw to my already heavy soul came when I heard that smart fellows are resenting being called "yes-men." Perhaps that is why so many ways have been found to avoid saying the fatal word, "yes." Dear me, there I go saying things I never meant to say. I never shall gain the good graces of men if I continue to use that word "fatal."

But to come back to "Yes." Of course, girls will say it—at the right time and to the right fellow—but even then, they have invented cute ways and tricks for expressing the idea without using me in my true form.

So—unless man turns his mind to his inadvertency, I fear that before long, I—"yes" may appear in the dictionaries with the explanation—"archaic" or "obsolete" after it.—Ho, hum!

JULIEN H. TURK, Sr. 3.



Important, Alumni

THE TOWER LIGHT takes pleasure in announcing for Miss Tall the fact that all graduates of the school and all members of the Alumni Association will be welcome to stay in the dormitory whenever they are in town. To our graduates we are charging only 25 cents a night for a room and 25 cents for breakfast.

An Interlude

AFTER the first few attempts one can arrange himself quite comfortably on a railroad tie, using for a head-rest one rail and for his feet the other. So were we gathered in that midsummer dusk lazily hoping that the ticks would prefer the rust of the "gondola" over us to our sweaty bodies. This was not a chance gathering. It occurred every evening at this time, unsuppressed by the bosses. Perhaps they realized that this interlude was essential if these men were to work well. Perhaps they saw that such groups from time immemorial have met to exchange tales imagined or real.

A cough, an ominous cough, interrupted Mike as he began to speak. The newcomer smiled apologetically. It seems awkward to term a physical feature of a man as beautiful, but in no other word can I describe that smile that transformed his ordinary visage into a magnet that attracted all, and dismissed his frail body. The men were blind. One spoke shortly, "Hello, Wop." The others ignored him. He sat himself on the ground, the effort bringing forth a series of coughs that wracked his slight frame. Mike showed some irritation at having his story interrupted but continued,

"Yeh, I never had any trouble collecting from the old lady." Mike had peddled insurance in Baltimore years before. "Sometimes she paid off in change but she never missed." Her policy was just a small one on her husband. I stopped around at her house one day—just a few days before Christmas. The shades were pulled and nobody came when I knocked. I was just decidin' to leave when a neighbor called over from next door.

"'Nobody lives there now. The old lady died two days back.' It made me feel pretty sad because I kinda liked her, so I asks what happened. 'Pneumonia,' the lady next door told me. 'And besides she didn't have anything to eat and no coal.' Well, where the hell is her husband, I asks? She shrugged, 'He died two years ago.'

"How much did you make on the deal?" someone asked, but Mike only grinned.

One of the old men began to talk now. An ex-marine. "Women" would dominate the discussion from this point. It was usually amusing, but tonight I found their stories repulsive and before they stopped I was feeling physically sick. I glanced over at the "Wop," but he wasn't listening. His gaze traveled straight ahead.

"I wish to God I could get rid of mine", I heard someone say and the thought was echoed at least six times. It came to me through a fog, that they were talking about their wives. I had listened to many of their sins but for the first time I was shocked. I looked again at the

"Wop". He had heard this time and his face wore a puzzled expression. One of the others noticed him and fairly yelled, "You're married, ain't you?"

"Yes, I,—" began the Wop and then he stopped.

"How long you been married?" this from Mike.

"Eight years," was the answer.

"And I suppose if you had it to do over again you'd do the same thing?" offered the ex-marine.

"Yes," said the Wop, and as if to add emphasis he added quietly, "Yes, and to the same girl."

Their laugh was a jeer but somehow I felt better.

The "Wop's" contribution ended the discussion and we got up brushing the cinders from our clothes. One by one we began to drift off but stopped short at a nigger running down the tracks yelling "Hey, Wop," breathlessly.

"Dey wants yo' at the office," he gasped when he got close enough.

"Anything wrong?" the Wop asked as he picked up his gloves.

"You—Yore wife—she just died!" the idiot blurted out.

The Wop swayed for a moment, his hands to his face, then began to run towards the office. He stopped after a few paces and almost doubled up to cough then started on again. He never reached the office. We found him at the door of the building lying at the end of a short trail of blood.

"Collapsed lung," they whispered around the next night. I don't know. The men do not lie under the empty freight car any longer.

GENE BENBOW.



Assemblies

MISS LOGAN

Miss Logan spoke to us on the topic in which she is most interested—teaching. In the experience of teaching both students and children, Miss Logan has found that certain standards fuse together to make a successful teacher: honesty, integrity, neatness, courtesy, cooperation, self-confidence, and open mindedness. The beginning student may not always have all of these, but he can work to acquire them. The student, however, should be equipped with a clear enunciation, correct spelling, and good penmanship. A mastery of these skills will give confidence and allow concentration on other vitally important teaching points.

MR. MORGAN

Mr. Morgan, editor of the National Association Journal, spoke to us on the opportunities offered teachers enrolled as members of this association. The N. E. A. is a state and local association working nationally. The history of the association was traced for us by Mr. Morgan from its formation in Philadelphia in 1857 to the present. The work of the association today was described and Mr. Morgan concluded by giving two reasons why every teacher in America should belong. First, we want to grow as individuals, and second, we want to help in further improving American education.

H. ZEIGLER.



Glee Club

AT the close of an academic year, a word in retrospect and a forward look are appropriate. We have been proud of our Glee Club record, this year. In addition to contributing to all important school functions, we have given four independent programs outside the school, and have lent some of our singers to a number of high-school programs as part of the enrollment campaign. Not least among our functions is participation in the Baccalaureate Service and the Commencement, which are now close at hand. To the Baccalaureate Service our special contribution will be "Sanctus," by Mozart, and "Praise to Thee, Father," by Bach. For the Commencement we shall sing "Springtide," by Greig, which, with its eight parts and difficult harmony, constitutes such a challenge as we have not often accepted, and a "Foreword for a Song Book," a chorale adapted from Brahms' "C Minor Symphony."

The Glee Club closes this year with a membership of ninety. Of these, thirty-eight are Seniors. Twenty-two of them have belonged to the Glee Club three years; thirteen, two years, in most cases the Junior and Senior year. One member, Mr. Mezick, who entered the school as a Senior, has belonged, of course, one year. We are proud of the stability of membership in the Glee Club, as it is one of the factors that has enabled us to build up a repertory and achieve such success as has been ours.

When we see the Seniors receive their diplomas, we shall feel sad, indeed. But their part in such favorites as "The Pilgrim's Chorus," dear old "Luh, Luh," and "The Shepherds' Story," will not be forgotten. Surely, having sung together will bind all more closely to Normal School and to each other. Longfellow has expressed this truth in his well-known "Arrow and the Song":

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Fifty-four Junior and Freshman members still belong to us. They will carry on, we hope, and help to blend into one the new and welcome members that will be ours next year.



Orchestra

THE first event of the year 1934-'35, for the Orchestra, was that of preparing and presenting the dramatization of the story of "The Palace of Music." As in the story, the palace was built by playing together, so we have been trying to build our palace of sound by playing together.

Some of the results of our efforts have been heard in an assembly program; at Freshmen Mothers' Week-end; Christmas and Founders' Day programs; in a radio broadcast; a parent-teachers program at Cockeysville; May Day and finally baccalaureate and commencement. In preparing for these programs, we have had an opportunity to study music from Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Bizet and Dvorak, as well as pieces from the pens of Herbert, Raff and Cadman.

The work of the Orchestra might be divided into three phases: first, that of the full orchestra, which rehearses on Monday afternoon of each week, and plays at the various programs of the school, such as Founder's Day, May Day and Commencement. This is the phase with which the school as a whole is most familiar.

A second phase of our work, which is a means of strengthening the entire organization is that of the string ensemble, this year composed of three violins and 'cello. This group of players often represents the instrumental side of our school music, when music by the whole orchestra would not be quite so suitable, or when it would be impractical to have the larger group. The ensemble has played for several school affairs as well as being our representative away from school on

two occasions. The ensemble provides an opportunity for its members to have the pleasure and experience of playing in this, the most exacting type of musical performance. We hope before the year closes to record the playing of this group, as a part of our permanent records.

The third phase of our work is that of those students who learn to play their instruments after they enter the school. The purpose of this work is to add to the instrumentation of the Orchestra, and to give to those students who would like to play an instrument an opportunity to learn, and to have the experience of playing with others. No attempt is made to develop solo players. However, with the aid of the experienced players, the students who have taken this work, have become dependable members of the Orchestra. If they wish, some of them may qualify for other amateur orchestras or ensembles, when they leave the school.

And now as the school year draws to a close, we are sorry, indeed, that we must lose by graduation some of our most able and reliable members. We rejoice, however, that so many excellent members remain in the freshman and junior classes. We hope that each one of them will be with us again in September. We hope, also, that the incoming class of next fall will bring to us some students, who may help to fill the vacancies left by our present seniors, and who will work toward even higher musical standards.



Faculty Notes

A CLOSE watch of the extra-curricular activities of the faculty at present will reveal that many of them are taking a forward look. Miss Tansil, who spends her days juggling figures and fortunes, has taken to computing how much she can save by chauffeuring herself and some friends (preferably small) around Europe. We suggest that she begin teaching her car to obey foreign traffic signals. Miss Dowell and Miss Van Bibber have been poring over Mediterranean cruise literature, and rumor has it that Miss Van Bibber has already purchased some chewing gum. We have not, however, noticed her practicing with it. Miss Logan has been turning her eyes toward the great open spaces of the West, and Miss Scarborough to our neighbor on the north. Miss Bersch has been considering trying to earn a trip with dime letters, but to date she has not purchased a ticket anywhere. We have no dime, but as we would like to be helpful, we suggest that there is a soap contest being conducted which offers possibilities. Dr. Abercrombie doesn't usually take the long way around, but this summer she is making an exception, and is planning to go to the West Coast

via the Panama Canal. Some of the poorer members of the faculty are just planning to sleep under a bush and eat berries, but that doubtless has its compensations.

University catalogues are coming in for their share of attention, for summer study always beckons the ambitious. Miss Hill and Mr. Moser expect to complete this summer their work for their Masters' degrees at Columbia. Miss Yoder will go for the fifth year to Western Reserve University in Cleveland. She says the school of Library Science is the attraction. Miss Rutledge and Miss Woodward will work at Columbia.

Some of the faculty find that they get out of practice unless they teach during the summer also. Among these Mrs. Brouwer, Miss Jones and Mr. Walther will again teach at Johns Hopkins.

We fear that having a car has impaired Miss Neunsinger's powers of locomotion. We recommend that she walk a few minutes each day hereafter.

Miss Keys recently entertained at her home Miss Edith Johnson, Librarian of Berry College in Rome, Georgia.



Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity Notes

ON May 9, the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity, the Honor Society of our school, held an assembly, at which time Dr. Tall introduced to the student body the following new members: Seniors; Adelaide Tober, Margery Willis, Marguerite Ehrhart, Eleanor Loos, Mary Bucher, Kathryn Coster, William Evans, Isadore Miller, and Malcolm Davies; Juniors; Miriam Vogelmann, Muriel Jones, Emily Lewis, and Hortense Jachman.

Other Senior members of the Fraternity are; Mary Yaeger, Dorothy Gonce, Dorothy Lorenz, Eleanor Goedeke, Herman Bainerd, William Podlich, and Mary Coffman.

The Fraternity is now looking forward to the annual spring meeting which will be held on May 25, on the lawn in front of Dr. Tall's home. At this time officers will be elected, new members initiated, and a grand reunion of friends will be possible. Some fraternity members are going to speak of the interesting things they have been doing since they graduated. This should prove very stimulating.

MARY COFFMAN, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

We Defeat Elizabethtown College

THE Elizabethtown College baseball team visited our institution at Towson on May 10 and struggled very hard to raise the scalps of the future teachers. The result was another consecutive victory—the fourth to be exact—registered by the squad of Coach Minnegan. The score was 10 to 6.

In the early innings the score was tied at 3 all. Ed. Brumbaugh was pitching for the Teachers. As the game progressed, the home team pulled away to 8-2 behind Brumbaugh's effective hurling. The score at this point indicates that George Rankin, Myron Mezick, Melvin Cole and Harry Jaffe were sending many runs across the home plate.

The Home team added several more runs before Seagrist, from the visiting team, put them out. In the sixth inning, Tom Johnson relieved Brumbaugh, so both should be credited with the victory.

The game was a "thriller" with many spectators. The victory certainly has to be attributed to the clever coaching of Don Minnegan. The visitors outthit the Teachers 7-6 but by base-running (stealing more than half a dozen bases) runners were put in a position where they could be brought home by base hits from the bats of George Rankin, Melvin Cole, and the others. We hope to see many more games like this.

THEODORE WORONKA, Sr. 3.



Normal School Spotlight

PLAY ball! The baseball season is in full swing. Already the team has sent many a hot line drive singing into the outfield. Let's get right into the game and find out how our boys have been doing.

Up to date the team has won all three games played. The Varsities of Charlotte Hall, Franklin High, and the Maryland Training School have been subdued by runs which total 53; the opposition has countered only three runs. What has enabled the baseball team to score so many runs in three games? The answer lies in the strong power that has resulted in high batting averages. Tom Johnson, thus far, is leading the regulars with an average of .643. Jaffe, Chrest, Meyer, Smith, Cole, Mezick, Josh Wheeler, and John Wheeler are all hitting .300 or better. The pitching, of course, has been excellent. Tom Johnson, Edward Brumbaugh, and Ed Turner are carrying the burden.

The Teachers College squad hopes to continue its winning ways in coming meets with Hopkins university, Elizabethtown College, and Loyola College. We, of course, are expecting you to come out and

pull for Coach Minnegan's charges to come ahead in their remaining matches. Take a look at the squad in action for yourself. You are certain to see many of the following:

Pitchers: Tom Johnson, Ed. Brumbaugh, Ed. Turner.

Catchers: Myron Mezick, John Wheeler.

Infielders: Melvin Cole, Tom Hamilton, Dave Smith, Morris Hoffman, Don Schwanebeck, Allen Harper.

Outfielders: George Rankin, Harry Jaffe, Josh Wheeler, Frank Chrest, Walter Ubersax, Ed. Fost.

The Teachers College Tennis team, which has scheduled among other teams Loyola College, Hopkins, Baltimore University, and City College includes Julien Turk, Theodore Woronka, Gene Benbow, Frank Chrest, Charles Haslup, Albert Greenfeld, and Charles Meigs. Although this group will compete with teams that have high standards in tennis, it is to be hoped that it will carry off a fair share of the honors.

THEODORE WORONKA, Sr. 3.



Washington County Alumni Luncheon

ON Saturday, April 27, a most delightful meeting and luncheon was held at the Hotel Alexander, Hagerstown. Dr. Tall, and Miss Scarborough, guests of the unit, spoke of the plans for our State Teachers College and suggested ways in which the County members may assist. The presiding officer, Miss Margaret Jenkins, '30, informed us of the work done toward another scholarship for worthy Washington County students who may come to us. She, too, voiced the sadness of all in the recent loss of Miss Teeny Horst. Miss Noel, a former graduate, favored us with two solos. Miss Munn, also a guest, expressed her delight at being present and asked the Alumni to return soon to Towson for further study. Dr. Tall announced that Alumni guests may stay in the dormitory over week-ends for 25 cents per night and be given meals, too, at a very nominal sum. Margaret Diffendahl's children had designed very artistic place cards, and Alice Garner Hoffman had typed the songs on our program. The following were present:

Laura King '88

Mary Hudson Scarborough '91

Jean McLaughlin '31

Alice Quick '29

Kay Noel '30

Mrs. Daniels (Accompanist)

Erona Itneyer '26

Lillian V. Cooper '28

Margaret Rohrer Haynes '27

Ora Ann Bussard '34

Martha Royer '24

Mary Alice Horst '34

Virginia Morin '30
Edna McCardell '21
Lois Helm '30
Thelma Marshall '32
Charlotte Hauver '32
Catherine Cox '32
Helen Reid '28
Helen Cushen '27
Jane Martin '31
Annilea H. Browne, '31
Hazel Fridinger '28
Lucille Miller '30
Margaret White '30
Louise Staley Miller '28
Mae Angle '28

Elsie M. Horst '28
Mary E. Helser '24
Olive Myers '28
Hilda Varner '21
Olive Smith '26
Isabella Beckenbaugh '17
Martha Seaman '25
Geneva Krantz '29
Pearl C. Rhodes '29
Helen L. Snyder '34
Dorothy Hartle Semler '26
Mary Clark '30
Emily Mason '31
Josephine Byers '31
Margaret Jenkins '30



Crow's Nest

If ever one has been in a lonely spot where the stillness is broken only by his own movement, he knows the solitude of the lookout of an ocean-going steamer. His perch is a hundred or more feet high with barely enough space to prop his body.

The four never-ending hours of his watch are a monotony broken only by the tolling of the ship's bell at each passing hour. All is in harmony; the swaying crow's nest, the soundless stars, the ghost of a moon, and the regular dip of the prow into the sea. How quiet is the sentinel of the deep as he pursues his duties—his thoughts constantly reverting to this, his home in the clouds.

A look out experiences the seemingly never-ending vastness and loneliness of the sea. In spite of the many ships constantly plying their way across the watery path, for nights, the horizon remained unbroken. At last, the long expected happens. A startling clang announces a stranger-boat's passing.

But it is not always calm, for there is sometimes the nightmare of the storm at sea. Ninety slippery steel steps to climb, straight up, burdened by his dripping sou' easter, his shiny, heavy rubber coat, his nine-league boots, he wends his way against the lashing storm to his adopted perch. One slip, and he would hurtle down through space to the hard, steel deck below. On these fearsome occasions, the relief watch is a Dispensation of Providence.

After twelve long days without the sight of terra firma, the gleaming cliffs of Dover stand out over the water like a vast mountain of white against a blue background. For the lookout this is a welcome sight. Loneliness is now over. His perch, as the ship approaches the harbor, affords him a complete view of vessels, docks, cliffs crowded with clinging, picturesque houses, steep streets, people moving to and fro—his first view of a foreign city.

GEORGE RANKIN, Sr. 3.



On the Use of Concrete Visual Materials in Teaching Units

(A suggestion for a thesis for someone to write on something.)

ONE of the richest, and in some ways, the most ideal approach to certain forms of subject matter, is almost universally overlooked by teachers. A relatively unexplored field lies in the use of actual scale or realistic models in the classroom. Little has been written, either as to methods of handling such materials, or their sources and construction.

It is logical that the best way to learn about a certain thing is to see it and examine it. It therefore follows that the ideal way to learn about geographical types, historic buildings, or ships, is to see them. But the travel theory of education is not new, furthermore, it is both impractical and expensive. Various substitutes have been proposed to bring simulations into the classroom—pictures, such as stereographs and movies.

Now we propose the *model*. It is not really new. Models are older than history. But the use of them in education has been limited. Educational models were generally confined to museums, where their very profuseness and intricacies so dazzled the casual beholder that little was learned. There are two reasons for this. First, the teacher has not realized the tremendous teaching values of a good model. Second, many are handicapped by lack of familiarity with the technique and requirements for constructing good educational models. Good models we venture to propose, can, if capably handled, accomplish more real teaching about their originals than any other teaching device. In other words, a model of a Gothic cathedral can be used more effectively to teach the important features of Gothic architecture than a visit to a real cathedral itself—providing the periods of time involved are the same in both cases. With the model, one sees the real cathedral, but unified; any side

can be viewed in an instant, and the architectural details of its cross pattern, flying buttresses, etc., can be readily perceived. In a half hour the child is on speaking terms with all Gothic architecture; it would take hours to walk about Rheims Cathedral.

These thoughts lead one to practical speculation. We have libraries from which books and pictures on almost any subject may be drawn. Who will be the first to establish a *circulating library of educational models*? That is an untouched field for anyone who dares to strike out alone!

(This is the first of a series of essays on models in the classroom. Others will appear early in the fall.)



Prayer

O LORD, guide our footsteps to a new, fuller life, that we, in our humble way, may each do his part in the tumultuous world to enhance the beauty of lives which we touch. Ever may we strive for the right, though the way may be narrow and twisted

We pray, Lord, that we always may see the loveliest in this, Thy world. May our eyes e'er be open to the splendor which Thou has displayed so lavishly for our viewing. Grant Thou, that we may continue our way in happiness, but tempered with grief, for only by sorrow may we ever grow strong enough to bear the burden of living.

This is our prayer, as we journey beyond these, Thy halls of learning.

O Lord, hear our prayer and grant, if Thy will, these things which we voice from our hearts. Amen.

FRANCES E. FANTOM.

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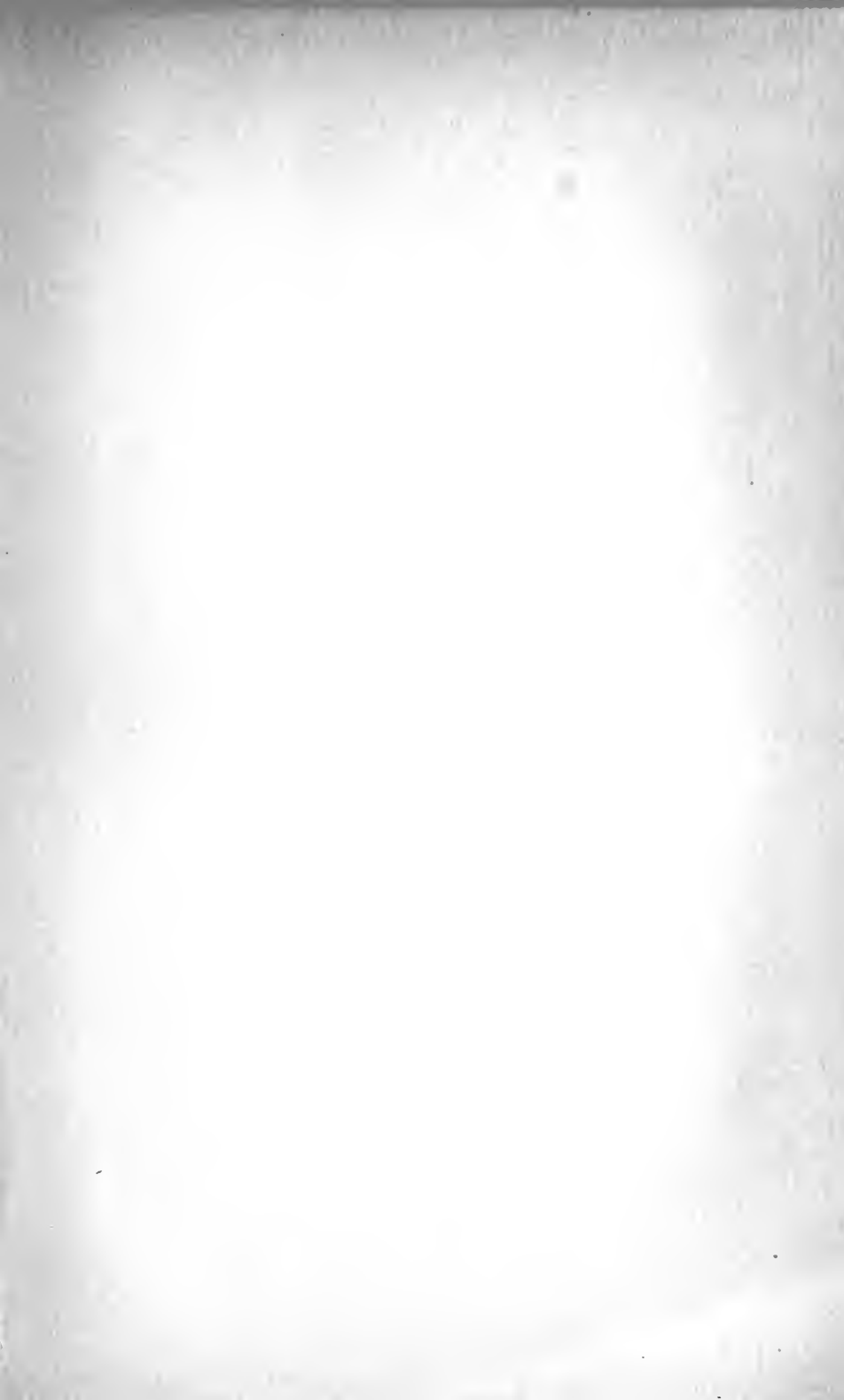
MacCubbin

Al-ma Ma-ter, Al-ma Ma-ter, We will ev-er faith-ful be,
Class of Thir-ty - Five, we're true, Faith-ful and loy-al-

In our hearts thy beau-ty ling-ers Though we've gone from thee,
— Ev-ry-thing that we shall do Will re-ceive our ut-most toil.

Now thy prais-es we are chant-ing, Now our voices rise in tune,
— On-ward we shall strive and soar high; You will our hom-age hold,

Sing thy beau-ties Al-ma Ma-ter, And our love so true.
Our a-chieve-ments will not die, Never dim or be less bold.





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